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SATURDAY EVENING POST JANUARY 4-11 · 1964 20c

THE DEBATE OVER KREBIOZEN

CANCER CURE OR PHONY?

ONE MAN'S WAR WITH JIMMY HOFFA

THE SWINGING NUNS

New status symbol:
Pet dolphins,
the intellectual mammal

Soviet cosmonette's own story / CIA: out of control? / Vroom-boom in hot rods

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Sally Ann skipped rheumatic fever

Sally Ann might have been one of the thousands of youngsters every year who come down with rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease. She wasn't.

Thanks to her doctor—who was called in time. To new techniques. And to medicines developed by the research teamwork of prescription drug company and medical scientists.

Doctors know that rheumatic fever occurs only after there has been a strep infection, usually in the form of a sore throat. Called promptly, your doctor can diagnose and test for the presence of strep bacteria. If they are found, he can prescribe drugs that will usually prevent rheumatic fever from striking a child.

And, for most cases, the cost of the drugs that treat strep infection and ward off rheumatic fever is $8 or less!

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting your health and reducing the cost of illness.

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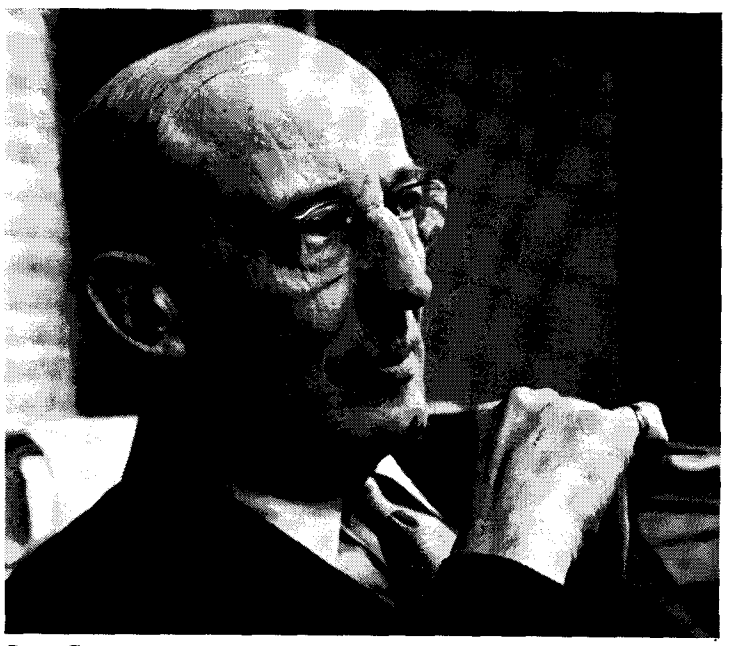
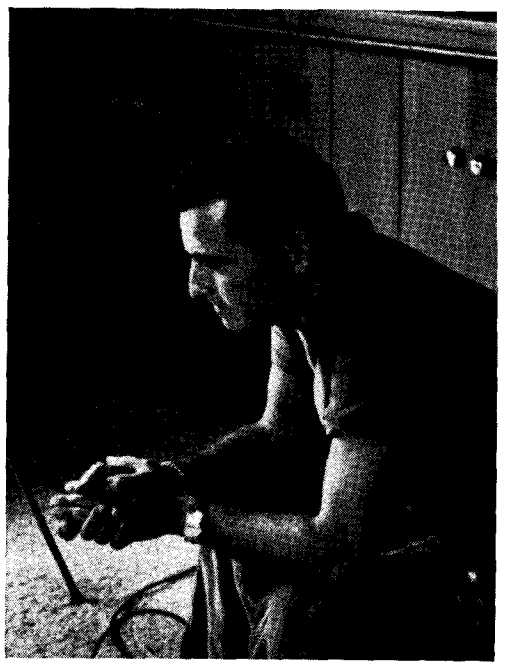
They had the "divine discontent" it takes to succeed in writing

Now these famous authors are helping others who feel the same restless urge for self-expression

by Thomas Lyle Collins

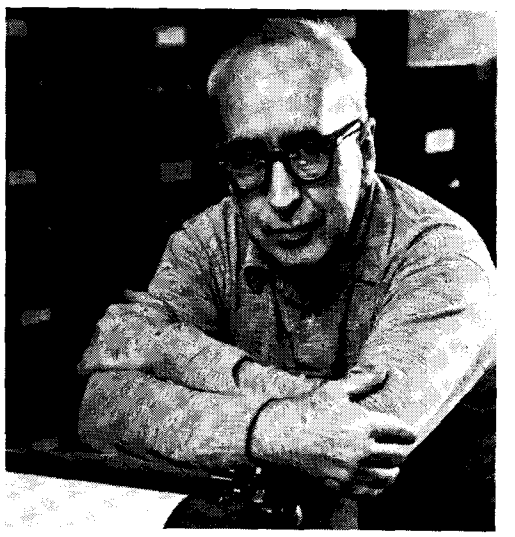


Bruce Catton won the Pulitzer Prize at 56 for *A Stillness at Appomattox*. His urge to write about the Civil War had persisted for years, despite false starts and an unfinished novel.



Rod Serling, fired from his first writing job, went on to become a leading TV dramatist *(The Twilight Zone)*, winner of five Emmy Awards.

Faith Baldwin's "divine discontent" helped her produce 50 novels, including many best-sellers, while raising a family of four children.



J. D. Ratcliff gave up an engineering career to write. Now he's a highly paid magazine writer, with over 100 articles published in *Reader's Digest* alone.

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write.

They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart even from family and friends. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives, loving grandparents . . . but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift the poet Charles Kingsley called "divine discontent." It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived . . . to express your faith or your philosophy . . . to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings . . .

Many successful writers know the same feelings

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist (*Barefoot Boy With Cheek*, the *Dobie Gillis* TV show) wrote because "life was bitter and I was not. All around me was poverty and sordidness. By turning it into jokes, I made it bearable." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I would write . . . you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares the feeling of "divine discontent" has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing . . . or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Three years ago, twelve successful authors — Max Shulman, Faith Baldwin, Rod Serling, Bruce Catton, J. D. Ratcliff, Bennett Cerf, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, Van Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman — joined forces to form the Famous Writers School.

Their aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help they themselves would have welcomed when they were starting out. They poured all of their secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then they worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

Your instructors are all published writers

When you return an assignment, one of the School's instructors — themselves all professional writers — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then you get your manuscript back with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

The School is very young. Yet students, most of them still in training, have already sold their work to more than 60 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Parents', Popular Science.*

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be, no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "I've just sold a story to *True* for $1,000," reports insurance agent Alfred E. Gaumer. "This is the first thing I've had published in over 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to you fellows back there."

"I've done it!" writes housewife Lillian Maas, after selling her first article to *Better Homes & Gardens.* "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country. How my horizons have widened! It's amazing how all of us with a common interest reach out to each other."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin put it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Aptitude Test offered

The twelve Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test to help you determine if you could benefit from professional training. The coupon will bring you a copy of the Test, along with a brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by one of the School's instructors. If you show aptitude, you are eligible to enroll in the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6448, Westport, Connecticut

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and 48-page brochure.

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POST

JANUARY 4–11, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 1

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The fantastic Krebiozen story . . . . . *by Robert P. Goldman* **15**

In 1951 a world-renowned medical scientist announced a new treatment for cancer. Now, after 13 years of professional quarreling over its usefulness—during which time it was used in patient care by more than 3,000 physicians—Krebiozen has been declared ineffective in the treatment of cancer by the Food and Drug Administration. *Contributing science writer Robert P. Goldman*, who has studied and written about the "miracle" drug since its public debut, traces the history of this bitter controversy and explains why it is still unresolved.

Inger Stevens—TV's Farmer's Daughter . . . . *by Richard Warren Lewis* **20**
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The authors. Although she gave up cigarette smoking months ago, actress Inger Stevens did succumb to several puffs from free-lance writer **Richard Warren Lewis's** pet meerschaum pipe during the course of their interviews. . . . **Fredric C. Appel,** who reports on the porpoise's amazing sensibilities, is an associate editor. . . . Free-lancer **Myron Cope** explores the Little World of Don (Frank F.) Reyes, minister to migrant workers. . . . Russian cosmonette **Valentina Tereshkova** reveals for the first time the joys of her orbital journey last summer. . . . The recording industry's story of the year is told by **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** a contributing writer who frequently covers the musical scene. . . . **Tom Coffey,** a Nebraska trucker turned city manager, tells of his prolonged battle with Teamsters-union boss James Hoffa. . . . **Milton Lewis,** veteran crime reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune,* and his wife Mildred unfold the strange legal drama of judge's son Gareth Martinis.

The cover picture of Suzie the porpoise, shown retrieving a bouquet of roses in the Bahamas, was taken by underwater photographer **Elgin Ciampi**.

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LETTERS

Happy dream

Your December 7 issue, which apparently had been printed before President Kennedy's death, was an excellent example of "the week that would have been" and it was possible to dream happily for a little while that our late President was safe in the White House and that November 22 had been just another day.

MRS. ROBERT U. DAMIEN
Brewer, Maine

Congress

I think the Congress [THE FAILURE OF CONGRESS by Stewart Alsop, and THE WATERLOGGED CONGRESS, Dec. 7] is doing just fine in delaying the tax cut, federal aid to education and medicare. I hope they delay them forever. I'm delighted they insisted on a cut in foreign aid. I hope they cut it more next year.

MRS. EILEEN SISKO
Ludington, Mich.

• The legislation now before the Congress is Leader's legislation, not People's legislation. Let's face it: If the people really wanted this legislation, neither fire nor high water could prevent its passing.

CHARLES R. RICE
Tampa, Fla.

• What we really need is a Congress which would spend an entire session just repealing previous foolishness.

W. C. SAMPSON
Delray Beach, Fla.

• Set to music, Mr. Alsop's piece would make a spritely comic opera, were it not for the tragic overtone.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

• If it is good public policy to limit the tenure of the President to two terms, why not limit the tenure of Senators and Representatives?

GLEN D. SHIPLEY
Princeton, Mo.

• The holdup on appropriations is due to two octogenarians. Surely, if 65 is the usual retirement age in commerce and industry, then 70 is a liberal maximum for service in Congress.

WALTER G. BOWERMAN
Leonia, N.J.

• Some of the responsibility for the mishandling of their power by our Congressmen should be borne by the Washington journalists who do not keep us informed, perhaps not wishing to jeopardize their positions as Club hangers-on. Even those who occasionally criticize are careful to refer to a censured politician as "able," while one who displays honesty and conscience is categorized as "starry eyed."

NED O'NEILL
St. Paul, Minn.

Republican ticket

Re your editorial NIXON AND GOLDWATER IN '64? [Nov. 30], why not Goldwater and Nixon? Nixon had his chance and lost it. He was a good Vice President. Let's keep it that way.

MITCH NICOLS
Seattle, Wash.

• Should the Republican Party place a man *The Post* admits is too much of an extremist to be elected only one unexpected rifle shot from the White House?

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK
Geneseo, N.Y.

• Why don't the so-called "pros" let the people decide whether Goldwater can win?

HOWARD P. SCHINK, M.D.
Gibsonia, Pa.

Peaceful rivalry

I'd like to express my appreciation for Walter Reuther's WE CAN MAKE THE RUSSIANS DISARM [Dec. 7]. The sooner we turn to friendly rather than hostile rivalry in our small world, the better for everyone.

A. J. HARRIS
Chibougamau, Canada

• The world is crying for Mr. Reuther's substitute for war.

WILLIAM G. HARRY
Sagle, Idaho

• You should have sent along a record of tranquilizing lullabies to be played while reading Reuther's socialistic bedtime story. Man, he's almost to the moon already—in lunar orbit, you might say.

EDWARD HETTICH
Bensenville, Ill.

Latin America

With reference to WHY CAN'T WE SAVE LATIN AMERICA? [by Richard Armstrong, Nov. 30], why doesn't our Government use some of the really good propaganda potential we have (i.e. advertising agencies) to get across the real meaning behind the Alliance for Progress? Perhaps then the Latin Americans wouldn't be so "bored" with it.

MRS. EDWARD J. TURAS
Hickory, N.C.

Psychological dolls

Re CHRISTMAS AND FREUD [by David Moller, Dec. 7], I'm in tears to find that all those dolls I loved so much as a little girl didn't love me back. Do you suppose I'm marred for life and just don't know it?

VIRGINIA CRAPSER
Columbia, S.C.

New Hampshire woodsmen

I doubt that Stewart Alsop [AFFAIRS OF STATE: THE GOOFINESS OF AMERICAN POLITICS, Nov. 30] would see as many New Hampshirites coming "out of the woods" as he would see coming out of one of our institutes of higher learning to make their X's. I dare say there are more college Ph.D.'s in New Hampshire than uneducated woodsmen, as Mr. Alsop implies.

MRS. NANCY AIKEN
Edmonton, Canada

• The impression of New Hampshire rurality is probably because our excellent highway system takes most of the tourist traffic out of the cities and towns.

GEORGE F. SAWYER
Durham, N.H.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Exclusive:

THE OTHER QUINTS

One week before the Fischer quints were born, a couple in Venezuela became the parents of another set of quints—five boys. The Post is proud to present for the first time anywhere the stories of the mother and father, together with color photographs of the family and babies.

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION
by James MacGregor Burns

A new humorous novel by Peter De Vries

Mystery woman behind the throne
Madame DeGaulle

THE FLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Wide World. • 12–Ollie Atkins. • 15–Food and Drug Administration. • 16–Arthur Shay. • 17–From Arthur Shay; Arthur Shay. • 18–Ollie Atkins; Food and Drug Administration. • 19–Monroe Lockman. • 20–Bill Bridges. • 21–Don Ornitz (Globe). • 22, 23, 24, 27, 28, 29, 30–Elgin Ciampi. • 34, 35–Charles Harbutt. • 58, 59, 60, 61–Lawrence Schiller. • 62–Photos Novosti; Paris Match (Pictorial Parade). • 63–Sovfoto. • 66–Paris Match (Pictorial Parade); 2 by Jim Mahan. • 67–Jim Mahan. • 68–Arthur Shay. • 69–U.P.I. • 75–Ira Rosenberg (New York Herald Tribune). 76–New York Daily News. • 77–New York Daily News; New York Journal American. • 78–New York Daily News; Mario Irizarry (El Diario). • 79–Vytas Valaitis.

Veterans

Congratulations on LET'S SAY NO TO THE VETERANS [Edwin P. Neilan, Nov. 30]. I've always deemed it an honor and a privilege to have had the opportunity to serve my country in World War II.

ARTHUR SCHMIDT
Lincoln, Nebr.

• Look who's talking! Banker Neilan served 39 months in the Navy in World War II and is all set now. He likely got a fine education under the G.I. Bill and lives in a fine house financed under the G.I. Home Loan. We veterans of World War I got exactly nothing and are still getting it.

A. D. MILLER
Traverse City, Mich.

(Mr. Neilan received no veterans' benefits whatever. Ed.)

• Banker Neilan gloats that he was in the Navy for 39 months. How can anyone who was in the Navy know what it is to be a real veteran?

MRS. ONETA SOMOORSE
Roseburg, Oreg.

• Who is more deserving of American handouts than the Americans themselves—regardless of circumstances? These funds will for the most part be spent right here in the good old U.S.A. instead of being given away to foreigners who are far less deserving.

FRANK J. TISON
McKeesport, Pa.

• I would like to clarify a point in Mr. Neilan's article. He suggested that I signed the petition to discharge the World War I veterans' pension bill from committee because I was seeking votes from veterans. The charge is baseless. During my campaign for Congress, some of the veterans' organizations asked me if I were opposed to discussion of such a bill on the floor of the House. I told them I would not oppose *discussion*, but that I might vote against the bill after discussion.

Some legislators argue against bringing a bill to the floor on the grounds that if it is brought to a vote they may be forced to vote for it. I have little tolerance for those who vote in response to pressure, rather than independently.

ED FOREMAN, *Congressman*
16th District, Texas
Washington, D.C.

Shirley

For an American woman [SHIRLEY MACLAINE SOUNDS OFF by Muriel Davidson, Nov. 30] who earns (and I use the word loosely) $500,000 per picture in American greenbacks to make a statement in an American magazine that she wouldn't have her daughter educated in America takes the cake.

MRS. ROBERT N. SALISBURY
Milwaukee, Wis.

• In Rabat, Shirley MacLaine—one of my favorite actresses—"spent eight hours just watching a four-year-old child weaving fabric with both his hands and feet. It was fascinating." Was it no more than fascinating? Was it not a sight to sadden the soul? What kind of person is this who can look for hours on such a sight with fascination? Oh, Shirley! Say it isn't so.

S. GINSBERG
Bronx, N.Y.

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You may recognize three of these girls as the "Lennon Sisters" who sing on the Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV.

The Lennon family gains a son—and another Maytag

Three years ago, the 11 children of Mr. and Mrs. William Lennon of Venice, California, were featured in one of our Maytag ads.

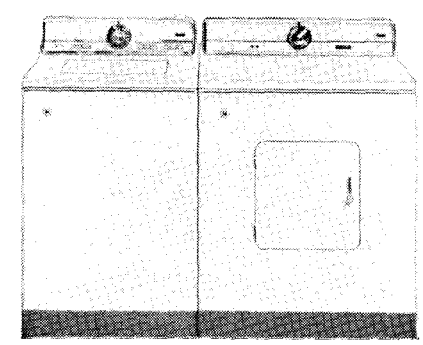
Mrs. Lennon, a Maytag owner for the 2nd time, related how her 2nd Maytag Automatic was doing the wash for all 13 Lennons, and had never needed repair.

On October 16, 1960, daughter Dianne became Mrs. Richard Gass of Venice, California. In March, she followed the family tradition by becoming a Maytag owner. Her new automatic has many of the same features as her mother's. For example, an Automatic Fabric Conditioner Dispenser, Lint Filter Agitator, and the special cycle for washable woolens.

But what Dianne really wants, is the same Maytag dependability that she has seen in the 13 years her mother has owned Maytags.

That never changes, Mrs. Gass!

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 310P-1, Newton, Iowa.



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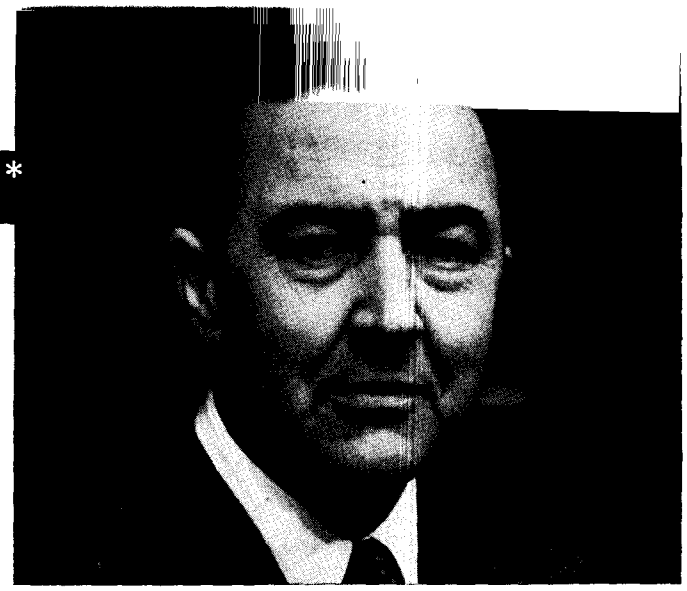
SPEAKING OUT*

The voice of dissent



Democrat from Minnesota and father of four, Senator McCarthy is a former public-school teacher and college professor. During the Second World War he served in the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department.

THE CIA IS GETTING OUT OF HAND

By Sen. Eugene McCarthy

A senator charges that the Central Intelligence Agency, a law unto itself, meddles in the framing of U.S. foreign policy.

Wrapped in its cloak of secrecy, the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency modestly hints it has overthrown foreign governments, admits that it violates international law and doesn't deny that one of its exploits wrecked a summit conference. The CIA, in short, is making foreign policy and, in so doing, is assuming the roles of the President and the Congress. It has taken on the character of an invisible government answering only to itself. This must stop. The CIA must be made accountable for its activities, not only to the President but also to Congress through a responsible committee.

Recent events in South Vietnam raise questions as to how CIA actions may critically affect U.S. foreign affairs. In early September it was reported that the CIA was giving money—some three million dollars a year in "direct, under-the-table aid"—to the Diem regime's special corps that raided Buddhist pagodas in Saigon. The CIA payments were made even though the U.S. Government publicly deplored the raids, part of the repression of the Buddhists which helped bring about the downfall of the Diem regime.

In Laos, too, the CIA pursued policies that conflicted with official and public policies of the State Department. In 1958 a highly volatile Laos was governed by a loose coalition headed by neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma. The situation was hardly ideal, but to Ambassador Horace Smith and the U.S. State Department this coalition government seemed to offer the best hope for a stable Laos. According to Smith, the CIA, with the backing of the Pentagon, threw its support behind right-wing leader Gen. Phoumi Nosavan. In August, 1960, Souvanna Phouma was overthrown, and Phoumi Nosavan installed Prince Boun Oum, an ineffectual leader, as titular head of the government. The Communists then sought to take over the country. Gen. Phoumi Nosavan's troops proved unwilling to fight. All of Laos appeared on the verge of going Communist. Frantic diplomatic maneuvers restored a coalition government under neutralist Souvanna Phouma in June, 1962, but in the meantime millions of dollars of U.S. aid had been wasted and vast confusion spread about U.S. aims in Laos.

Ambassador Smith is not the only member of the U.S. diplomatic corps to complain about CIA "spooks" who flit through U.S. embassies while pursuing their own brand of foreign policy. Nor is Laos the only country where the CIA has helped engineer a coup. In 1953 the government of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran fell because of CIA efforts, says the CIA. Who, if anyone, authorized the agency to overthrow Mossadegh is unknown. Actually, many authorities dispute the CIA's role in the Iranian coup, but since the agency hides behind its cloak of secrecy, its claims cannot be effectively challenged.

The CIA also claims to have masterminded the overthrow of the Communist-influenced government of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala in 1954. In this instance the result undoubtedly benefited the United States, but the question remains as to whether the CIA is the proper tool for such endeavors.

Possibly the mightiest achievement of the CIA was the development of the U-2 reconnaissance aircraft. Surveillance through the U-2 has provided U.S. intelligence with an enormous amount of useful information, and the CIA deserves a great deal of credit for the development of the U-2 as an information tool. But the CIA's usage of the U-2 is something else again. Shortly before a summit conference between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev in 1960, a U-2 was shot down 1,200 miles inside Soviet territory. At first we denied any plane was missing; then an official statement said a weather plane must have strayed off course; and finally we admitted aerial surveillance and justified it as necessary to defend our country. Apparently nobody in the CIA ever fully evaluated the consequences of a U-2 failure over Soviet soil. We had no cover story, and our President arrived at the Paris summit conference with the CIA's egg all over his face.

The U-2 failure over Sverdlovsk involved far more than a daring gamble to obtain intelligence. Because the flight was scheduled on the eve of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev summit meeting, the CIA mission became an uncalculated risk jeopardizing the immediate foreign policy of the United States and trespassing upon the prerogatives of the White House, the State Department and the Congress. The CIA in effect made foreign policy, and we in Congress who are charged with advice and consent for foreign affairs stood by helplessly because we knew nothing of the U-2 activities.

Again, the CIA overplayed its legitimate role in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Those who condemn the CIA for the tactical failures of this fiasco blame the agency for the wrong errors. Its first mistake was to assume the authority to raise an army on U.S. soil, even though the troops were Cuban refugees, without both presidential and congressional approval. The responsibility for organizing and sustaining armed forces lies with Congress, not a supersecret intelligence agency. Second, the CIA was engaged in an invasion which might possibly be construed as an act of war; only Congress has the right to declare war. Because the CIA operates in the way it does, very few of us in Congress had advance knowledge of the invasion plans or were consulted as to the wisdom of such an adventure.

When Congress created the CIA in 1947, it gave the agency no power to make foreign policy. The purpose of the CIA was to centralize the collection and evaluation of intelligence. Less than 20 years later—with 14,000 employees, including specialists in intelligence analysis and espionage, U-2 pilots and assassins—the director of the Central Intelligence Agency is rated one of the half dozen most powerful men in Washington. And as Stewart Alsop reported [CIA, THE BATTLE FOR SECRET POWER, *The Saturday Evening Post*, July 27–Aug. 3, 1963], "The CIA spends a lot more money than the State Department, and at times it has had more real power and influence on high policy."

Defenders of the activities of the CIA say we can no longer afford the luxury of foreign policy conducted according to the rules of the U.S. Constitution. Under the Constitution, Congress has the power to

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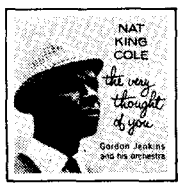

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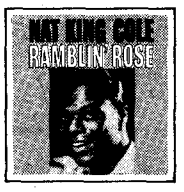

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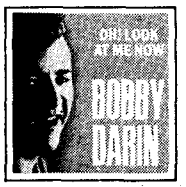

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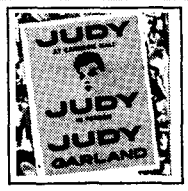

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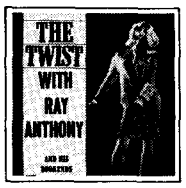

16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist,* 5 more.

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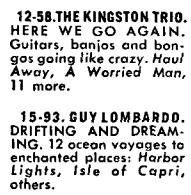
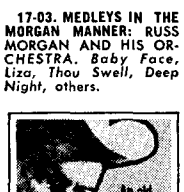


12-92. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.



15-44. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame, I'll Be Around, Just A Little While, It's My Fault,* 8 more torch numbers.

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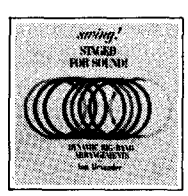

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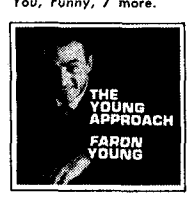

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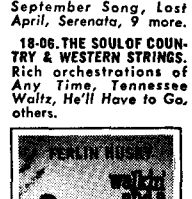

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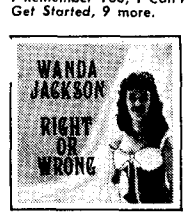

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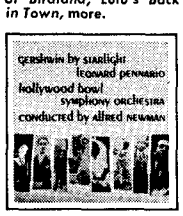
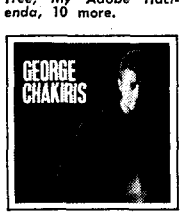


85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT: Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody,* etc.



17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings *Maria, One Girl, Ill Wind, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You,* more.

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SPEAKING OUT

declare war and the responsibility to give advice and consent to the President in making treaties with foreign nations. Congress is also the source of all foreign-policy legislation, including all appropriations for foreign affairs.

The authors of the Constitution, admittedly, lived in a different era. The Cold War, with its highly developed tactics of espionage, counterespionage and subversion, presents problems which go far beyond the imaginings of the men who wrote the Constitution. A new clandestine organization devoted to the gathering and evaluating of intelligence must impinge somewhat upon the functions of some of the traditional agencies.

This information center, however, has no business taking over the roles of the State Department, Defense Department and Congress as well as carrying the nation to the edge of war. In any event, if we must revise the functions of the recognized government agencies, then let us do it through proper legislative channels, not by covert acts of the CIA.

In theory the President, with the help of his cabinet and the National Security Council, controls and directs the CIA. But the President is the nominal head of hundreds of agencies and cannot be kept fully informed at all times of the activities of an agency as large and as powerful as the CIA. Even if the CIA were fully under presidential control, the basic question of the right and duty of Congress to participate in decisions regarding the many Central Intelligence Agency activities would remain unanswered. The issue is not one of executive control or of efficient administration of the CIA. It is the fundamental question of congressional responsibility. Do or do not the elected representatives of the people have the right to know what a critically important agency is doing?

I believe the only means of keeping the CIA within its proper limits without jeopardizing its need for secrecy is a congressional watchdog committee. Procedures should be established to insure that the judgment and will of Congress are reflected in the major decisions and actions of the CIA. Such controls would also end conflicts between the CIA and other U.S. operations abroad. We who must appropriate funds for the CIA would be provided with enough information to determine whether effective use is made of the money. If the United States should suffer foreign-policy reverses, it would be possible to assess the damage, determine who was to blame and take steps to prevent future mistakes.

A watchdog committee would also stop some of the irresponsible talk concerning U.S. activities abroad. The presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba 18 months after the Bay of Pigs invasion, for example, loosed a torrent of oratory on the magnitude of the Soviet threat in Cuba. If the CIA had briefed a watchdog committee certain inaccurate statements which stemmed from ignorance of the facts would never have been uttered.

Opponents of the watchdog proposal argue that the CIA already reports to subcommittees of the Senate Appropriations and Armed Services committees. At best such reports are superficial. The CIA decides for itself just how much or how little Congress ought to know.

In April, 1956, during the course of a discussion on the Senate floor of the advisability of establishing a joint watchdog committee, Sen. Mike Mansfield raised the question, "How many times does the CIA request a meeting with the particular subcommittees of the Appropriations Committee and the Armed Services Committee?" Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, a member of both committees, replied, ". . . at least twice a year that happens in the Armed Services Committee and at least once a year it happens in the Appropriations Committee. I speak from knowledge during the last year or so. . . ."

After the U-2 episode Sen. Willis Robertson, a member of the Appropriations Committee, said on the floor of the Senate, "I have been hearing testimony presented before the Committee on Appropriations by the Central Intelligence Agency for thirteen years. Never were we told during that time what the money was to be used for. It was a deep, dark secret. I did not know, and today I asked a number of members of our defense subcommittee if they knew that the Central Intelligence Agency owned and operated planes, and they said they did not." We do not permit other government operations, no matter how sensitive, to feed us only the information they think is good for us. The Central Intelligence Agency ought not to be privileged to do so.

How might such a watchdog committee function? In the early years of the Eisenhower Administration, a task force headed by Gen. Mark W. Clark conducted a thorough study of the CIA for the Hoover Commission. The task force recommended that "a small permanent bipartisan commission, composed of members of both houses of Congress and other public-spirited citizens commanding the utmost national respect and confidence, be established by act of Congress to make periodic surveys of the organizations, functions, policies, and results of the government agencies handling foreign-intelligence operations; and to report, under adequate security safeguards. . . . The proposed 'watchdog commission' should be empowered by law to demand and receive any information it needed for its own use."

The Hoover Commission itself differed somewhat from the recommendations of the Clark task force. It recommended the establishment of *two* agencies: a committee charged with reporting to the President periodically and a permanent "watchdog" joint committee of the House and the Senate. Incidentally, among those who at that time supported such control over the CIA was Sen. John F. Kennedy.

Congress has never adopted the watchdog-committee recommendation, largely because some of its members fear that the security of the CIA inevitably would be compromised by such a committee. Such fears are, I believe, unwarranted. The watchdog-committee arrangement has worked well in the case of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which handles highly sensitive and secret information. That committee has an excellent security record. Its 18 members have proved to be fully as reliable as the hundreds of civil-service personnel, military personnel and presidential appointees who have knowledge in this highly sensitive field.

A small, select joint committee on intelligence would provide the necessary safeguards against abuses of power by the CIA. It would enable Congress to acquire the knowledge needed for an evaluation of our intelligence activities. More than that, it would, in keeping with our constitutional system, insure that Congress is included in the making of decisions vital to the security and well-being of the United States. THE END

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Only Johnson can beat Johnson

The President before Congress

WASHINGTON: The best way to get to be President, as was pointed out recently in this space, is to be President already. An incumbent President has all sorts of assets which any opponent lacks. Lyndon Baines Johnson has assets in the upcoming presidential campaign which even his immensely popular predecessor lacked. Therefore it seems sensible to conclude that there is only one man who can defeat Lyndon Johnson next November. That man is Lyndon Johnson.

To see certain of Lyndon Johnson's assets, let us peer into the future and have a look at President Johnson on August 26, 1964. Barring the accidents of fate, it is possible to predict where Johnson will be on that day, and what he will be doing. He will be in Atlantic City, N.J., and he will be accepting his party's presidential nomination, as the convention goes wild.

Anyone who has regularly attended those curious tribal rituals, the political conventions, can easily visualize the scene. First, the nominating speeches ("a man who"); then the calling of the role, state-by-state; then the tall, familiar figure making its way to the rostrum, and after the pandemonium has run its prescribed course, waving the long arms for silence.

It is even possible to discern in advance the essential theme of both acceptance speech and the "man who" speeches. The theme will be Achievement with a capital A—"a man who gets things done." For, unless something goes very much awry by next August, President Johnson will have gotten a lot of things done. By the time he strides up to the convention platform, both the $11 billion tax cut and the civil-rights bill will be written into law.

No one can predict when or in just what form these two bills will pass, but that is the sort of question the political reporters find more interesting than their readers do anyway. It may be that Johnson can get a meaningful civil-rights bill without a really bitter fight—he's done it before, and Sen. Richard Russell, leader of the Senate Southerners, is a close friend. Perhaps Johnson can exercise his peculiar magic to work out something which the South can live with and which is also acceptable to the Negro leadership.

Perhaps not. It may be that, because Johnson is a Southerner and therefore suspect in the North, he cannot afford to make the concessions to the South that President Kennedy would certainly have made. Therefore the civil-rights fight may be even nastier than if Kennedy had lived. But this is not what is really important politically. What is really important is that Congress will surely pass some sort of civil-rights bill before Johnson journeys to Atlantic City, and some sort of tax cut as well.

Thus Johnson will go to Atlantic City with what political orators like to call a "solid record of achievement" behind him. He will be the man who finished what Kennedy started. He will also have another enormous asset which President Kennedy lacked, and that is the memory of John F. Kennedy himself.

The emotion which the whole nation felt in the aftermath of the Dallas nightmare will pale in time, as emotion always does. But the memory of John Kennedy will remain as a sword and buckler to his successor. For no Republican in his senses will say anything that might be construed as an attack on that memory. So what issues will the Republicans have to exploit, aside from such elderly bugbears as "creeping socialism"? Even the Bay of Pigs will take its place as an unhappy footnote to history rather than a major campaign issue.

President Johnson, in short, is in a uniquely fortunate political situation. Some weeks ago there was a flat prediction in this space that President Kennedy would be reelected in 1964. Logically, it should be possible to make the same flat prediction about President Johnson. Somehow it is not, although the odds on Johnson's election are certainly high. The main reason it is not possible is that Johnson himself is an unpredictable man.

There are other reasons, of course. The cloud of glory which surrounds the presidential office, and which is an incumbent President's priceless asset, is dimmer when the office has been inherited. There is also the accident of Johnson's birth. There are practical if regrettable reasons why no Southerner has been President since the Civil War. The distrust of Northerners for Southerners is not as deep and instinctive as the distrust of Southerners for "damyankees." But it is there all the same.

"It was a good speech," said a northern woman after President Johnson's fine first address to the joint session of Congress, "and I know it's just awful prejudice, but I hate to hear a President talking about something being 'dip in the marra of ma bones.'"

Unfair though it may be, the Johnson accent and the Johnson birthplace will hurt him where John Kennedy was strongest—in the big northern industrial states which a Democratic presidential candidate *must* win. And Johnson will be hurt no matter how liberal his "solid record of achievement" may be. Prejudice is blind, in the North as in the South.

But the really decisive and unpredictable factor in the political equation is Johnson himself, the sort of man he is. Johnson is a genius. He is a genius in the scientific sense of the word—a sport, a mutation, wholly out of the ordinary. But a sport or mutation need not necessarily be electable.

The chief characteristic of the Johnson genius, as he himself acknowledges, is pride. Pride goeth before a fall, and the Johnson pride might just conceivably cause him to fall. Johnson's pride takes the form of a compulsion to excel. It also takes the form of an anguished sensitivity to criticism. One can imagine Johnson, perhaps needled at a press conference, losing his temper. When Lyndon Johnson loses his temper, his dark face seems to turn several shades darker, and the anger rushes out of him, like some dark and elemental force of nature. The sight is impressive, but it is not one calculated to win votes.

In some such way, Johnson might defeat Johnson. But one can also imagine the Johnson pride making Johnson a great President, which is what above all Johnson wants to be, and what he has wanted to be ever since he was a scrawny-necked first-term congressman. To achieve greatness, Johnson must first achieve election in his own right. He is off and running now, running as hard as only Johnson can run. What Lyndon Johnson really wants, Lyndon Johnson somehow gets, which is why it seems very unlikely that Johnson will defeat Johnson; and very likely that Lyndon Johnson will be President of the United States for a good many years to come.

Stewart Alsop

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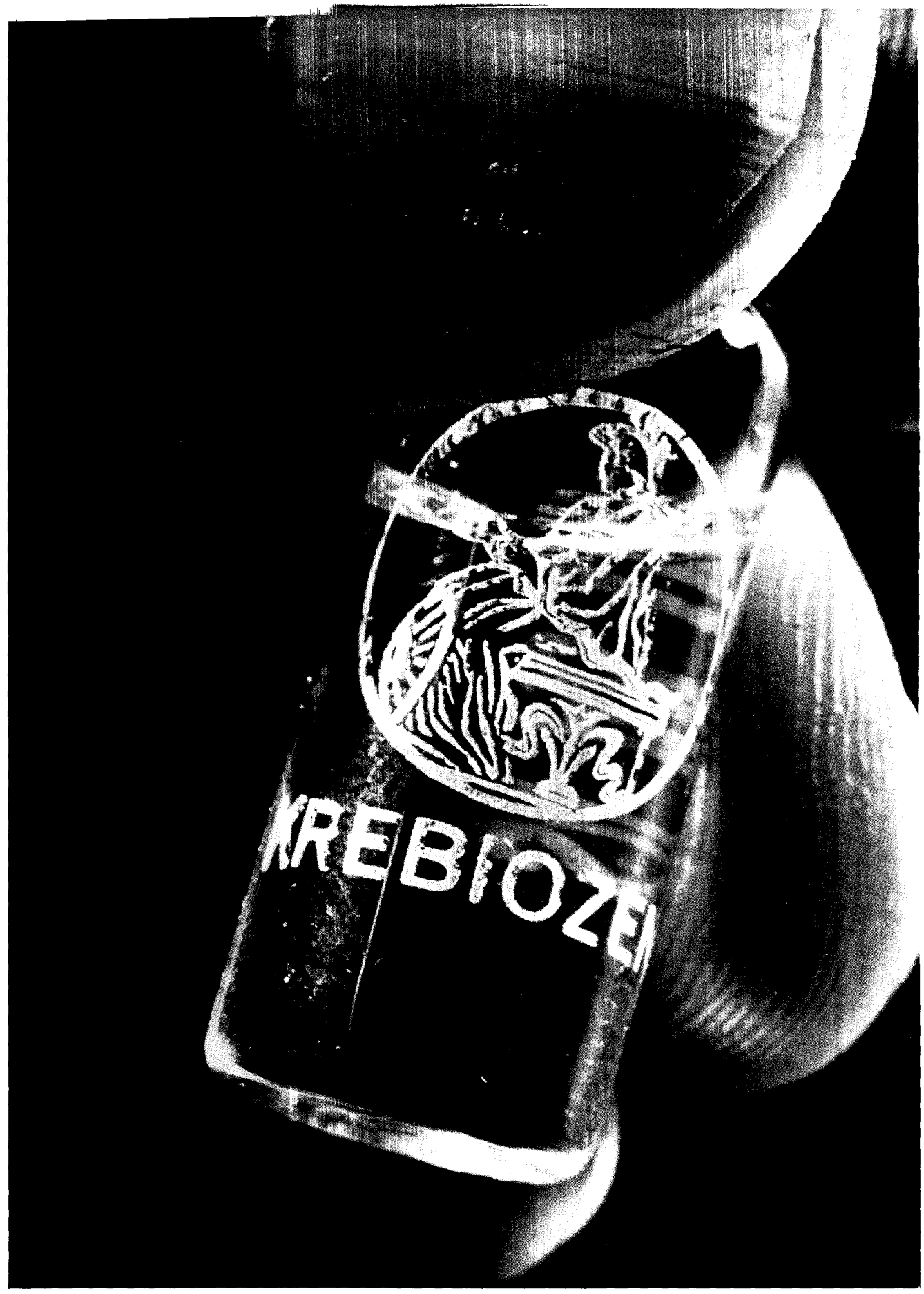

Tiny glass vial with Greek symbol contains Krebiozen, cause of bitter medical controversy.

THE FANTASTIC KREBIOZEN STORY

A famous medical scientist staked his career on this mysterious cancer remedy, now written off by Government agencies as "ineffective."

By ROBERT P. GOLDMAN

On March 26, 1951, at a conference in the Drake Hotel in Chicago, Dr. Andrew C. Ivy startled the world of science by announcing a new treatment for cancer. It was called Krebiozen. Twenty of the first 22 patients he himself had treated with it, said Doctor Ivy, had experienced an "improvement in their general condition . . . and a regression of the cancer." Coming from someone of Doctor Ivy's standing—he was then a world-renowned professor of physiology at the University of Illinois School of Medicine in Chicago—this pronouncement stirred a wave of excitement and hope. But from the outset the affair had a great many mysterious and troubling aspects.

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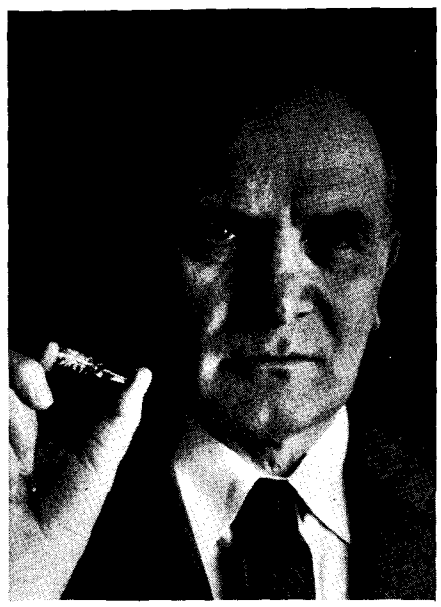
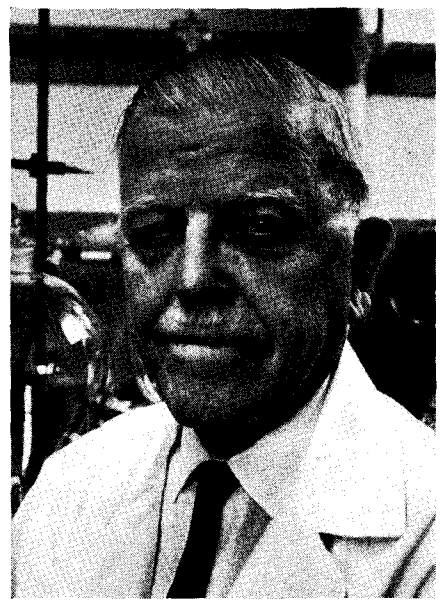
GOVERNMENT DOCTOR: IT "REPRESENTS THE CRUELEST EXPLOITATION OF FALSE HOPE FOR CANCER PATIENTS."



Dr. Stevan Durovic, inventor of Krebiozen, arrived in the United States via Argentina.



Dr. Andrew C. Ivy has lent his prestigious medical reputation to Krebiozen since 1951.

Discoverer of the substance was Dr. Stevan Durovic, a refugee Yugoslav physician, whose production method was only sketchily outlined at the meeting. Since Doctor Durovic was not fluent in English, Doctor Ivy explained for him that Krebiozen was obtained from horse blood after the horse's "cell network had been stimulated." The end product was a white powder.

Soon after the Drake meeting, Doctor Ivy told reporters that Doctor Durovic had refused to reveal details of the Krebiozen process and formula because he did not want Iron Curtain countries to benefit. "He despises Communism," Doctor Ivy declared, "because he was despoiled by Communism in Yugoslavia." In addition, Doctor Ivy said, Doctor Durovic's brother, Marko, had invested more than $1,000,000 in Krebiozen development and wanted to recoup his investment.

"I think his position is proper," Doctor Ivy said. "Too many discoverers have died in the poorhouse."

Because of this refusal to reveal Krebiozen's formula the American Medical Association branded it a "secret remedy."

In the years since this strange introduction, Krebiozen has lived—and thrived—in an atmosphere of controversy, recrimination and ballyhoo. It has generated lawsuits, official investigations, charges of fraud and countercharges of conspiracy. Yet in the midst of all the furor, some 5,000 patients eagerly sought and received injections of the mysterious compound in the firm belief it was helping them escape death from cancer. They paid unknown thousands of dollars in the form of "contributions" to the Krebiozen Research Foundation. And many were so devoted to the Krebiozen cause that they picketed the White House last summer to protest Government action against what they called their "life line."

Government action finally came—but only after 13 years of uncertainty.

Within recent months two agencies of the Federal Government—the National Cancer Institute and the Food and Drug Administration—have issued statements to the effect that Krebiozen is ineffective in the treatment of cancer.

The National Cancer Institute, a unit of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, had appointed a committee of 24 leading medical authorities to examine Krebiozen case records and determine whether Government-sponsored clinical trials should be undertaken.

The committee, after scrutinizing the records of 504 treated patients, stated last October 16, "It is the unanimous opinion of the Review Committee that Krebiozen is ineffective as an antitumor agent. In a very small number of patients, tumor regressions of varying degrees were seen during Krebiozen treatment. The validity of these regressions is subject to question for several different reasons. It is the opinion of the committee that the nature, degree and number of effects noted are what one might expect in any large random sample of cancer patients. The committee strongly recommends that no clinical trial of Krebiozen be undertaken."

A month earlier another damaging blow against Krebiozen had been struck by the Food and Drug Administration. A chemical analysis of Krebiozen powder supplied by Doctor Durovic showed it to be creatine, a common amino acid derivative "plentifully available from meat in the ordinary diet . . . and a normal constituent of the human body."

The FDA also declared that in its sampling of ampuls of Krebiozen in liquid form, shipped prior to 1960, it found nothing but mineral oil. Samples from 1963 in its possession contained, in addition to mineral oil, "minute amounts" of amyl alcohol and a creatine derivative different from that identified in the powder.

Said Dr. T. Philip Waalkes, associate director of the National Cancer Institute, "It is impossible to conceive that creatine . . . could be of any value in treating human cancer. . . . This chemical was tested some time ago against animal tumors in the routine cancer chemotherapy screening program of our institute and was found to be ineffective, even in high doses."

"Krebiozen represents the cruelest form of exploitation of false hope among cancer patients," says Dr. William Stewart of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "And creating false hope is worse than standing the patient up and shooting him through the head."

Dr. Ernest B. Howard, assistant executive vice president of the American Medical Association, charges, "Krebiozen is one of the most fantastic episodes in our medical history. If we live to be two hundred, we'll never see anything like it again. At least I hope not."

In addition to its criticism of the drug, the FDA has initiated proceedings which could lead to the prosecution of Doctors Ivy and Durovic for distributing a misbranded drug.

In spite of the mass of damning evidence, Krebiozen's supporters refuse to abandon it. The issue is by no means dead. Krebiozen gained far too much momentum through the years to be stopped cold now. Because of Government action halting interstate shipment of the drug, it now can be obtained only at the Krebiozen Research Foundation in Chicago—but many patients are clamoring for it, claiming their lives depend on it. Both Doctor Ivy and Doctor Durovic still maintain they are in the right and that all charges against them are part of a deliberate smear campaign, a sinister conspiracy directed by the A.M.A. and the Federal Government.

In Washington Krebiozen has a big-name supporter in the white-thatched senator from Illinois, Paul Douglas, whose office recently issued a report denouncing the FDA findings as false.

From the beginning the Krebiozen case has been a blend of mystery and acrimony.

Much of the mystery surrounded the figures of Dr. Stevan Durovic and his brother Marko, who were refugees from wartime Yugoslavia. According to Doctor Ivy, they obtained Vatican visas to Argentina, where Doctor Durovic set up a medical research laboratory in 1944, starting the production of Krebiozen. Durovic's family had owned a munitions plant in Yugoslavia, and, says Doctor Ivy, this provided the Durovics with funds to start the Krebiozen work.

Krebiozen is made, according to Doctor Durovic, by injecting a fungus extract into the jugular vein of a horse, waiting a prescribed period and then bleeding the horse. From the animal's serum, Doctor Durovic says, he extracts Krebiozen. Both he and Doctor Ivy say the drug stimulates anticancer substances already present in the body to slow or arrest tumor growth.

According to testimony before an Illinois legislative committee investigating the Krebiozen affair in 1954, Doctor Durovic had two grams of Krebiozen powder with him when he arrived in the U.S. in 1949 on a temporary visa. He said this was sufficient to produce 200,000 ampuls of Krebiozen dissolved in mineral oil for therapeutic use. Assuming, as the FDA suggests, that the two grams of Krebiozen were only creatine, valued at ten cents a gram, what he had was worth only twenty cents. (Exactly how many ampuls have been manufactured remains unknown, but for the past nine years the Krebiozen Research Foundation, set up by Doctors Ivy and Durovic, has asked and received up to $9.50 per ampul, paid as donations to the foundation.)

Traveling to Chicago, Doctor Durovic gave a demonstration at Northwestern University of a drug he said would help treat high blood pressure. While in Chicago he sought out the celebrated Doctor Ivy and told him about Krebiozen.

"Without Ivy, there would have been no Krebiozen," maintains Dr. George Wakerlin, medical director of the American Heart Association, who was on the faculty of the University of Illinois Medical School when Krebiozen appeared on the scene in 1951. "After all, Doctor Ivy was no cancer quack. The medical community at first simply refused to believe that he would lend his name to an apparently worthless drug."

Doctor Ivy, a widely acclaimed physiologist and physician, had been a protégé of the late Dr. Anton J. (Ajax) Carlson, chairman of the department of physiology at the University of Chicago and one of the world's greatest physiologists. Doctor Ivy himself made outstanding contributions in the chemistry of digestion and the understanding of digestive-tract disorders. As he advanced in his career, he served on the high advisory councils of both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society (both of which have attacked Krebiozen). After World War II he was the official representative of American medicine at the Nuremberg war crimes.

A short, spare man, now 70 and white-haired, Doctor Ivy still talks with complete self-assurance. He is resolute, determined and appears to be completely convinced that he is being persecuted by organized medicine, especially the American Medical Association.

"I am a nonconformist; and unions, the medical union included, do not approve of nonconformists," he declares. "Years ago I earned the enmity of the A.M.A. by coauthoring a report on discrimination in medical colleges. The report pointed out that many medical schools had quotas for Negroes, Jews and in some instances for Catholics. The A.M.A. denied that such quotas existed.

Ivy versus the A.M.A.

"Later on I said in a speech that the cost of catastrophic illness must be spread more equably than it now is. This, too, alienated the A.M.A. When Krebiozen came along, they decided that they were really going to knock me down a peg."

Specifically, Doctor Ivy contends that a former A.M.A. official, Dr. Josiah J. Moore, now a Chicago practitioner, tried vainly in 1951 to obtain distribution rights to Krebiozen for business friends of his. It is from this maneuver, Doctor Ivy contends, that all his trouble with organized medicine stems.

Doctor Moore has vehemently denied the charge but has never brought suit against Doctor Ivy or the Durovics, because, he says, that is exactly what the Krebiozen people want—court battles in order to create more controversy.

Says the A.M.A.'s Doctor Howard, "These charges against Doctor Moore by Ivy and Durovic are completely untrue."

After Doctor Ivy made his unorthodox announcement at the Drake—doctors usually expect to hear of new discoveries in scientific meetings—he wrote a book extolling Krebiozen. Dr. George D. Stoddard, a psychologist then president of the University of Illinois and Doctor Ivy's superior, wrote an opposing book hinting broadly that Krebiozen was a monstrous fraud. In the resulting uproar Stoddard was pressured into resigning from his university post in 1953. (He became chancellor of New York Univer-

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sity but resigned in December to become professor of education.) Doctor Ivy resigned as vice president for medical affairs at the University of Illinois but retained his professorship until he reached retirement age. As for the controversy between them, Doctor Ivy sued Doctor Stoddard for libel, claiming more than $300,000 in damages. The suit is still pending.

Although Doctor Ivy charged a conspiracy against Krebiozen, several outstanding medical research centers began to evaluate the product during the early 1950's. Dr. Harold Diehl, then dean of the University of Minnesota Medical School and now vice president of the American Cancer Society, said the evaluation at his school brought dismal results.

"We got Krebiozen very early," he said, "enough for about thirty patients. We had no preconceived prejudices. We carried out the test with an air of optimism. Many of us knew and respected Doctor Ivy. But Krebiozen did absolutely no good. There were similar results in other institutions where it was tried, including the Mayo Clinic, the Lahey Clinic and the University of Illinois itself."

Gradually, as test results came in from a variety of institutions, the famed Doctor Carlson himself became distraught about his former star pupil. One night in the early 1950's Doctor Carlson invited to his home Doctor Ivy and a number of other leaders in Chicago medicine.

Doctor Carlson, according to one of the participants at the meeting, pleaded with Doctor Ivy to "get out of this Krebiozen mess." It simply did not work. Doctor Ivy's attitude toward his former mentor and toward the other physicians assembled was: I do not need your advice. I know what I am doing.

In 1953–54 a special committee of the Illinois State Legislature investigated the whole affair, concluded that both Doctor Ivy and Doctor Durovic were "men of good character" and that neither Doctor Stoddard nor the A.M.A. had conspired against Doctor Ivy. During the committee's hearing, Doctor Ivy adamantly defended his stand: "I was not duped. . . . Other people were duped."

"I sat beside Doctor Carlson at some of the Illinois legislative hearings," says the A.M.A.'s Doctor Howard. "At one session I glanced over toward him, the world's greatest physiologist, and tears were rolling down his cheeks. He kept repeating, 'Why is Ivy talking this way? Why is Ivy talking this way? It's not true. It's not true.'"

A major force in keeping the Krebiozen affair going has been Senator Douglas, the Illinois Democrat. He is a longtime friend of Doctor Ivy. They taught together years ago at the University of Chicago. Very early in the Krebiozen affair, Senator Douglas sponsored a private bill to obtain United States citizenship for the Durovics.

"As I recall, the Yugoslav quota to the U.S. was filled, and the Durovics had only temporary visitors' permits," Senator Douglas says. "I knew that Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut had received Krebiozen [he later died of cancer], and I called him to get his support for the private bill. Others helped and it passed relatively quickly."

Just how deeply Senator Douglas feels about Doctor Ivy is revealed in the following excerpt of a 1951 meeting of officers of the Krebiozen Research Foundation. In the minutes, Senator Douglas is quoted as having said:

"At this point, I want to make one thing clear, and I hope it sticks, and that is this: that whatever I do, I am doing for our Doctor Ivy, who in my estimation is a man deserving of the greatest respect and cooperation from all of us. As a matter of fact, were it not for Doctor Ivy, I would be very skeptical of the whole damn thing."

This loyalty resulted in Senator Douglas's putting pressure on both the FDA and the National Cancer Institute to conduct what he called a "fair test" for Krebiozen. Senator Douglas states flatly that the FDA test which found Krebiozen to be creatine was not competent and that even the numerous scientists who carried out the test did not agree on Krebiozen's chemical composition. Further, he says that the NCI study of patient treatment results was biased and overlooked many pertinent facts of patient improvement.

"In addition, the FDA has been spreading rumors to the effect that a vast fortune has been made from Krebiozen," says Senator Douglas. "This is sheer nonsense. It was given away until 1954, and after that, I'm told, the Krebiozen Foundation has received donations for only about one third of the ampuls distributed in the U.S.

"The medical profession sometimes errs. This is a matter of historical fact. But when it makes up its mind and takes a stand, it can distort and be cruel merely to save face. Nothing that has happened in the past twelve years has made me lose confidence in Doctor Ivy's honesty, competence or integrity."

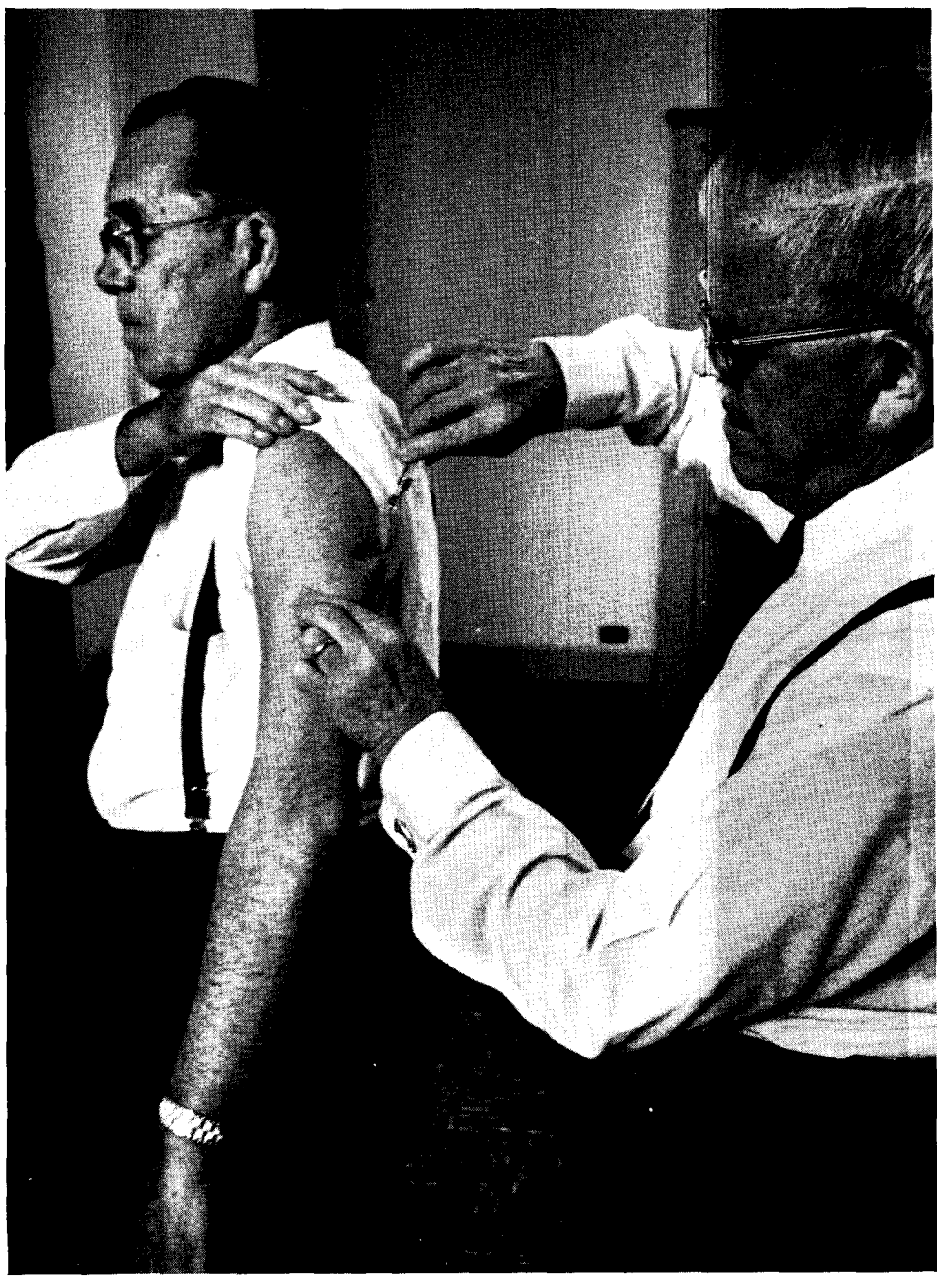
Among other Krebiozen supporters is U.S. Rep. Roland Libonati of Chicago, also a longtime friend of Doctor Ivy. According to Doctor Stoddard, Libonati had a part in forcing his resignation from the University of Illinois after Stoddard criticized Doctor Ivy. Libonati is a fascinating individual, a lawyer who in the past represented underworld characters and who was a known Capone associate.

Quite apart from such official supporters of Krebiozen, however, the Government's longtime role in the affair was to remain largely inactive. For years federal agencies did little to inquire into the production process of Krebiozen or to analyze its ingredients. One reason, as Government sources point out, was that Doctor Durovic refused until 1960 to provide definitive information on the production or to furnish an adequate sample of Krebiozen powder from which Government chemists could make an independent analysis. Another reason was that federal laws applied to the testing and sale of drugs, but Krebiozen was not formally sold. From 1951 to 1954 the drug was shipped to patients without the Government's really attempting to classify it at all, or to police its production—as it normally does with both commercial and experimental drugs.

Then in 1954 Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, ruled that Krebiozen was a "biologic product," which meant it would have to be licensed by the Division of Biologics Standards. But Doctors Ivy and Durovic never applied for such a license and therefore the Division never inspected Promak Laboratories in Chicago, where Krebiozen was being put into ampuls. It never sought to determine the purity of Krebiozen, or its efficacy in treatment, both of which it is charged to do under federal regulations.

Why Krebiozen was classified as a biologic—as are vaccines, antitoxins and blood products—no one seems to know.

Doctor Durovic obtains his Krebiozen by injecting horses with mold, then ***bleeding them.***



Doctor Ivy gives Krebiozen injection to Walter Devereux, 74, for prostate malignancy.

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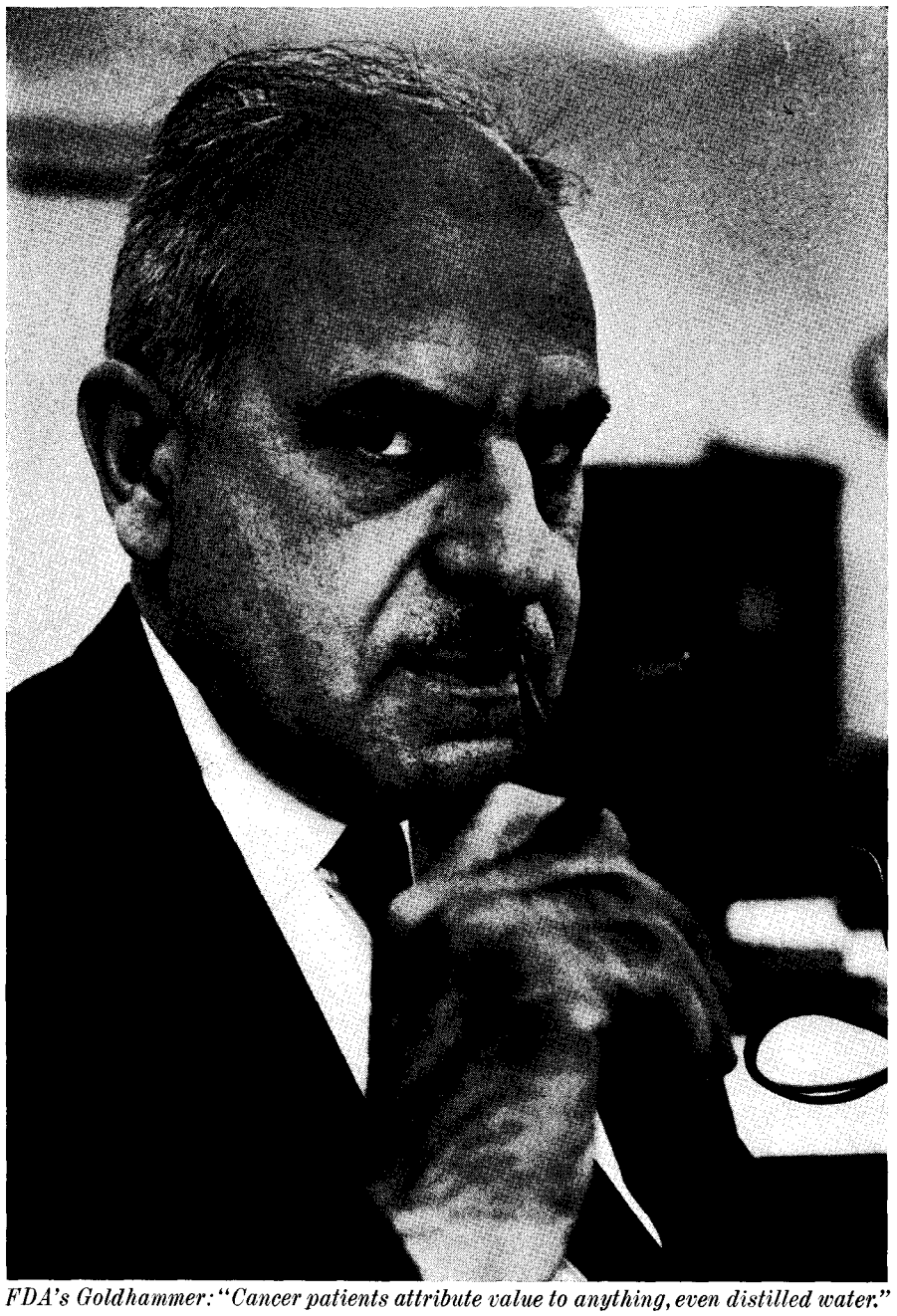
SENATOR DOUGLAS: "HISTORY IS REPLETE WITH PERSECUTIONS OF THE MEDICAL DISCOVERER."



FDA's Goldhammer: "Cancer patients attribute value to anything, even distilled water."

In any event, Doctor Ivy argued before the Public Health Service that Krebiozen was in fact not a biologic but a hormone and belonged under FDA regulation, which was at that time less stringent than the regulation of biologics. Under FDA rules then in force a drug manufacturer could distribute an experimental product in what even the FDA's chief counsel, William Goodrich, refers to as "loose fashion." The producer had only to prove that his medicine was nontoxic, not that it was efficacious. In other words, a drug which could not cure anyone of anything was perfectly legal so long as it did not harm the patient. This loophole probably prevented a showdown on Krebiozen for more than five years.

It was not until 1963 that these loopholes were closed by the Kefauver-Harris amendments to the FDA regulations. The late Sen. Estes Kefauver and his committee had investigated the drug industry. And the thalidomide disaster, in which a sleeping pill deformed thousands of unborn babies, emphasized the need for better controls on drug testing.

The Krebiozen Research Foundation submitted a plan of investigation last June to conform to the new regulations, but withdrew it the following month. The FDA therefore ruled that Krebiozen could no longer be shipped outside the state of Illinois. As of last month a small group of patients and relatives were still traveling to Illinois from other states to obtain Krebiozen, but Doctor Durovic said Krebiozen supplies were dwindling and could be made available for only about 100 patients—"to keep them alive."

Krebiozen was introduced as a treatment for advanced cancer patients who had no hope. "I never have claimed Krebiozen to be a cure for cancer," Doctor Ivy has said. "I have claimed that it eases pain in most patients, improves their sense of well-being and arrests tumor growth."

Patients have declared over and over that after taking Krebiozen they have "felt better." Some quote their own doctors as saying that they had only one, three, six months to live, but after taking Krebiozen they have survived one, three, five years or even longer. It is from these people that a group called the Cancer Survivors on Krebiozen draws the bulk of its membership.

Such a case is that of George Friedman, a 49-year-old engineer who died of cancer last August 10. His wife, Mrs. Laine Friedman, of Flushing, N.Y., a charming and articulate woman, is chairman of the Cancer Survivors on Krebiozen and a tireless worker on behalf of the drug. She led the march on the White House last year, carried a sign imploring the late President Kennedy to "save our lives—we need Krebiozen." She was arrested because she approached too close to the White House, was mistreated by the police, she charged, and was released.

Here is Mrs. Friedman's story concerning her late husband:

When in the spring of 1961 he began to have persistent trouble with his digestion, his wife persuaded him to see a surgeon at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Although tests by an internist proved negative, an exploratory operation was performed. "After the operation," Mrs. Friedman related, "the surgeon called me with the horrible news. George was riddled with stomach cancer. 'How much time does he have?' I asked. 'I'm not a good judge of time,' he told me. 'Maybe a month or so.'

"The doctor told me to take George home, make him comfortable and tell him he had cancer so that he could wind up his affairs. I thought it over and decided to tell George nothing. Instead I resolved to fight this thing, this cancer. That was in the spring of 1961."

Mrs. Friedman asked the American Cancer Society and several doctors about Krebiozen and was told it was worthless. Nevertheless she persuaded a neighborhood doctor to give it to her husband, although he, too, said it was valueless. He would give it, he told Mrs. Friedman, "only for your psychological well-being."

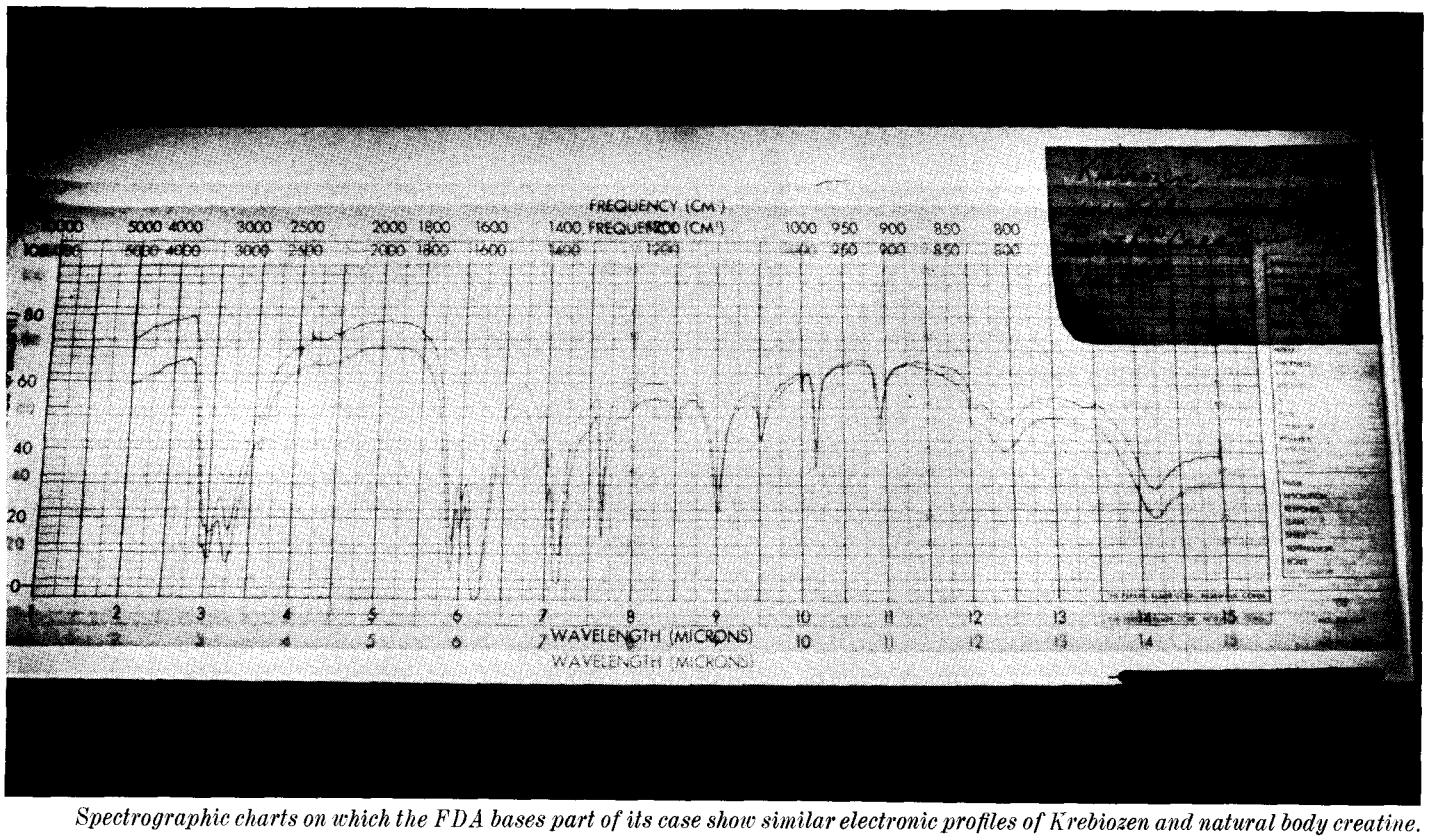
Mr. Friedman received his first injection of Krebiozen in July, 1961. "His condition began immediately to pick up," Mrs. Friedman recalls. "His appetite increased. He was able to walk around and do simple gardening once again. He literally came back to life.

"He stayed on an even keel for months, returned to work and periodically went to the hospital for a stomach tap, to remove the fluid causing the distension."

As time went on, Friedman learned that he was on Krebiozen, joined his wife in the fight to save it from "Government persecution." Last June Friedman went into a steep decline.

On the morning of August 10, his wife recalls, "he got up, made his own breakfast, had lunch and said that he felt uncomfortable. I gave him an enema and he said he would rest in bed. He got into bed, stayed there a while and suddenly said, 'There's a drum in my head.' Then he stared straight ahead and died quietly a half hour later. Krebiozen kept him alive and made his death a peaceful one. There is no doubt of that in my mind."

Because of Mrs. Friedman's prominence in the Krebiozen movement, the FDA investigated the case. It obtained a



Spectrographic charts on which the FDA bases part of its case show similar electronic profiles of Krebiozen and natural body creatine.

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Mrs. George Friedman, whose husband died of cancer, demonstrates outside White House hoping to attract late President Kennedy's attention to the raging Krebiozen controversy.

pathological specimen of Friedman's cancer and sent it to the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, Washington, D.C.

The AFIP finding, which has never before been made public, is clearcut. George Friedman had what pathologists refer to as a "lazy tumor." Its growth rate could not be accurately predicted. It might have killed him in a few weeks, a few months or a few years. Some patients with this type of tumor have been known to survive for extremely long periods.

More generally, medical authorities attribute the seeming benefits of Krebiozen to a number of causes. Says Gilbert Goldhammer, chief of FDA's regulatory management division, "The mere fact that you announce a drug as beneficial against cancer will cause countless people to use it and claim that it has saved their lives. These people, some of whom have cancer and some of whom do not, are so eager for a 'cancer cure' that they will attribute real therapeutic value to anything, even distilled water."

"It is a fairly common experience for late-stage cancer patients [labeled as terminal]," says NCI's Doctor Endicott, "to show what are often interpreted as beneficial results. Most often these results are said to involve decrease of pain, improvement of appetite and ability to walk around. This apparently is what has been reported by Krebiozen patients. But they probably would have gained the same effect from anything else offered to them as a cancer therapy—anything from snake oil to blinking lights."

Clamor for a "fair test"

As for Krebiozen's disproving a doctor's prediction of a patient's death, Doctor Endicott warns that cancer is extremely unpredictable, and no doctor can accurately foretell its course. In addition, he points out that many of the advanced-stage patients taking it have also received conventional types of treatment—surgery, radiation or chemotherapy. If their lives have been prolonged, he says, it is because of these standard therapeutic measures, not because of Krebiozen.

Throughout the tumultuous 13-year history of the Krebiozen affair, the drug's proponents have clamored for a "fair test of Krebiozen" on known cancer patients. Indeed, several senators have joined Senator Douglas in drafting a resolution calling for such a test.

"We will not perform a test on a worthless substance," answers Doctor Endicott. "For three years I felt like the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike out there in front of God and everybody else. At that time, I was alone trying to cope with this Krebiozen situation.

"Now we have absolute proof that Krebiozen is of no value in the treatment of cancer. How can anyone ask that a test be performed on such a substance, that we deny patients all other known forms of treatment and give them only Krebiozen? With known, effective forms of treatment, about thirty-three percent of all cancer patients can be cured for five years or longer. If we tested Krebiozen, we would be sacrificing that thirty-three percent. Would you want to be a patient in such a test? A Krebiozen test on patients would be immoral. For any physician to participate in such a test would be unethical to say the least. The Senate resolution demands that we carry out a test which I consider almost a criminal act."

Who is ultimately responsible for perpetuating the Krebiozen affair? Dr. William Stewart, of Health, Education and Welfare, believes "the basic responsibility rests on the backs of the doctors who injected Krebiozen into their patients.

"If doctors had the attitude through the years of 'show me how this works, tell me what it is,' Krebiozen never would have happened," he maintains.

Last summer, after the NCI report on Krebiozen failures in patients, Doctor Endicott said, "Krebiozen, from a scientific point of view, is a closed matter."

But Doctor Durovic steadfastly rejects that statement.

"Last September," he says, "I wrote to Mr. Celebrezze [Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare], stating that we would produce a new batch of Krebiozen with FDA people present. I was saying to him in effect, you can hang me with my own rope if I am wrong about Krebiozen. But the FDA refused. The FDA's plan, of course, is to harass us to such an extent that we will abandon Krebiozen.

"I will never do that. I am not going to drop Krebiozen. I believe in it. It helps patients. Krebiozen represents thirty-three years of my life's work. I hope we can get the help to win this fight. I believe we will win—because of the power of human justice."

Doctor Ivy is equally vehement.

"I'm going to keep going. I'm going to continue my work. This isn't Russia. Here the creative scientist is free."

Is the Krebiozen affair dead? Not by a long shot. THE END

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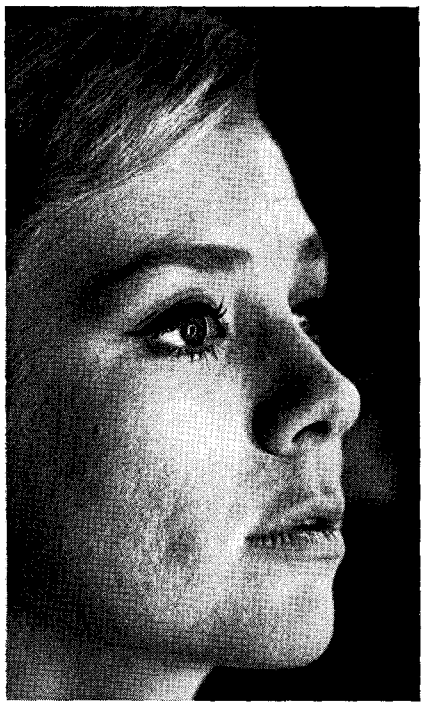
TV's "Farmer's Daughter" has battled death, fickle suito.



INGER STEVENS

On New Year's Day, 1959, Inger Stevens reached for a small bottle and swallowed 25 of the sleeping pills it contained. "It was such a relief," she remembers. "At that moment I thought it was the most rational thing I'd ever done in my life."

Three days later her unconscious body was discovered by a janitor. She was rushed from her New York apartment to a hospital. "The doctors thought I would never make it through the morning," Inger says now. "That's how close I was."

Inger did make it through the morning, but not by much. There were blood clots under her left lung, and her legs, afflicted by phlebitis, were swollen to four times their normal size. She also was blind.

Her sightlessness lasted for two weeks. "I was so tense and was trying so hard to see, that I overdid it," she says. "It started to clear up when I realized that I wasn't going to see again and began relaxing."

Inger's vision was restored, but scar tissues still cloud the corners of her eyes. It is remarkable, however, that at 29 Inger bears so few scars. She has survived not only her attempted suicide but a fiery plane crash, a disastrous marriage and at least two depressing love affairs.

A skilled actress and disarmingly attractive woman, Inger today is star of her own ABC-TV series, *The Farmer's Daughter*. The show, built around the improbable adventures of a Scandinavian governess in Washington, is a mediocre offering, and Inger provides it with its only gleam of distinction. "If we hadn't gotten Inger," says producer Peter Kortner, "we might have abandoned the show. She was the only name we ever talked about."

Oddly enough, in casting Inger as another stereotyped television character, the producers overlooked the extraordinary qualities of their own star. Inger Stevens's life already is sufficient for a 39-week series—and no one would be bored with the reruns.

Born in Stockholm, Sweden, Inger arrived in the United States at age 13 on a freighter and was welcomed by Travelers Aid and the Salvation Army. She left behind in Sweden her mother, who had been divorced by mail from Inger's father, Per Stensland, when Inger was five. Stensland, a Swedish professor who was working in Massachusetts on a Fulbright scholarship and who later taught in the United States, was too busy to meet the boat.

Eventually Stensland settled down in Manhattan, Kans., with a new wife. Inger remembers a childhood marred by family quarrels. "I witnessed an awful lot of fighting in my family," she says. "I got used to keeping things to myself and never really saying what was on my mind. I was always afraid of hurting somebody."

At the age of 16 Inger took leave of Manhattan and ran away to Kansas City. She worked for a while as a waitress and then found a job with a burlesque show. For $60 a week she stood onstage in a second-hand, sweat-stained purple gown while her colleagues undulated to *Blue Champagne*. Three months later, at Christmastime, she was promoted to a featured role. One night, while she was dressed in an abbreviated Santa Claus suit and belting out *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*, she spotted a familiar figure. It was her irate father.

That afternoon Stensland and Inger drove back to Manhattan, but the week after she graduated from Manhattan High School, Inger ran away again. This time, using her burlesque savings, she went all the way to New York.

She took an apartment in a dingy neighborhood, looked for a job in show business and eventually met an agent named Tony Soglio. He put her under a long-term contract and changed her last name to Stevens. In time she was impersonating tired housewives on TV commercials, moonlighting as a chorus girl at The Latin Quarter and studying with Lee Strasberg, head of the Actors Studio. Soon Soglio also was landing her acting jobs on such TV shows as *Kraft Theatre* and *Studio One*.

On July 9, 1955, Soglio and Inger were married in Greenwich, Conn. All she remembers about the day is that a dog barked continuously in the minister's house. "That was the worst day of my life," she says. "I wanted to be anyplace but where I was. I married him for a lot of the wrong reasons. I had been dating him for about eight months, and he was the only person I knew in New York. For me the whole marriage proved pretty much of a nightmare."

Inger and Soglio lived together for four months and were divorced in 1958. "The experience made a lasting impression on me," Inger says. "I still have a fear of marriage." Inger still pays Soglio a percentage of her income under a managerial contract that runs through 1966.

It was during her troubled marriage period that Inger was called out to Hollywood by a producer who had seen her in *Playhouse 90* on television. In Inger's first film, *Man on Fire*, her saucerlike blue eyes, 20-inch waist and ingratiating smile were not lost on her costar Bing Crosby. Gossip columnists soon were clucking about the romance between the $600-a-week newcomer and the millionaire widower. "After you go out with Bing," Inger said at the time, "you're spoiled for young men of say twenty-five or twenty-six. Being with an older man is a secure feeling for me."

Crosby, however, switched his affections to another actress, Kathy Grant, whom he married, and Inger tried to explain away her disappointment. "I am not a Catholic," she said, "and I felt that I couldn't change my religion (Lutheran). There was a big age difference, too. Also I was guilt-ridden because I was dating a man and I wasn't quite divorced."

While the defection of Crosby stung, it was a minor hurt compared to the effects of another romantic relationship three years later. Again Inger became involved with a well-known star, but he was married and the father of two children. According to Inger, he promised to obtain a divorce and marry her, but later changed his mind. Inger took a boat trip to Europe in June, 1958, to try to regroup her thoughts and then, upon her return to the United States, went into analysis.

"For a long time I had nobody to talk to, including the man I had been with," says Inger. "When I began trusting the analyst, everything came out too fast. I felt lonely and sorry for myself. I felt like I didn't quite belong in the film world, that I wasn't good enough. I was constantly getting depressed. I had made a complete mess of my emotional life by trying to be very giving to a man because I was hoping he would do the same to me. I was just screaming out for somebody to love me. I kept searching for some kind of peace and tranquillity. The more I searched for it, the more holocaust there was around me. It kept getting worse."

Inger spent Christmas Eve in New York alone. On New Year's Eve she joined a group that flitted from party to party. "Everyone was drinking, and it became more and more depressing," she says. "Everything seemed so distorted. I felt I was on the outside looking in. All of a sudden there was only emptiness."

Inger took a taxi home to her New York apartment and stared at the walls. "I needed somebody to talk to, but there was no one left," she says. "Then everything exploded." It was then that she swallowed the sleeping pills.

She has taken a long journey since then. "Once I felt that I was one person at home, and the minute I stepped out the door I had to be somebody else," she says. "I had a terrible insecurity, an extreme shyness, that I covered up with coldness. Everybody thought I was a snob. I was really just plain scared."

Today, after years of torturous self-exploration, she has changed herself into a woman who is garrulous, outgoing and immersed in her work. Five days a week she arises at 5:30 A.M. and drives her Jaguar XK 150 to the studio. By the time she returns from work at eight in the evening, she is exhausted but still must study the next day's script.

Without children of her own to look after, she has contributed a sizable portion of her salary to a project for mentally retarded children. She is the only person in show business on the board of directors of the nonprofit organization, which is trying to build a hospital, a day clinic, a child-guidance center and an old-age home. Land already has been purchased, and Inger hopes to involve herself in the foundation's actual operation.

Despite her activity, a gap remains in her life. "The thing I miss most is having someone to share things with," she says. Possibly there is no regular man in Inger's life because she now is so cautious. "I always used to jump into friendships and

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ıd self-doubts.

By Richard Warren Lewis

give too much," she says. "You can't do that. You end up like Grand Central Station with people just coming and going. And there *you* are, left behind."

In recent years she has subjected herself to the circumlocutions of comedian Mort Sahl ("He was too wrapped up in himself"), listened to the vanities of a recording executive ("He was most concerned about losing his hair"), tolerated the moods of two-fisted Anthony Quinn ("He told me he couldn't live without me; it was like he was acting out a scene"), and discarded all three of them. "I've spent an awful lot of time alone and have become terribly independent," she says.

Still, her independence does not quite ıask her loneliness. "Sometimes I wonder if being an actress is really going to be enough for me," she muses. "When you're sixteen, being in show business is a very romantic notion. You dream about your pictures all over the magazines. But what you think at sixteen and what you think at twenty-nine are two different things. If I took a test, I would probably find I'm in the wrong field."

Inger can look back on a series of ominous events that might support this theory. She was carried off the set with an appendicitis attack on the third day of shooting her first film. During the shooting of the movie *Cry Terror*, she was removed from the Hudson tubes underneath New York's Hudson River, wrapped in a litter, the victim of carbon-monoxide poisoning. Her jaw was dislocated on a *Zane Grey* television show. Before the shooting of *The Farmer's Daugl.-ter* began, she collapsed under the combined pressures of overwork, underweight and internal hemorrhaging. Returning from Europe to the U.S. for an acting commitment in June, 1961, she was the last passenger to leave a jet that crashed on landing at the Lisbon, Portugal, airport. The plane exploded 20 seconds after her exit.

"To have to leap from a burning plane ınd then think how close you came to erishing is a shaking experience," she explains. "When I consider that twice I was so close to dying, I know there's got to be some reason why I survived. I hope to leave something behind me, some contribution. You know, I'm rather fortunate to be here at all." THE END

Attired in black tights, Inger Stevens stretches her long limbs on the back porch of friend's California home.

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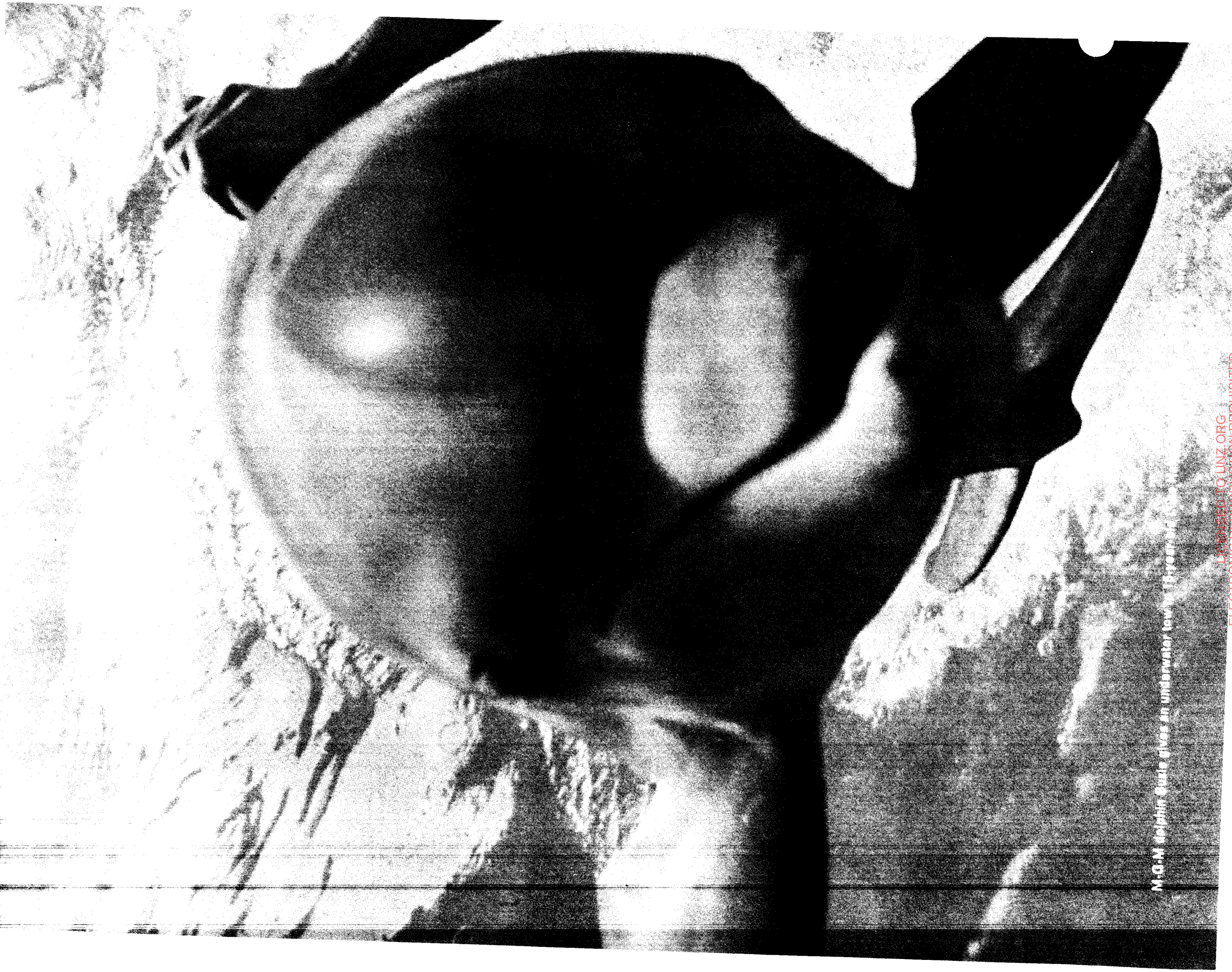

N.O.W. dolphin Buzz dives an underwater tow...

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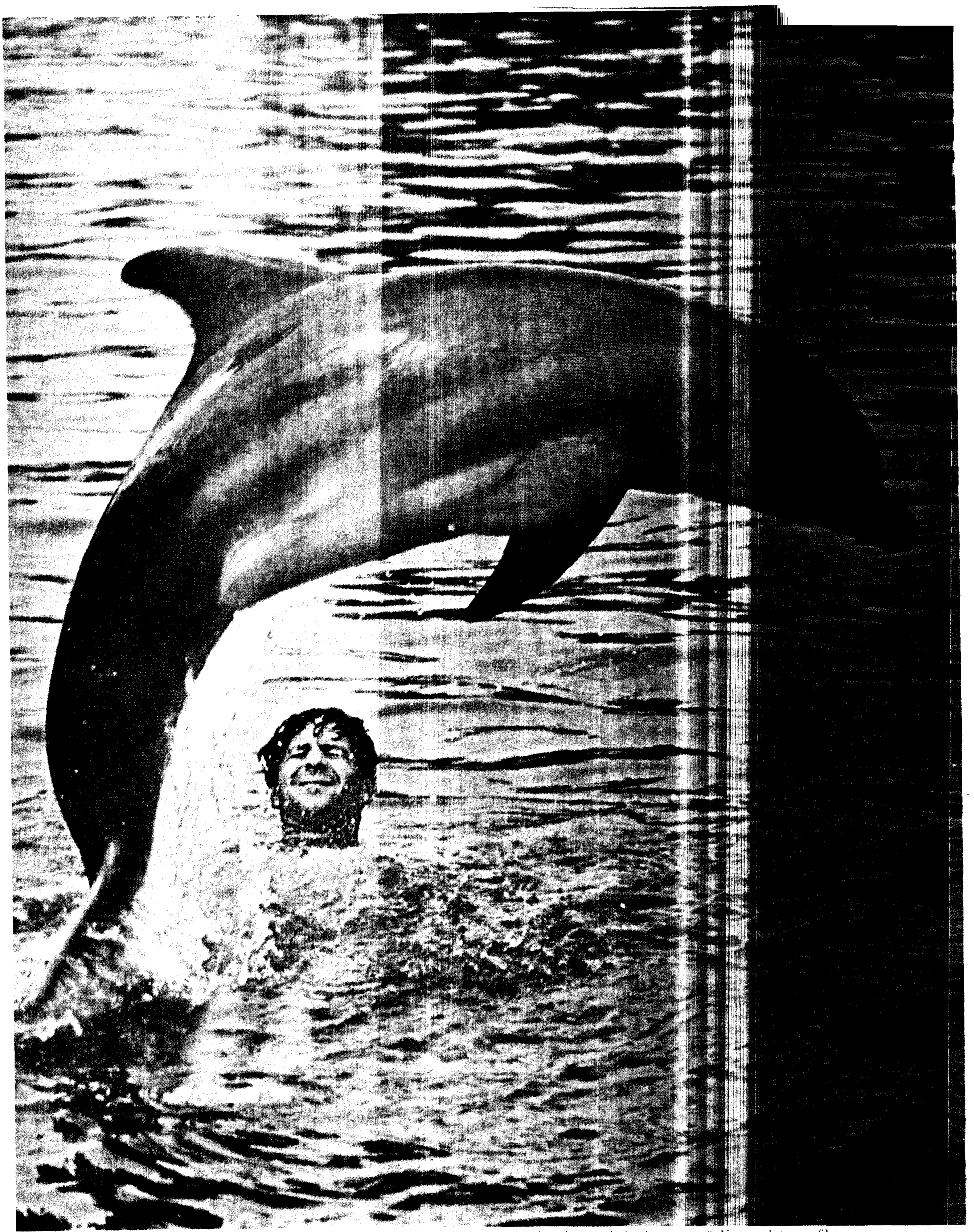

Suzie and Ricou Browning, associate producer of "Flipper" movie and TV series, frolic in the ocean off Nassau between film sequences.

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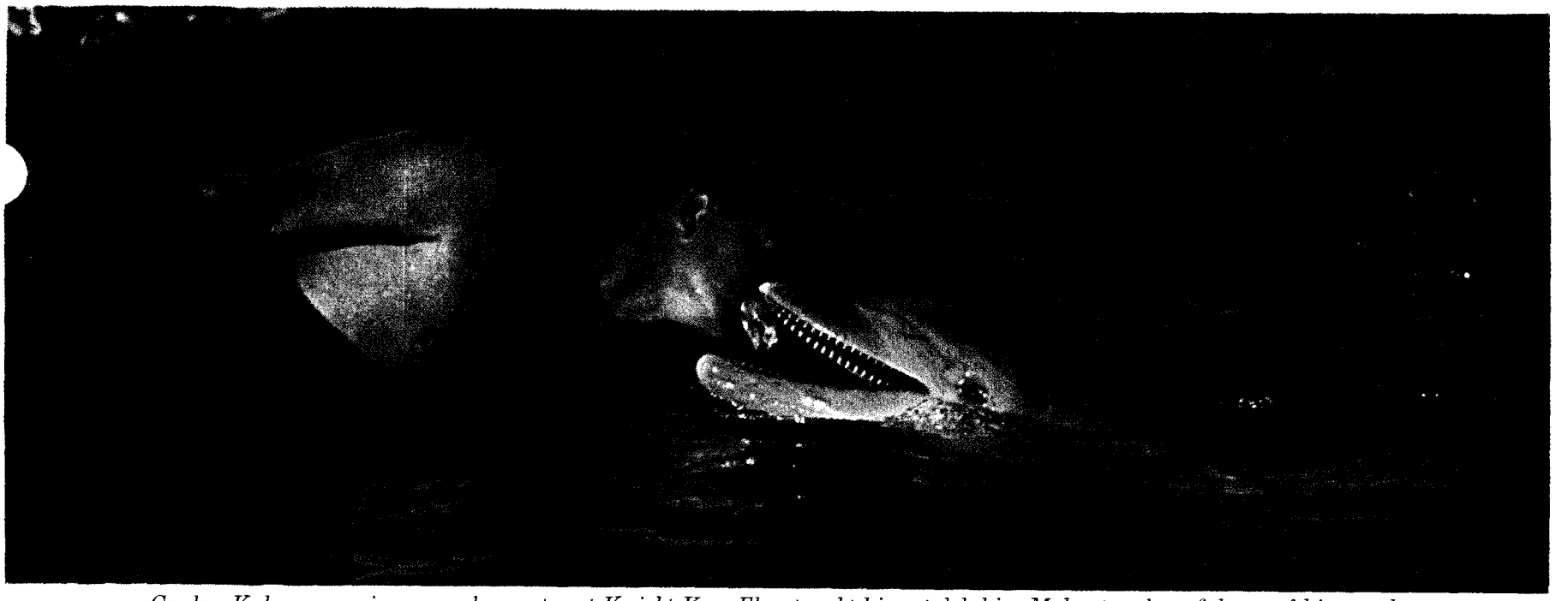

Gordon Kyle, a camping-ground operator at Knight Key, Fla., taught his pet dolphin, Moby, to take a fish out of his mouth.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS A DOLPHIN

As any status seeker knows, there's no status in such commonplace pets as leopards or Weimaraners or falcons. Anybody who has one of those is hoi polloi. It's almost as plebeian as having a swimming pool. The latest thing is to acquire a pet you can enjoy in your swimming pool or at the beach—a bottle-nosed dolphin, which is sometimes commonly called a porpoise.

The dolphin is a peculiarly lovable fish, perhaps because it's not a fish at all but a warm-blooded, air-breathing mammal. Throughout recorded history he has offered his friendship to man, though from a distance. Dolphins guide ships through straits and traditionally tow shipwrecked sailors to shore. They also laugh broadly, jump for joy and talk a language of their own, which men are still trying to decipher. It seemed inevitable that man should eventually respond in kind. One center for this man-and-dolphin fraternization is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Santini of Marathon, Fla. Santini for many years captured dolphins for various scientific institutions and salt-water aquariums. More recently, however, he has devoted an increasing amount of time to capturing, training and boarding dolphin pets for their human owners.

Santini sells dolphins for $300 and charges $1.60 to $2.00 a day for the 16 pounds of mullet needed to feed each exuberant animal. You can take your dolphin with you or leave it with the Santinis at a slight extra charge. Santini also recently established a formal dolphin-training school.

His first and probably most famous pupil is Mitzi, a seven-foot, six-inch, 300-pound bundle of delphine joy. She recently attained movie stardom in the M-G-M production, Flipper, which has been so successful that M-G-M is planning to make a movie sequel and a color television series scheduled for next fall on NBC. Compared to Flipper, says a publicity man, Lassie is just a shaggy dog.

When Betty Brothers's pet dolphin, Dal, is happy, she likes to lie on her back in the water and have Betty pull on her tail flukes.

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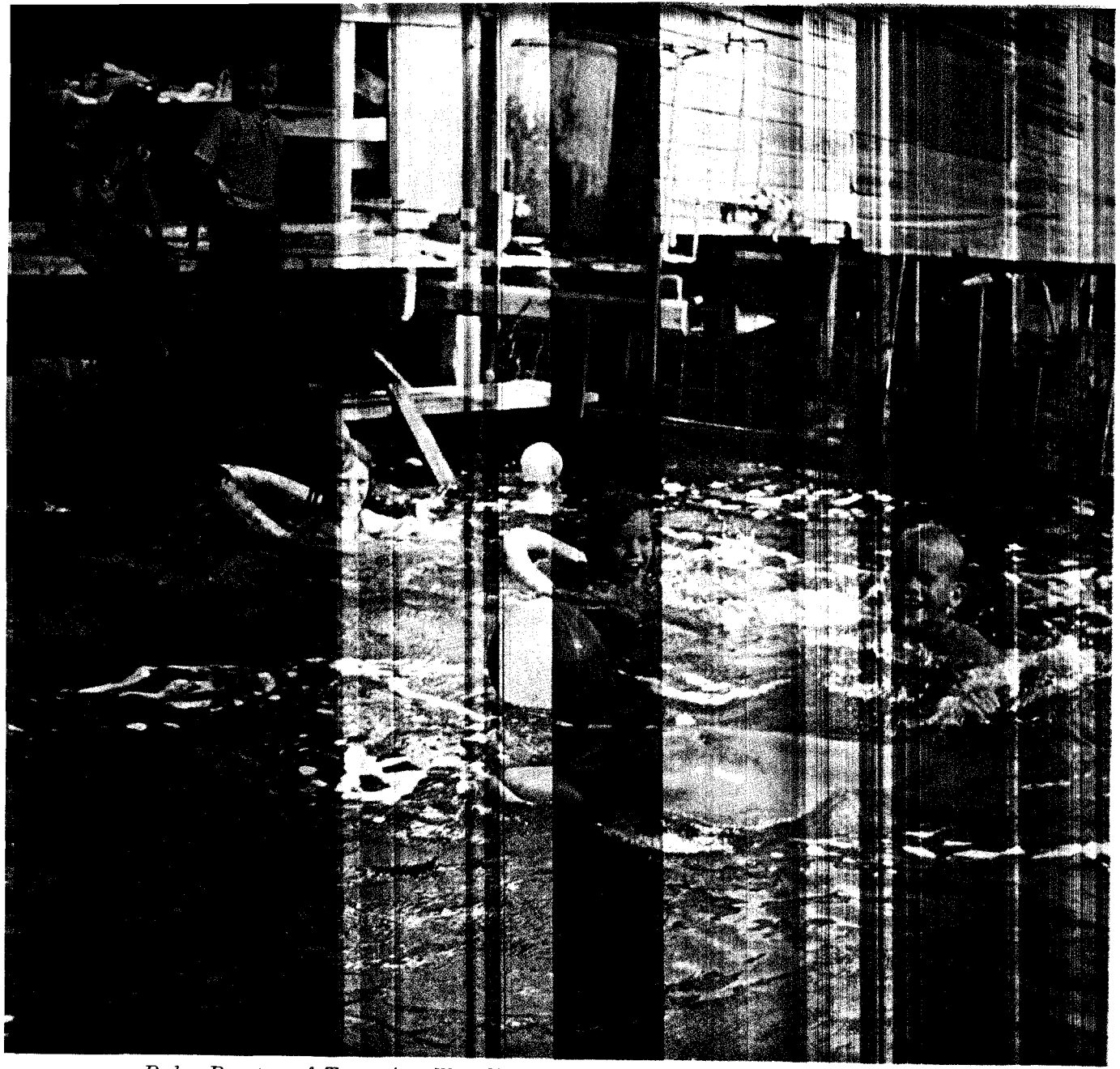
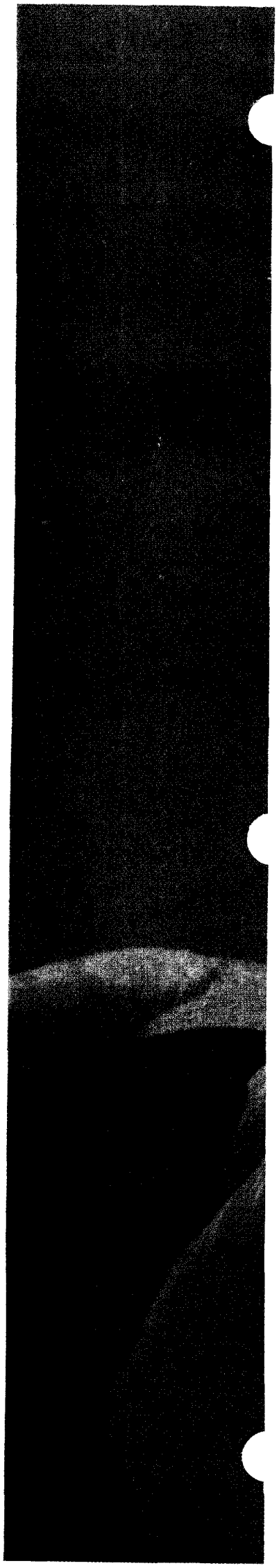
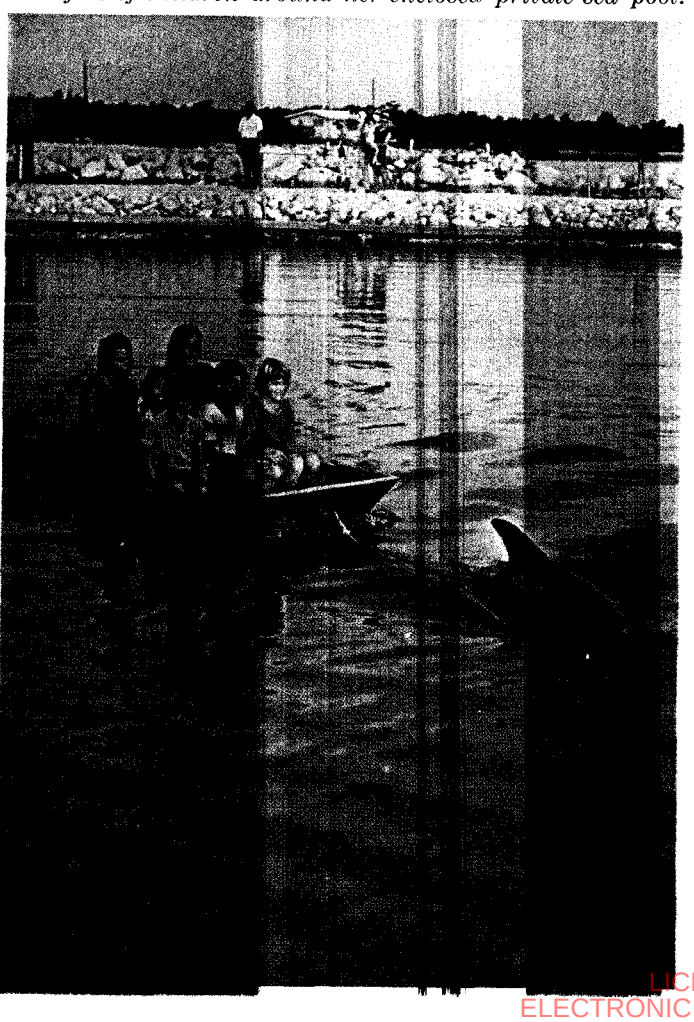


Pedro Braxton of Tavernier, Fla., likes to share his pet dolphin, Daisy Mae, with the local kids. For her part, Daisy so loves to watch people, her head is sunburned from being above water too long.



Mitzi, the Santinis' movie-star dolphin, likes to tow a boat full of children around her enclosed private sea pool.



Photographer Ciampi's own dolphin, Conky Joe, playfully nibbles his arm.

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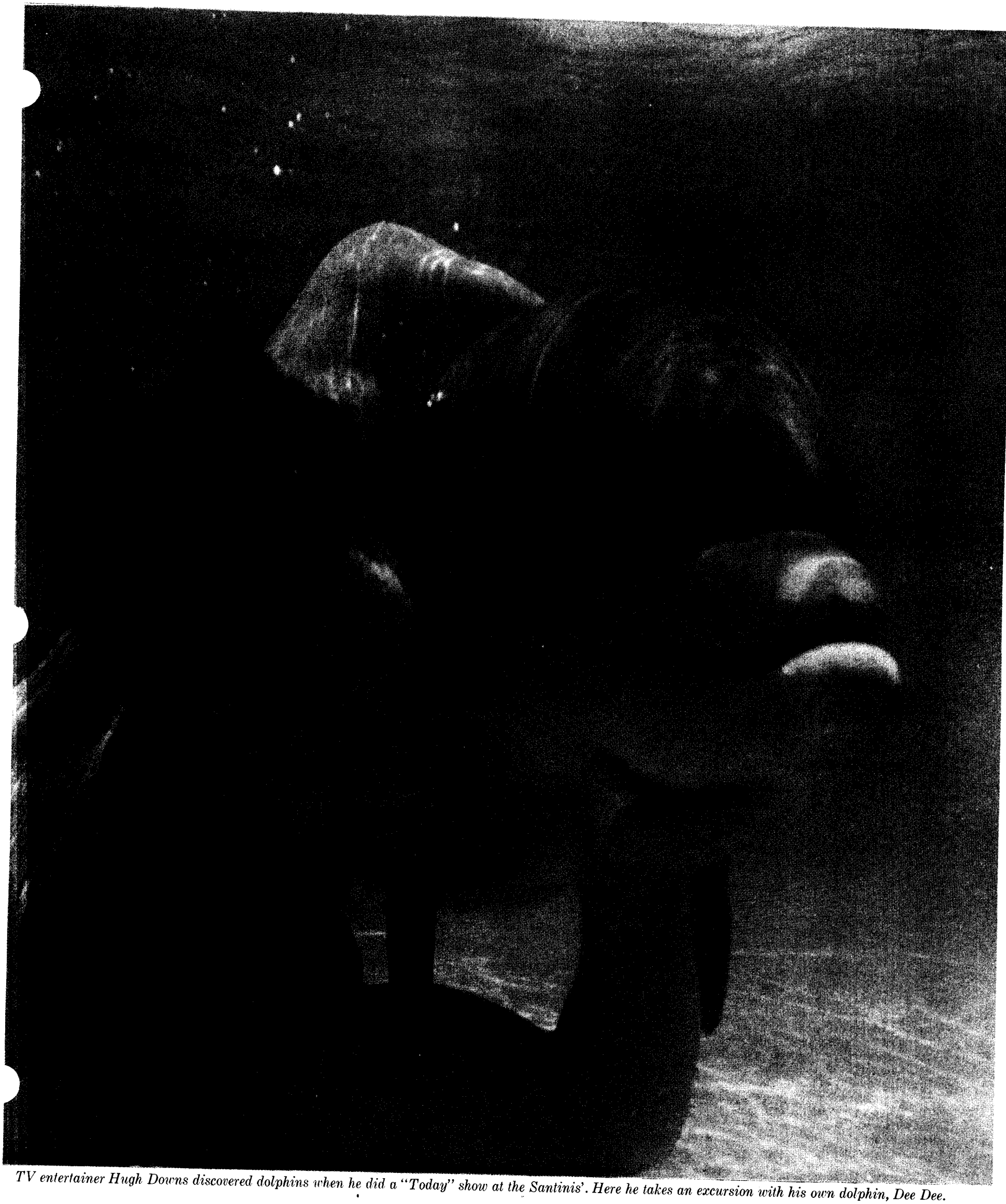

TV entertainer Hugh Downs discovered dolphins when he did a "Today" show at the Santinis'. Here he takes an excursion with his own dolphin, Dee Dee.

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THE INTELLECTUAL MAMMAL

Current scientific studies indicate that porpoises may possibly be smarter than we are.

By Fredric C. Appel

At Marineland in California a group of U.S. Navy and civilian scientists is teaching a porpoise named Cathy to swim around a pool blindfolded and then trigger a series of bells and buzzers.

At the Communications Research Institute in Miami, Fla., another group is trying to teach a porpoise named Elvar to speak English.

And at Sperry Gyroscope Co. in Great Neck, Long Island, engineers are constructing a machine that could show human beings how to communicate in porpoise language.

These and other experiments are part of a big new research push aimed at understanding some of the complex mechanisms used by porpoises in their daily activities. For while the playful, happy-go-lucky antics of these delightful animals are quite well known and well documented, very little is known about how porpoises perform their truly amazing feats of swimming, echo location and communication. The unraveling of these secrets is likely to have important and far-reaching effects.

Porpoises, for example, can move through the water about three times as fast as their muscle power should allow. Discovery of how they achieve this could bring dramatic changes in both ship and engine design.

In echo location, or sonar—a process of detecting objects underwater by bouncing sound waves off them—porpoises far outstrip the best, most sophisticated systems yet produced by man. Early porpoise experiments have already indicated the need for major changes in the basic design of our present sonar systems.

One of the most intellectually exciting phases of current research deals with the porpoise's communicative ability and the evaluation of its intelligence. It is fairly well established that the animals do "talk" to one another in a "language," the full nature and complexity of which is not yet determined. It has even been suggested that the porpoise will be the first non-human species with which mankind will hold intelligent conversations. Some scientists suggest that the porpoise may be even more intelligent than man.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is interested in these language studies because of their potential value to U.S. astronauts. Planning ahead, NASA wants to learn how to talk to porpoises as a sort of practice for conversing with alien beings on distant planets, and the agency has awarded an $87,000 contract to Dr. John C. Lilly of the Communications Research Institute, the man who is trying to talk to Elvar.

Federal agencies are spending an estimated $250,000 a year on porpoise research. Besides NASA, the Office of Naval Research, the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health and other agencies are contributing funds.

The creatures on which all this money is being lavished are among the most complex and highly developed on earth. They are not fish but warm-blooded, air-breathing mammals, and belong to the whale family. Scientists cannot really agree on whether to call them porpoises or dolphins. Most American scientists, influenced by the fact that there is a true fish called a dolphin, and also by the Navy—which uses a dolphin on the insignia of the submarine corps—prefer the term porpoise. Europeans simply call them all dolphins and let it go at that. Either way, it makes little difference, least of all to porpoises—or dolphins.

Another area of disagreement concerns the animal's intelligence. The porpoise brain appears to be as large and complex as the human brain, and many aspects of porpoise behavior—in freedom and in captivity—suggest an extremely high order of intelligence.

They apparently live in well-organized societies and work cooperatively on many projects. When traveling in open ocean, for instance, they move in large groups with one or more "scouts" out in front. When a scout comes upon something unusual, it returns to the group and reports, whereupon, a second scout is dispatched to verify the report of the first.

Their feeding procedure also shows considerable organizational ability. When a school of fish is discovered, the porpoises will form in a tight circle around them, much as the Indians did when attacking the wagon trains over a century ago. As the main group holds its prey inside the circle, individual porpoises will move in, a few at a time, and feed.

Captive porpoises have amazed trainers and scientists with the speed with which they learn and the amount they can absorb. "After you've worked with porpoises," says Wally Ross, a professional animal trainer, "chimpanzees, dogs, horses and elephants seem as dull as white mice."

Porpoises also display what appears to be a highly developed sense of humor—another important indication of intelligence. At Marineland of the Pacific, officials have to warn all clergymen that the porpoises have a habit of squirting water at everyone in dark suits. They play many kinds of games and can toss a football 50 or 60 feet, one scientist reported. "And they throw perfect spirals too," he added with a noticeable trace of envy in his voice.

A group of porpoises at Marineland of the Pacific used their throwing ability several years ago to demonstrate their displeasure at having to share their tank with 20 rare tropical fish put in the tank by an aquarium worker. One by one, the animals threw the offending fish out of the tank into the spectator area. They saved the last one and, at an opportune moment, bounced it off the head of the aquarium director as he was walking out of the tank area.

Another sign of intelligence is the fact that porpoises easily get bored with routine experiments. Scientists report that tests must constantly be varied so that the porpoises will have enough challenge to keep them interested. Otherwise, the animals refuse to cooperate or even resort to punishing their trainers.

Dr. Kenneth Norris of U.C.L.A.'s zoology department tells of a porpoise named Cathy who had her own singular method of revenge. "If we pushed her too far," he says, "she would wait until we turned our backs. Then she would go to the far end of the pool and race back toward us at full speed. At the last moment she would make a sharp turn, sending a terrific wave of water out of the pool and completely drenching us."

Cathy also played other tricks on her trainers. Professor Norris and his associates were conducting bell-and-buzzer experiments designed to test Cathy's sonar abilities. To eliminate Cathy's use of her sight, suction cups were placed over her eyes. Each day, a research assistant slapped the side of Cathy's tank to summon her to the water's edge so that the suction cups could be put in place. Cathy always cooperated, but, on each successive day, she presented herself just a fraction of an inch farther away. Soon she had her trainer leaning so far over the edge of the pool that he nearly fell in. "Sometimes," another worker commented darkly, "you get the feeling that they're laughing at us."

Despite such indications of cerebration, most scientists advise against jumping t conclusions. "We're trying to measu the apparent intelligence of another species in terms of human intelligence," observes one. "That kind of evidence just isn't valid." Others ask why, if porpoises are so intelligent, they have not advanced beyond a relatively primitive existence. It is a kind of if-you're-so-damn-smart-why-ain't-you-rich argument.

"One of the criteria of intelligence is flexibility of behavior," Professor Norris says. "Porpoises have a number of inflexibilities that we would consider irrational in humans. If a baby is born dead, for example, or dies soon after birth, the mother may carry it around on her back for a few weeks, or may adopt a shark or an inanimate object to carry."

Another frequently cited indication of intelligence is the story that porpoises push drowning sailors to land. Many scientists discount this, saying that porpoises have been seen pushing all kinds of objects, including old mattresses. The scientists add, somewhat ominously, that we hear only the stories of people who were pushed *toward* land. Other people may have been pushed out to sea but never lived to tell about it.

Any scientific bull session about the porpoise's brain power is likely to end in an argument. Most scientists will agree that porpoises are brighter than dogs and some put them above chimpanzees. But only a small minority thinks the porpoise's intelligence is comparable, or superior, to that of man. All experts, though, will concede that these opinions are only tentative and agree that much more data is needed to make a final judgment.

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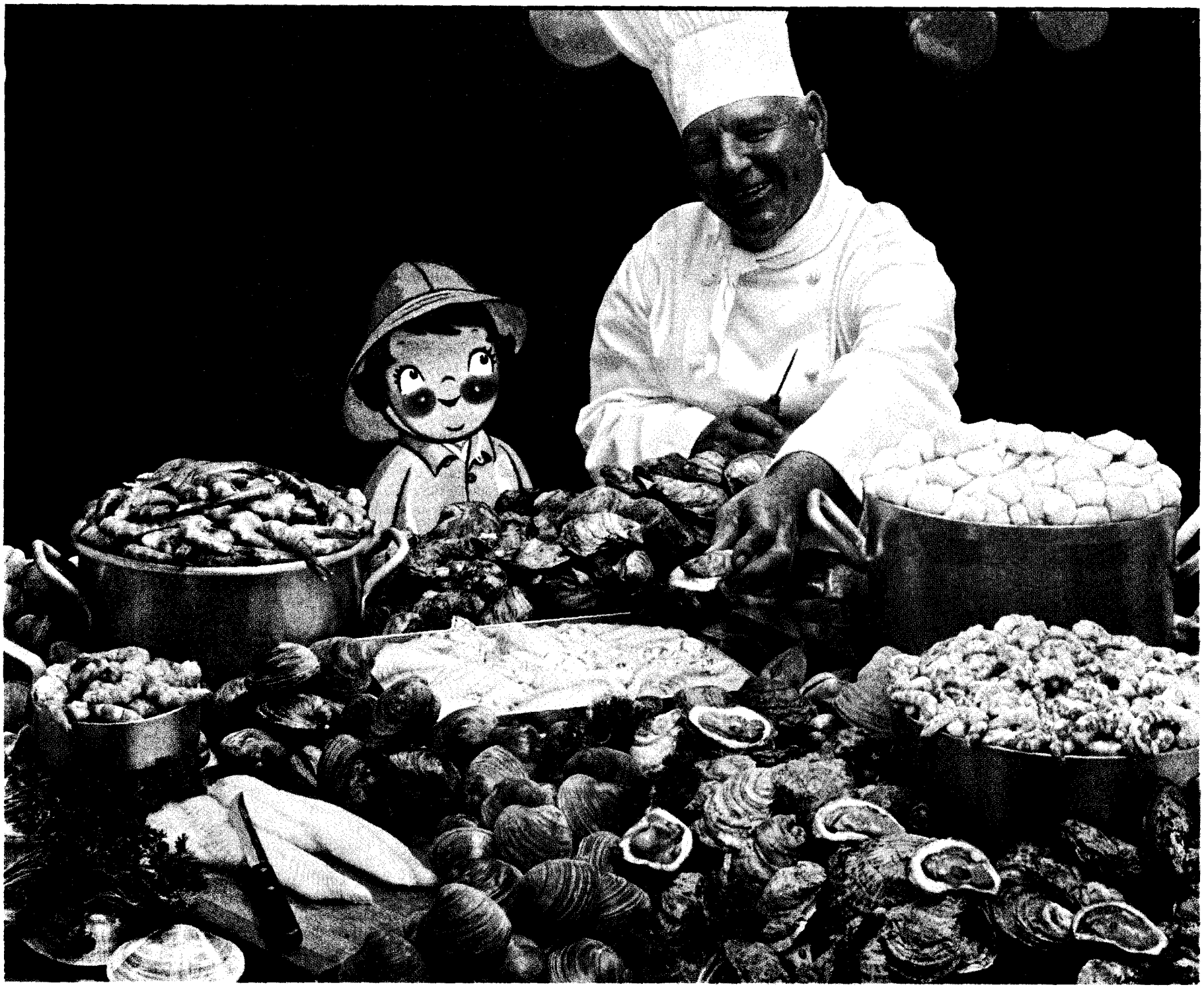

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"Sometimes," says a scientist, "you get the feeling they're laughing at us."

Some of that crucial information will come out of current investigations into the porpoise's ability to communicate with his fellow creatures. The chief means of communication seems to be through a series of whistling sounds. At Lockheed-California Co., a subsidiary of Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank, Drs. John J. Dreher and William E. Evans are attempting to "break" the porpoise language by making sound movies of the animals in a tank. Then they match up the recorded sounds with their subsequent movements as shown on the film.

Fred Mintz of Lockheed reports that more than 30 different whistle contours or "words" have been identified so far, and that tentative meanings have been assigned to some. These include a danger whistle, a greeting and a "come hither" call used by females. Mintz says that in addition to whistles, porpoises emit clicks, barks, moans, groans, grunts, quacks, blats and jaw claps. The jaw claps are believed to be menacing.

Across the continent, scientists at Long Island's Sperry Gyroscope are using a different device to study porpoise language. They have developed an electronic mechanism called the Sceptron which "memorizes" sights and sounds by converting them into unique patterns of light. These, in turn, can be read by photoelectric cells. Engineers Leo Blandis and George Rand say the Sceptron can tell one porpoise sound from another and could be used to catalogue porpoise "words," or act as a translating device into human language.

Doctor Lilly, taking the opposite approach, is trying to teach his porpoise to speak our language. He claims to have tape recordings on which Elvar is heard to repeat certain numbers in an attempt to imitate Doctor Lilly. Other scientists, however, are dubious. "I heard those tapes," says one, "and they didn't sound like any human words to me." The scientist said he thought desire was playing a part in Lilly's findings. "If you want to hear those words badly enough," he said, "you will."

Whether porpoises do have the necessary intelligence to talk will depend to a large extent on their type of language, according to Dr. Gregory Bateson of the Veterans Administration Hospital at Palo Alto, Calif. Doctor Bateson explains that language may be divided into at least two classes—"analog" and "digital." In analog language a particular sound represents a complete thought: "Let us eat," or, "Come with me." Digital language, on the other hand, takes a number of sounds to make a complete thought. Each word is only a digit, or *part* of a thought. Digital languages—such as the human language—obviously present far greater opportunities for expression.

One characteristic of digital language is that it is not easily read or understood by someone who does not know the language. The sound of the word "table," for example, gives no hint of what a table is. Analog language, on the other hand, is easily read. A dog growling and showing its teeth is using an analog that can be read by anybody.

According to Doctor Bateson, porpoises, and particularly bottle-nosed dolphins, are poorly constructed for analog languages. They cannot make facial expressions, because their faces are permanently frozen in a rigid "smile." Furthermore, it would be difficult to see these physical analogs under water.

This does not, however, eliminate the possibility that porpoises have an analog whistle language. If, for example, each of the 30-odd sounds identified by Doctor Dreher represents a complete thought, then the animal is capable of only 30-odd thoughts. But if the sounds are digits in porpoise language, then the porpoise may be able to express a great many thoughts.

While the porpoise's language sounds have captured the interest of many scientists and laymen, the Defense Department is far more interested in another kind of porpoise sounds—the clicks used in echo location.

"The porpoise's echo-location system and navigation capability is far superior to the most sophisticated system we have in our most modern submarines," Doctor Sidney Galler of ONR says, "and it weighs only a few pounds. This is a marvel of micro-miniaturization."

Echo location devices are vitally important to the U.S. Navy, particularly in submarine warfare. The systems are able to "see" objects underwater by using sound waves instead of light. But compared with porpoise sonar, man-made systems are primitive. In man-made sonar a single tone of "beeps" or sounds is transmitted out into the water. When these sounds strike an object—such as another submarine—they bounce back as an echo. The echo is picked up by an underwater microphone and fed into a computer. From the time it takes for the sound wave to travel out to the enemy submarine and then bounce back, the computer can figure out how far away the enemy lies.

Porpoise sonar, on the other hand, tells the animal not only distance, but also an object's shape, texture, rigidity and other characteristics. In one experiment, scientists threw both fish and fish-shaped objects into a porpoise tank. Without hesitation, the porpoises crossed the tank and went unerringly to the real fish, gobbling them down while ignoring the decoys completely.

In another experiment, the scientists trained a porpoise to catch a ball of one specific size. Next they threw a number of balls into the tank, only one of which was the correct size. As the experiment progressed, the balls became closer and closer to the same size, but each time the porpoise picked out the right one. The experiment was finally discontinued when it was discovered that the porpoises could no longer detect any difference and had resorted to picking balls at random in the hope of guessing right. While other animals would get confused at this stage, the porpoises took a more human course of action. "If they couldn't tell the difference," says Doctor Norris, "they'd pick a ball anyway in the hope of getting a reward. We had to check on them all along the way by throwing in identical balls to see if they were cheating."

The porpoise's ability to determine size, distance and other characteristics depends on "clicks" which the animal is believed to produce in two horn-shaped organs on either side of its nasal passages. Instead of using only a single tone, the porpoise ranges the tone of its clicks from notes detectable by the human ear to notes 10 times above the upper limit of human hearing. From these differences in tones, the porpoise is believed to gain additional information about its target.

Another improvement over man-made sonar is the porpoise's apparent ability to focus its sonar sounds into two narrow beams, thus giving it directionality. Scientists theorize that the clicks are focused by the dish-shaped frontal areas of the animal's skull, in much the same way as the dish-shaped reflector of a flashlight focuses a light beam.

To gain maximum information from its sonar beams, the porpoise presumably receives the returning echos at many locations on its head, thus taking in a sort of multiple stereophonic echo. In addition to other receiving locations, the porpoise has two narrow channels running through the bone of the skull from the inner ears directly to the front of the lower jaw. The channels contain an oil-impregnated fat that conducts sound at exactly the same speed as water. In effect, the porpoise's inner ears are in direct contact with the outside water. How the porpoise analyzes all of this data and derives the correct information is still not fully understood.

Clicks like creaking door

While studying the various sounds emitted by porpoises, Doctor Dreher's group managed to gain an insight into how the porpoise determines distance. The animal gives off its sonar clicks in a rapid series, which sounds somewhat like a creaking door. The scientist noticed that as the porpoise approached its target, the clicks came more rapidly. Finally, they discovered what this meant.

The clicks, it appeared, are spaced so that the second click is emitted immediately after the echo of the first click comes back. In other words, if it takes 10 seconds for a click to go to the target and bounce back to the porpoise, then the animal will probably emit its clicks at the rate of one every 11 seconds. As the animal draws closer to its target, the time between clicks gets shorter. Thus, the porpoise may understand distance in terms of its own rate of clicking.

While the porpoise's sonar is both important and fascinating, Navy scientists are just as interested in the porpoise's swimming ability. The animal's top speed is still not known, but what *is* known is next to unbelievable. According to the best calculations of how much power is required to move a porpoise through the water, how much power a porpoise can actually put out, how much power a porpoise's muscle should be able to put out, and the most reliable time trials, a porpoise should not be able to go any faster than 15 knots—about 17 miles per hour. Last year a U.S. Navy destroyer captain sighted a group of porpoises playfully swimming circles around his ship while he was under full steam at a documented 32 knots! In response to other reports—which indicate that porpoises reach speeds of 40, 50 and even 60 knots, the scientists just hold their heads and contemplate the relative sweet simplicity of nuclear physics.

How do porpoises do it? Scientists do not yet know, but they do have a number of clues, according to Dr. Irvin Rehman of the University of California School of Medicine, and former chief consultant to the Naval Ordnance Test Station at China Lake, Calif. Doctor Rehman explains that the porpoise may in some way be able to control turbulence—the violently churning water surrounding most moving marine objects. This is vitally important, Doctor Rehman says, because turbulent water gives seven times as much resistance to a porpoise—or a submarine—as completely smooth water. One reason for suspecting this as a factor in their speed is the observation that, unlike all other sea creatures, the porpoise leaves no wake in the water.

The porpoise, besides having very smooth skin—"something like a plastic tabletop"—has a profusion of tiny looped blood vessels very close to the skin surface. These blood vessels, Doctor Rehman explains, liberate heat very rapidly and may serve to produce a microscopically thin layer of nonturbulent water just over the porpoise's skin. Thus the animal may actually be swimming in what amounts to an invisible envelope of nonturbulent water, which offers only a seventh the normal resistance.

The porpoise may have other qualities which improve its performance. Doctor Rehman says that the animal's muscle cells contain three times as much of a substance called myoglobin as normal animal muscle. This substance, he says, is an oxygen reservoir in the cell and may enable the porpoise to get three times as much power from its muscles.

Doctor Rehman also believes that the porpoise's swimming motion may prove more efficient than the propeller for marine propulsion. A propeller, he explains, takes in water from the side, forces it to change direction by 90 degrees and then pushes it out the back. This radical change of direction wastes energy. A porpoise, by contrast, moves water through no more than a 30-degree angle, thus wasting far less energy. Following up on this theory, Navy scientists have been toying with the idea of designing ships with flexible sides which could simulate the swimming motion of a porpoise.

But a great deal of additional research must be made before all of the porpoise's mysteries will be solved. This research work is going forward rapidly, Doctor Rehman says, but it is still not as simple and straightforward as one might think. He recalls an incident that occurred recently at the Naval Ordnance Test Station at Pasadena, Calif. A young graduate psychologist was experimenting with a bottle-nosed dolphin named Notty, and was requiring her to start the tests at a given spot in the tank where he had his instruments. Notty, however, decided that she wanted to start on the other side of the tank. After a day of amiable conflict, Notty gave in and started at the proper point.

But a few days later the young man approached Doctor Rehman with a worried look. Notty, it seems, had gradually worked the young psychologist to her side of the pool, and they were performing the tests her way. "Doc," he said, "I don't know whether I'm teaching her or she's teaching me." THE END

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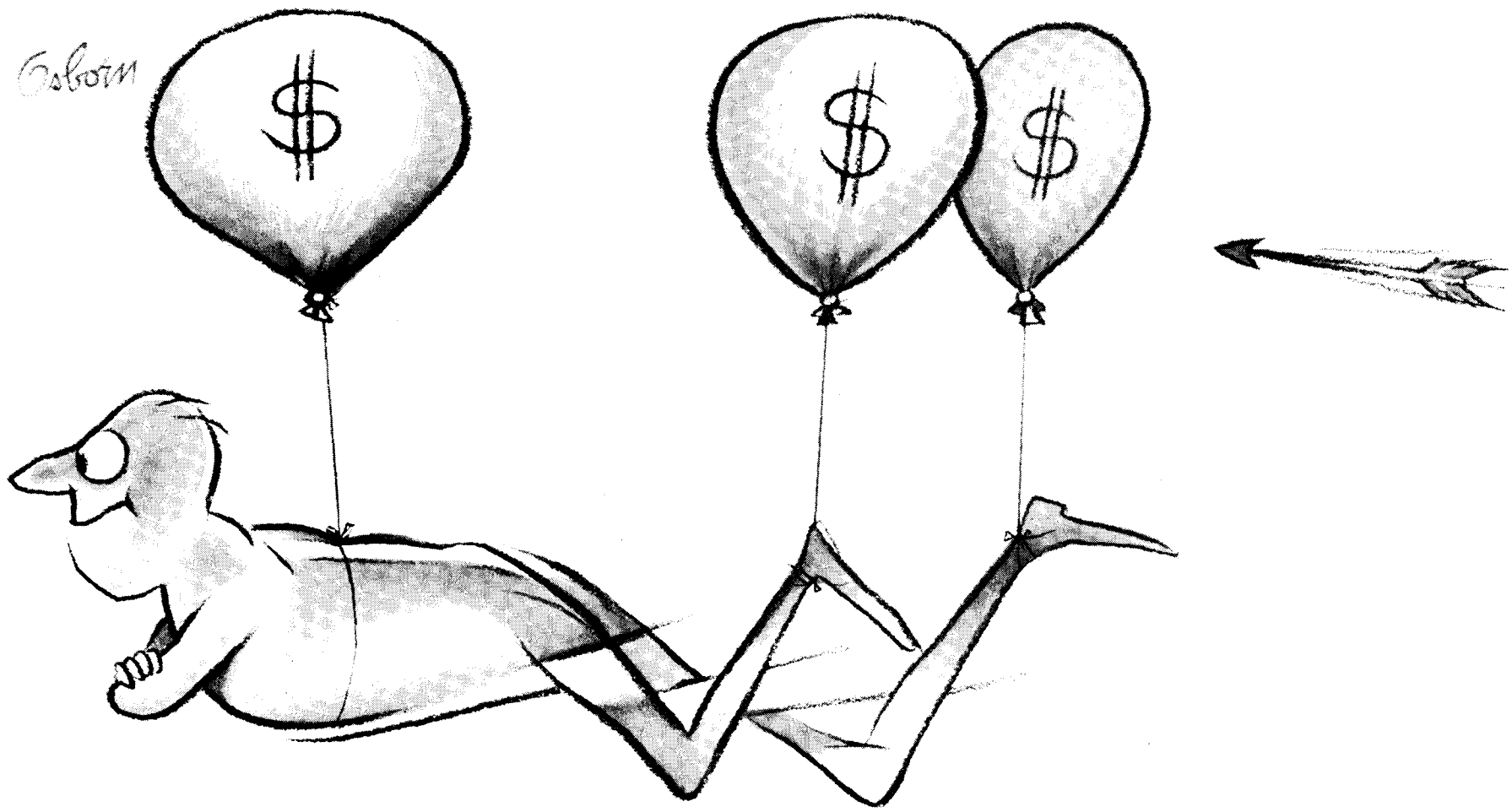

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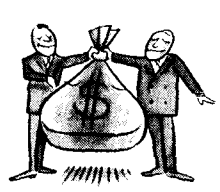

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THE MINISTER WHO FOLLOWS THE MIGRANTS

America's itinerant farm workers, trapped in a life of hopeless misery, need friends badly. Among the best is Frank Reyes.

By Myron Cope

Photographs by Charles Harbutt

The short, potbellied man whistled a nameless tune as he drove his battered old station wagon through the Minnesota countryside. Beside him sat a boy with tattered shoes, 10-year-old Juan Reyneros, the child of a migrant farmworker who had come north from Texas for the sugar-beet crop. Like the boy, the man was a Mexican-American, a Baptist minister named Francisco Filierto Reyes, and the sugar beets were responsible for his presence in Minnesota too. Reyes's flock is composed of this country's largely forgotten farm migrants.

Turning off the muddy road, the minister parked his station wagon in front of a frame cabin. An all-night rain had soaked the sugar-beet fields, leaving them too wet to be worked, so Juan's mother was home rather than in the fields. Though wrinkled and drawn, she was probably not much older than 40 and might have been a beautiful woman 10 years earlier. Her cabin, about 17 feet long and 12 feet wide, was partitioned into two cubicles, each with two beds. Here the Reyneros woman, abandoned by her husband, lived with her family of 11 children—the eldest 16—and her aged parents, too old to work.

"Ah, Benito!" Reyes cried to a small boy who stood in the doorway of the cabin. "I was going to take you and Juan into town and buy you shoes, but I have decided that I myself need new shoes, so I will use the money for myself, but I will let you watch."

Benito's face fell, but when he saw the man's dark eyes roll in his clown's face and heard him cackle, he smiled broadly. Francisco Reyes, whose Anglicized business cards identify him as THE REVEREND FRANK F. REYES, CHAPLAIN TO MIGRANTS IN U.S.A., had driven out from Crookston, where he had looked in on his makeshift school for children of migrant farmworkers, and he had taken Juan home from his class. Benito had not come to school because he had no shoes at all.

So the potbellied man took the two boys to Crookston Surplus, where they were fitted with shiny black shoes. Then he drove the boys to school and set off on another mission. He was happy—"heppy," he pronounced it. But suddenly he became angry. "That Reyneros woman," he said. "She is older than her age. She works all day in the fields, then she must do her washing and ironing."

Across the nation, from California to Pennsylvania and down to Florida, Frank Reyes has known thousands of such migrants; he has fed their hungry, nursed their sick, and buried their dead. He is outraged by the fact that a nation which spends billions on foreign aid scarcely lifts a finger to wipe out the misery of people who tend American soil, that a nation which regulates interstate commerce takes no interest in interstate children.

A 54-year-old Baptist minister, Frank Reyes is employed by the interdenominational Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Churches, which has long been organizing local groups to improve the migrant's lot. In Polk County, Minn., the migrants are Mexican-Americans who come up each May from Texas. When they first saw the Rev. Frank Reyes six years ago, they thought his given name was Reyes, so with a Spanish mixture of informality and respect they called him Don Reyes.

"Who is to blame?"

They do not know where he came from or who sent him, but they know that each year, during their stay of six to eight weeks in Polk County, Don Reyes and his wife Maria will be on hand to help them however they can. From his meager salary, now $4,900, Don Reyes has helped put 39 girls and 14 boys through college. His wife has labored nights as a scrubwoman to help pay the tuitions. "It is the necessity," she says.

"I am doing this twenty-one years," said Don Reyes, who was born in Mexico but raised in Miami, Ariz., "and the situation is not much better than when I started. Who is to blame? Politicians? The churches are just as blameful. They claim Christianity, but how, in this country, can we have this cruelty?"

These migrants, wandering far from home, are the sealed-off Americans—sealed off from the benefits of the minimum-wage law, from recourse to the National Labor Relations Board were they to organize, and frequently from the ordinary services of public schools. Each year Minnesota recruiters sign them for work in the fields. In mid-May the migrants take to the road. Those who have no cars are herded into trucks.

In the sugar-beet fields they work 13 or 14 hours a day chopping weeds with long-handled hoes, 90 strokes per minute. Usually they are paid about $18 per acre. If there are not many days of rain to delay the work, they may have money to pocket after paying the grocery bill. Then they will move on to the cherry crop in Michigan or to pickles in Wisconsin or tomatoes in Illinois.

"I hate to see what happens to a nation that gets a large element of permanently economically depressed people and becomes indifferent to them," says a Crookston minister who has worked at Don Reyes's side. "The migrant stream is getting larger, the work smaller. Will the dole be our only answer? These people have a wonderful Spanish pride. The dole will knock the props from under it."

Don Reyes knows about this pride best of all, though he calls it self-respect. In California he once opened his door to a migrant couple who had walked 14 miles to see him. He patiently waited while they nervously wrung their hands, trying to force themselves to tell him they had not eaten in four days. Only when the woman fainted on the threshold was her husband able to find the words to say it.

Suspicious farmers and religious fanatics find Don Reyes objectionable. In 1943, when he had a church in Shafter, Calif., he began assisting the Migrant Ministry part-time, without salary. One day he returned home in time to see his church and parish house burn to the ground. Twice since then his houses have been attacked by fire in California. And back in 1954 someone tried to kill him in Oregon. After three months' work in that state, Don Reyes had set off from the town of Nyssa in an old Chevy at four A.M. As he sped along the highway he heard the back of his car rattling. He stopped, got out of his car, then said to his wife, "Well, I have no flat." He started driving again but still heard the rattling. This time he thought to pry loose the hubcap from the right rear wheel. Four of the wheel's five nuts had been removed.

In 1957, when the Migrant Ministry assigned Don Reyes to a transcontinental itinerary, he and his wife lived for a while in a Florida labor camp fenced by electrified barbed wire. One day he casually invited several local churchwomen to visit the camp. An armed guard refused the women admission, for they had no permits. "How can something like this exist in America?" demanded one.

"Oh, you didn't know it was like this?" Don Reyes asked innocently. Support rallied behind him, and the barbed wire and armed guards were removed after a two-year campaign.

It was in 1958 that Don Reyes first stopped in Polk County, Minn. His immediate concern was to start a school for the migrant children. With the help of the Council of Churches' local migrant committee he obtained an abandoned one-room country schoolhouse. Each morning at four o'clock he set off in his station wagon—the same one he drives today—to round up children from the sprawling farms. He would bring in 25 to 30 children at a time. "Like cigarettes in a package." He laughs.

Next he spoke angrily to church congregations, telling them that food was

Frank Reyes sets off at sundown to visit migrants who can be found in their shacks only after a long day's work in the beet fields.

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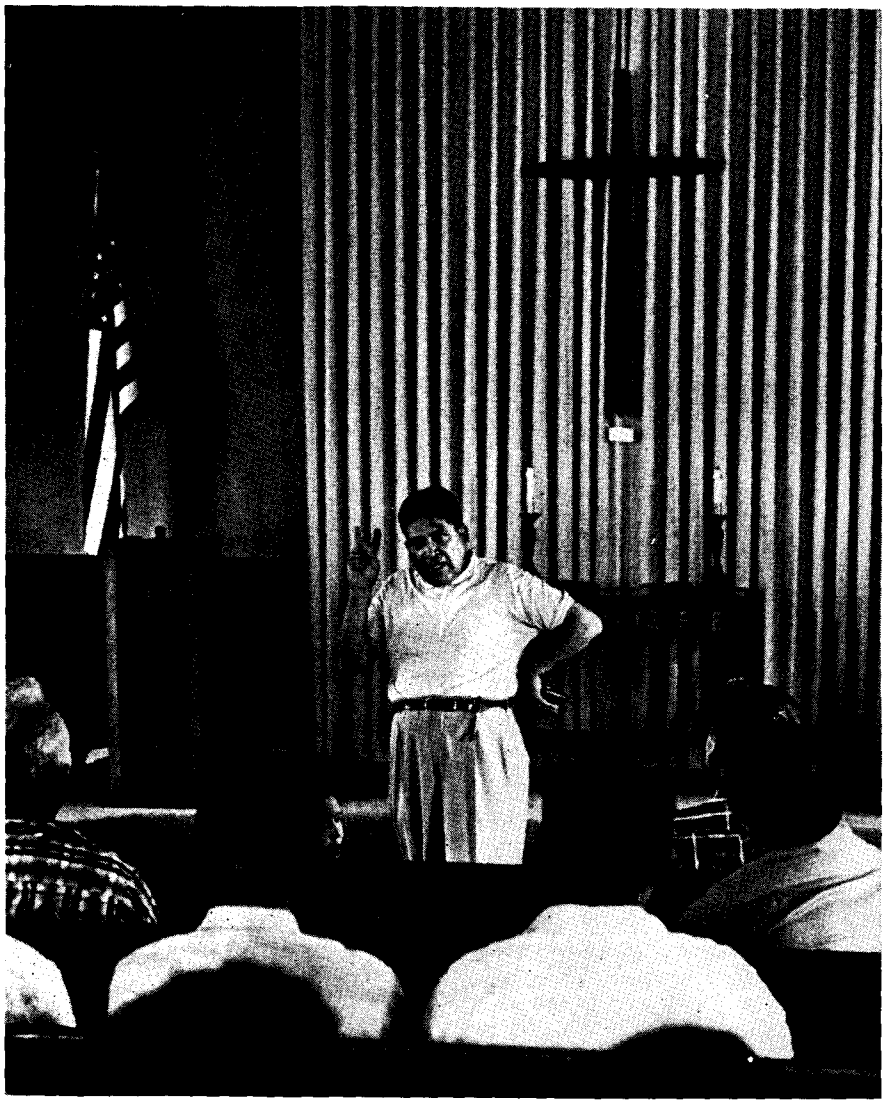


Reyes, a Baptist, conducts non-denominational services in a Crookston, Minn., church.

needed for the hungry, remnants for the poorly clothed, warm lunches for the schoolchildren. To community leaders, Don Reyes evidenced none of the diplomatic veneer of the professional social worker. "Frank's own personal devotion to this migrant problem has, I suppose, really shamed us into action," says Stan Johnson, a Presbyterian minister in Crookston. "It's not that we didn't know these people had a problem. It's just that nobody made us face it."

Johnson wheedled a bus from the Crookston school district and another from the East Grand Forks school district. He persuaded the state to provide milk for school lunches at the same discount rate given public schools. Polk County was making progress that lifted it, by inches, to the point where its citizens can say today that conditions in their county are somewhat better than in most areas. "A little better, yes," says Don Reyes, "if you exclude the housing."

He spends long hours trying to make conditions better still. On a typical morning last summer he rose as usual at five o'clock in the three-bedroom apartment in Crookston that the county committee provides rent-free. Don Reyes began his day by reading 10 chapters of the Psalms, then wrote reports for the state committee and national office, and finally made breakfast, to spare his wife that task. Although suffering from arthritis and rheumatism, she would be on her feet most of the day and night, first taking charge of a day-care center for preschool children in the basement of Stan Johnson's church, then teaching sewing to mothers in a township hall 22 miles away. She is paid nothing for her work.

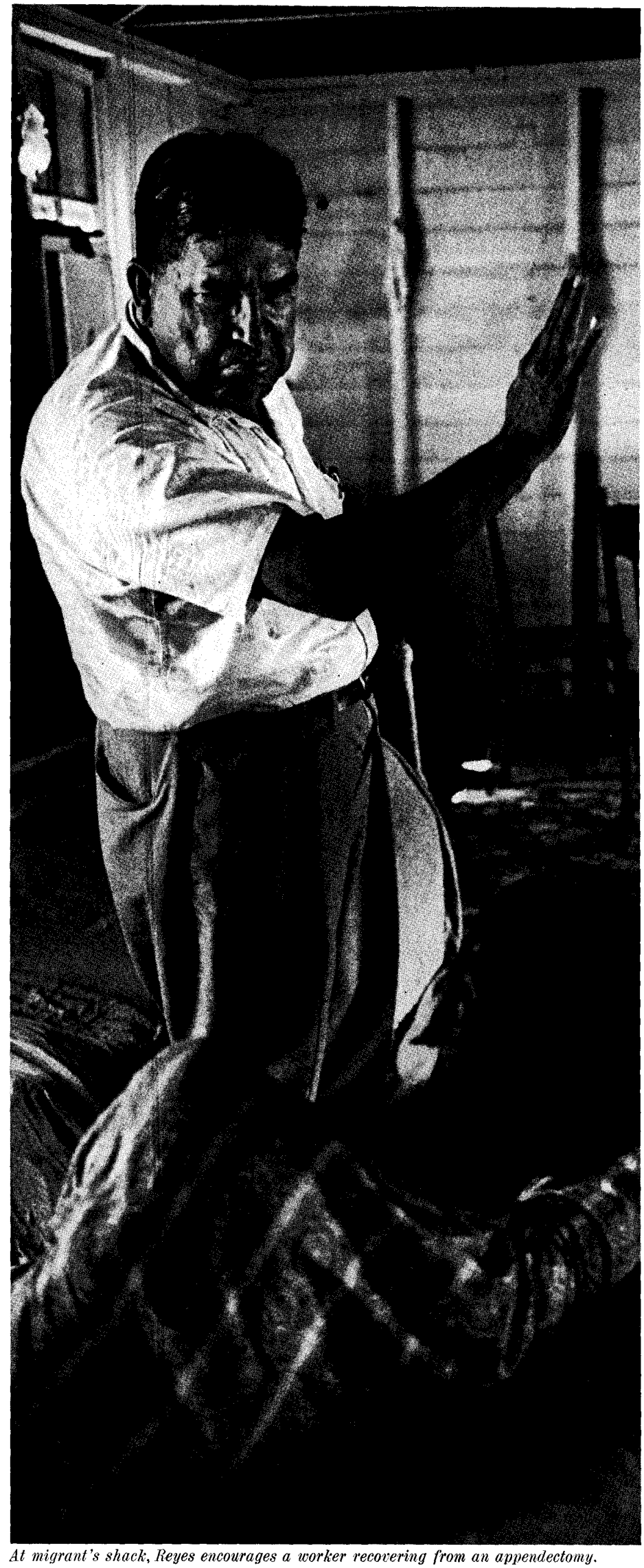
At 9:30 Don Reyes met the buses at the church to see which children had not come into town and why. Were any sick? If so, he would visit them to see whether medical attention was required. Then he drove to the Northwest School of Agriculture, a branch of the University of Minnesota, on the outskirts of town. There he had been provided rooms and five teachers, working at reduced salaries, for a four-grade school. As he did each morning, he opened the school day by assembling the 50 or so children in the largest room. About two dozen sat on folding chairs, the rest on the floor.

"Now, if you *gentlemen* will give your chairs to some of our young ladies, we will commence," said Don Reyes. The gentlemen scrambled. Don Reyes, eyes rolling and arms waving like a symphony conductor's, began to sing in a booming voice:

"*I am so heppy!*
I am so heppy!
I am so heppy, heppy, heppy
For my teachers and my school!"

High-pitched young voices made the walls reverberate. The teachers crowded into the doorway, arms folded, to watch. "These children," said one, "are terribly proud of what little learning they've had. If we place a boy in third grade who's been in fourth grade somewhere else, he'll insist we put him in fourth grade."

"A few years ago I had a little boy named Salome, about 10," said Mrs. Esther Erickson, a graying woman who accepts no pay for teaching the migrant children. "He was more eager to learn than any public-school pupil I've ever



At migrant's shack, Reyes encourages a worker recovering from an appendectomy.

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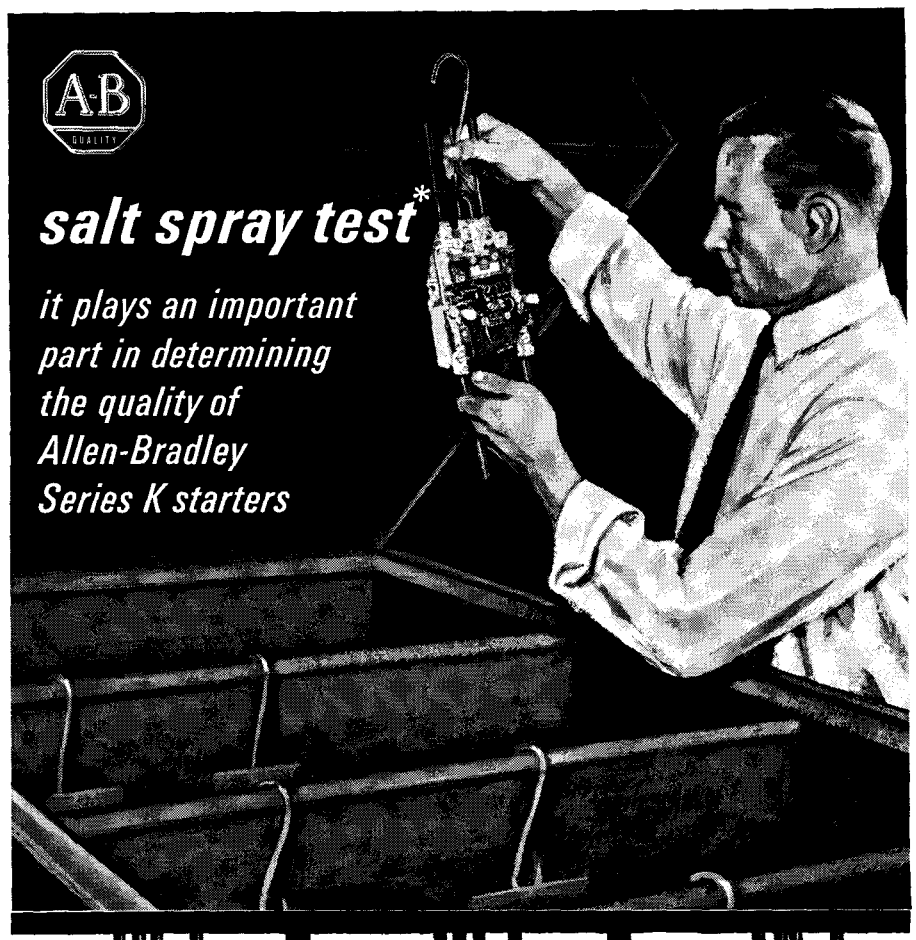
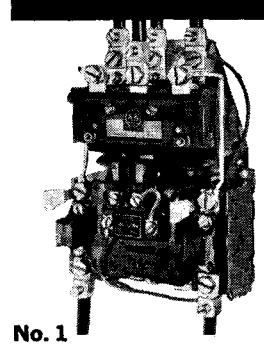
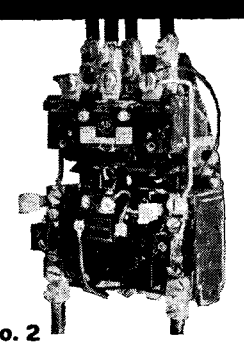
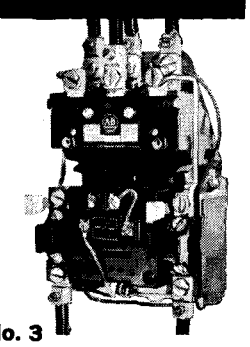




No. 1
BULLETIN 709 Size 2 strictly standard starter taken from the production line for salt spray test. None of these starter photographs have been retouched in any way.



No. 2
The same starter after 100 hours in standard ASTM salt spray test. Thereupon air-dried for 24 hours. Difference in appearance due to salt incrustation.



No. 3
The identical starter after having been dipped in hot water and the salt crystals brushed off with a soft bristle brush. There is virtually no difference in appearance between pictures 3 and 1.

■ If, for this salt spray test, the starter had been protected by its standard NEMA 1 enclosure, there would have been no difference in appearance between pictures No. 1 and No. 2. Nor would there have been any effect from the salt spray on the enclosure itself because of its special triple coating. However, Allen-Bradley continuously checks the bare starter in severe tests, such as the salt spray test, to give you maximum protection from corrosive atmospheres which would otherwise be a menace to the trouble free operation of the control. It is another "plus value" which you obtain at no extra cost, when you buy Allen-Bradley control.

But Allen-Bradley's interest in giving the customer "top value" for his money does not stop with the salt spray test. There is continuous testing of materials, components, as well as complete assemblies which is the company's "standard practice"—in fact, some are carried to total destruction in order to obtain an idea of how much punishment A-B control can really take . . . and possibilities for further improvement are not ignored.

Ask your nearest Allen-Bradley appointed distributor to show you one of the new Series K starters—you'll have no difficulty in recognizing its superior quality. Or, please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

***TEST CONDITIONS**—Equipment set up to provide the accelerated test conditions—with the exposure zone at 96°F, 100% relative humidity and with solution containing 20% by weight of salt and 80% by weight of distilled water atomized within the test tank. These test conditions are maintained throughout 100 hours.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

MIGRANTS' MINISTER

had. At recess he never went out to play. He stayed and studied. I wonder what's become of Salome."

Nobody knew. "He is probably in the fields somewhere," said Don Reyes later.

A row of toy houses stood on the far side of the schoolroom. They included a log cabin, a tropical thatched hut, a tepee, and several others. "The children made them," said Mrs. Dorothy Bakke. "I made an igloo from a one-pound box of sugar cubes, but it disappeared. When I was out of the room, the children ate it."

Don Reyes bounced from the school to his station wagon and disappeared into the countryside, off on a mission he considered of major importance. He carried a batch of mimeographed slips of paper.

Each slip, when signed by a parent, would give Don Reyes permission to have a child inoculated against diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough. The Sugar Beet Growers Association had offered to pay for vaccine, and a Crookston doctor had volunteered to give the inoculations free, three days hence. The migrant children, moving on later to another state, would not receive the second and third shots necessary for full immunization, but a one-third share in the benefits of medical science was, to Don Reyes's thinking, a great windfall, and he meant to track down a consent signature for every child in his school and day-care center. Forever whistling his nameless tunes, he would walk 300 or 400 yards across a field, tightroping his way between the rows of beets, to obtain a single signature. At the end of the morning he chirped, "I got six signatures. It gives me great joy."

By late afternoon he had 18. He turned his station wagon off a road, swept past a redwood farmhouse that had a trim lawn with seesaw and swings for the farmer's children, pivoted the car around a clump of trees and brought it to a halt in front of a ramshackle one-room cabin that had no door to keep out the night cold. Nearby stood a weatherbeaten outhouse. "About seventy-five percent of the places are like this one," said Don Reyes, who had stopped off to check on an anemic infant, the only child of a young migrant couple. He called out, but received no reply.

Classes for the women

"They are still in the fields, but I do not know where," he said. Where would the anemic infant be? "She is in their car out by the fields, I guess. I will come again." The minister drove home for supper and then, at seven P.M., was off with his wife to the sewing class in the backroads township hall. The semiweekly sewing classes were, like the inoculations, a paramount project. A migrant woman taught to operate a sewing machine would save her family considerable expense when and if they saved enough money to purchase a secondhand portable machine.

By the time the sewing class was over and the migrants had swept the floor of the township hall, darkness had come on. Don Reyes grappled with a balky door on his station wagon, helped his wife in and climbed behind the steering wheel. "Another day, another dollar," he said. Then he grew serious as he drove along the flat dirt road.

"You see, people say, 'Look at these Mexicans, they are not moral, they live common law and many abandon their children.' Yes, it is true. The parents are not surprised when a boy and girl of twelve or thirteen run off together. So why is this? It is because when you have families living in one or two rooms, this is going to happen.

"No court in the country will marry them. So they live common law, and then the boy is fifteen and he has two children and he says to the girl, 'I am tired of this. I am not married to you. I am leaving.' And people who put their workers in a one-room house say, 'These people are immoral. It is their way.'"

Myths about migrants

Even though some migrant families for two and three generations have followed the same trail and worked repeatedly for the same farms, the farmers and townspeople along the way know little about them, and much of what they presume to know is myth. A typical Mexican migrant man is often thought to carry a stiletto or switchblade and drive a late-model car, which proves that he either makes good money or spends unwisely. But Judge Philip R. Anderson of Crookston says:

"I've been here in Juvenile Court seventeen years and I don't think we've had more than three Mexican youngsters in court. Nor are the adults in trouble a great deal. These people still have the close-knit family unit that we're lacking in America today."

In truth, many migrant families do travel in late-model cars. Auto dealers, given a down payment, are quite willing to put the migrants on the road north; finance companies, keeping close track of pay dates in the various crop regions, are alertly present to collect payments or reclaim the cars. Meanwhile, those migrants who manage to meet payments on sound autos know they will reach their destinations on time. Time is precious to these people.

Because Minnesota has a housing code, and because many farmers—especially those along the main roads—put a fresh coat of paint on the exterior of the migrants' cabins, Polk Countians describe migrant housing in such terms as "adequate" and "quite comfortable." One need only look inside the cabins, some of which are converted chicken coops, to see the truth.

"Housing conditions are terrible!" snaps Mrs. Sarah E. Carpenter, a gray-haired widow on the county migrant committee. "These migrants have a right to a decent life. I can't understand why it is we have laws and can't enforce them."

Nor does Don Reyes understand. "I have a slow-going mind, but always I look for the truth and must speak the truth. I don't want to sound too hard on the farmers. There are good farmers and bad farmers, and among the workers there are good people and skunks and heels. But I am not committed to serve only saints. Sometimes I am too excited about this situation, but you see, I also am only a human being." THE END

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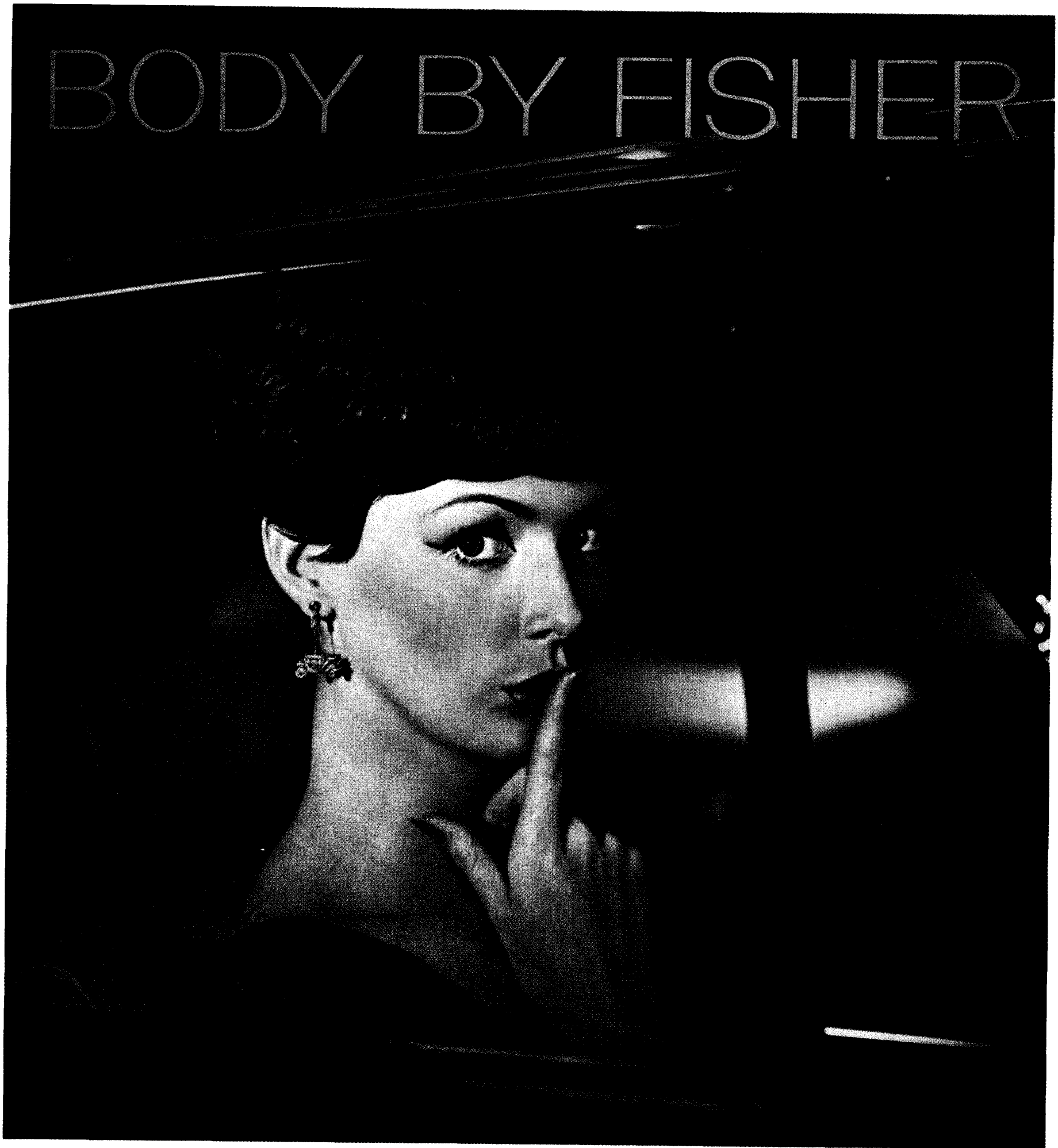

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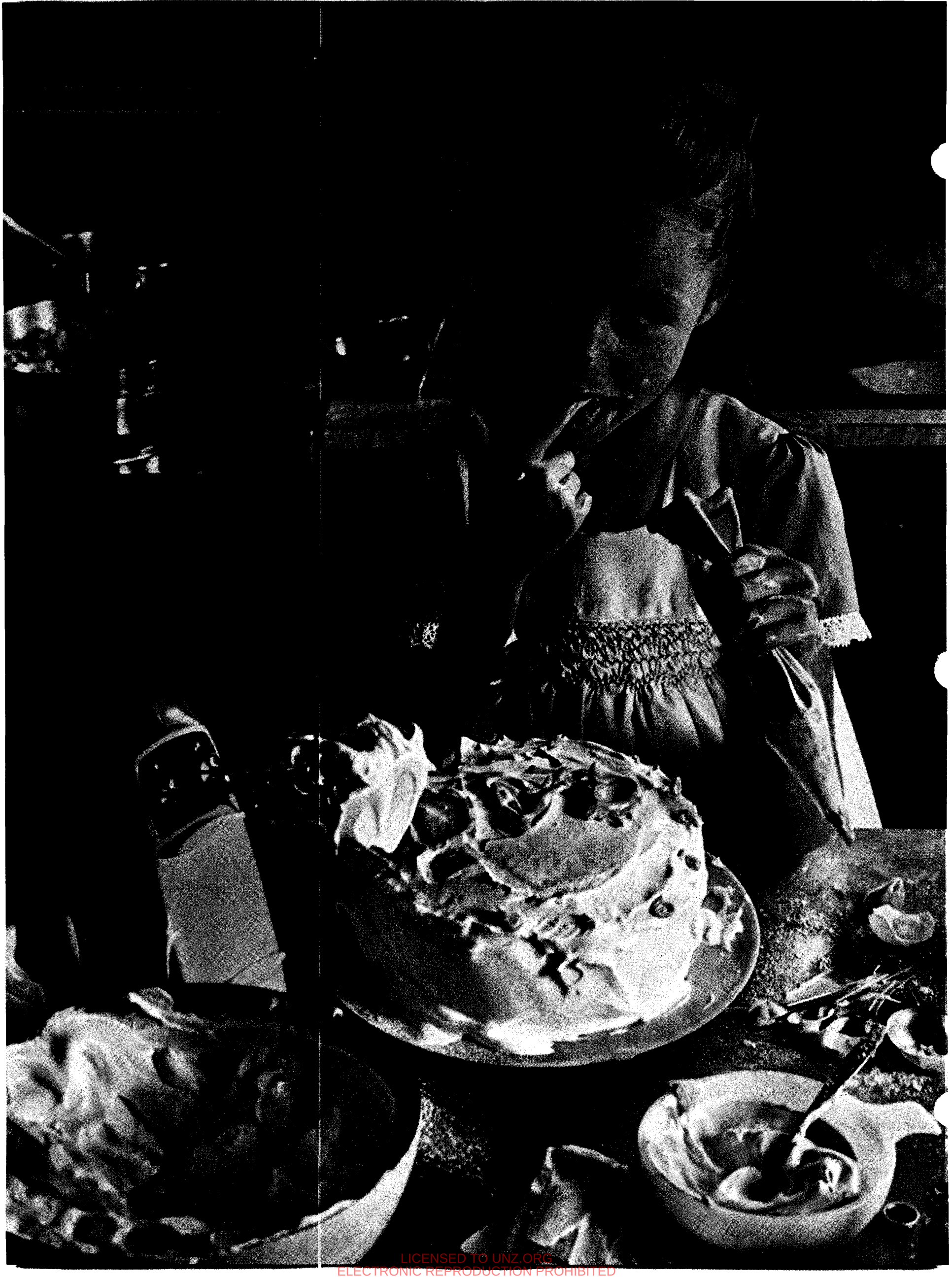

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General Electric is trying to make kitchens so easy to clean they're little-girl-proof

Let her have all the fun she wants. It won't take you long to clean up after the littlest cook in the house

Even a small daughter and her first cake can't create more than 15 minutes extra work for you. And such easy work.

Pots and pans now go into a General Electric dishwasher without hand rinsing or scraping. They're washed, dried, and all food particles are pumped away by a "Flushaway Drain." Textolite® counter tops wipe clean with a sponge. Down the drain go the eggshells and other debris. A Disposall® unit will take care of them in seconds.

The revolutionary new General Electric P-7 oven actually cleans itself ...electrically. No more scouring. You can touch up the floor in minutes with our Shampoo-Polisher. And if she's iced her dress as well as the cake, a General Electric Filter-Flo® washer will handle a small load (as well as a big one) easily, quickly. Helping to make kitchens easy to clean is just one of the ways General Electric is trying to meet the needs of people.

So let her have all the fun she wants.

And, incidentally, if she's eaten as much frosting as we think she has, remind her to use her General Electric automatic toothbrush. It's wonderful.

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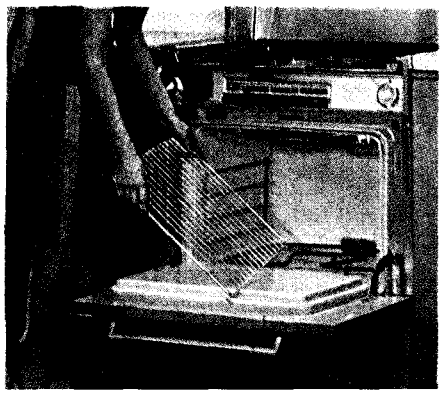

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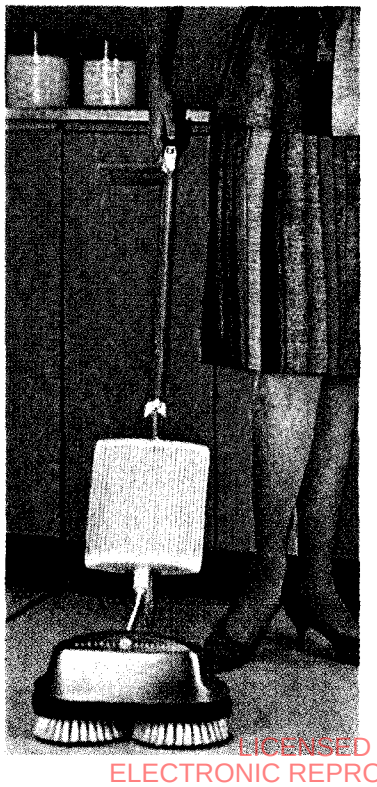

Sparkles in seconds. General Electric Textolite® counter tops resist stains, scratches, discoloring. A quick wipe—they're clean.

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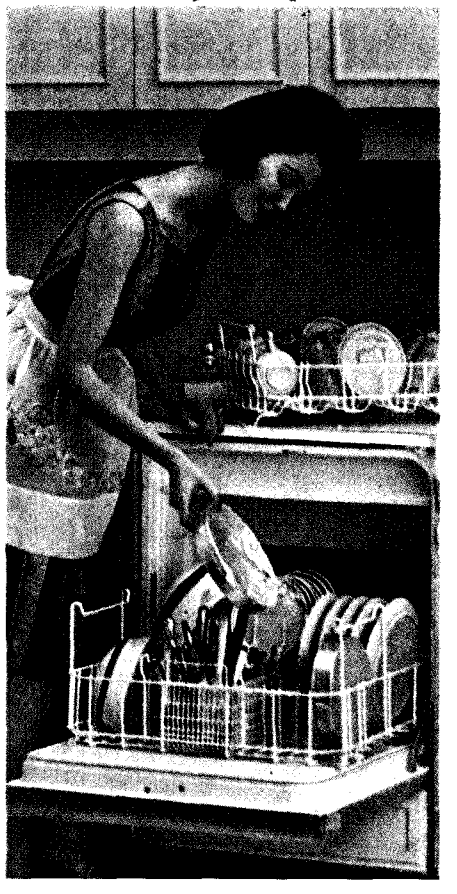

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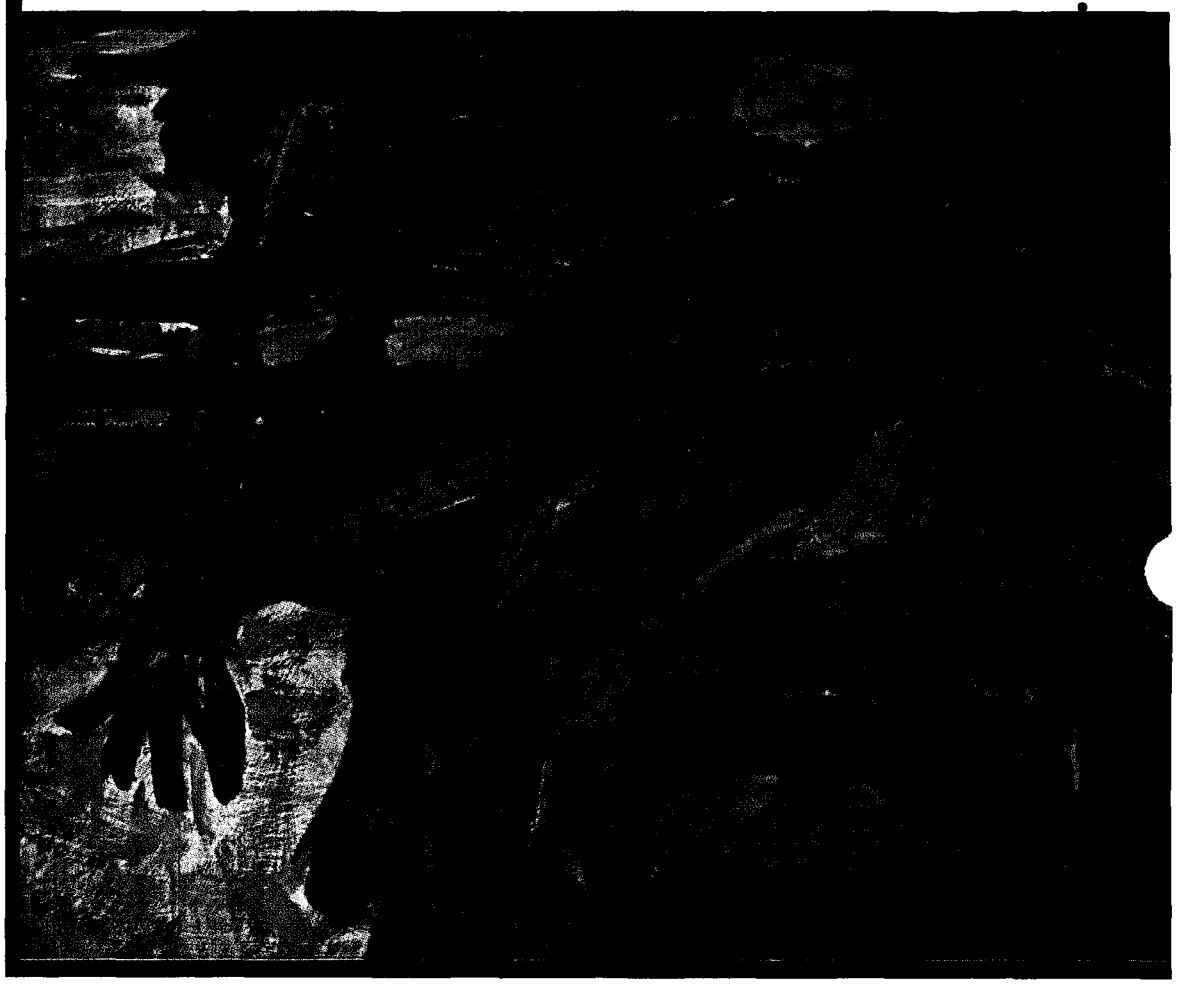
"We got three hundred big cats coming for this party," Benny told me. "So you best not try to cool this one, dig?"

THE GREA



My name is Kremmel. I was Lawrenceville and Columbia, but when I worked a street club for the New York Youth Board, I learned to cultivate a style that appealed to kids' macabre minds. If you ever came to the Heights that summer, up near the George Washington Bridge, I was the social worker you might have seen walking through the heat in a Brooks straw hat and prescription shades and carrying a black cane. Underneath I was merely methodical, but the boys called me "The Blind Man."

A Puerto Rican gang called the "Siamese Crowns" slipped into High Bridge Park in upper Manhattan late in August, just before dusk on the hottest day of that summer, a Friday. I had to scratch my plans for the Jersey shore and get ready for the rumble. At six o'clock there were already three of us upstairs in my dirty office in a reconverted store at 178th and St. Nicholas, trying to get our strategy tied up before darkness settled over the park five blocks away. I had decided we would bypass normal channels and trick the local Marine recruiter into masking this risky action from the police and our superiors.

We were arguing. "Blind Man," said Harold, a coal-black Guinean who recently came to work in my area, "you're going to get me deported and the rest of these good soldiers fired, my man. Don't you think we telephone the Regional Office as it say we must do here in your manual?" Harold rocked backward in his swivel chair and thumbed the loose-leaf pamphlet.

"Let them fire us then, man," muttered Esposito from the corner where he bent over the coffeepot, sniffing to gauge whether the warm black scum was drinkable. "Regional always invites the press along, man. After a rumble the publicity draws a hun'red pimply punks into your turf lookin' to bop with your boys all over again. Like the Blind Man says, we cool this rumble ourselves. If you're scared you might lose your cushy deal at the U, sit this one out somewheres."

"So maybe I stick it," said Harold, "but how this Marine sergeant edging his way into the scene with his movie machine? It seem like another one a' the Blind Man's con games."

Esposito came to my desk with the old, agate coffeepot and poured me half a cup of heavy syrup. "This Marine is the Blind Man's employment insurance," Esposito said. "Suppose this bopping party gets out of hand, and we do have to call for help eventually? That's it, ain't it, Blind man?"

"Of course that's it," I said, and searched my middle desk drawer for a cigarillo. I had told the neighborhood Marine recruiter that we would have an audience of potential enlistees waiting to see his recruitment film. "If the rumble can be made to look like the result of Sergeant O'Donnell's recruitment meeting, is there anyone downtown who could figure out what the hell happened, or whether to hang me or anybody else for insubordination? There isn't. This Marine is the perfect decoy." The trouble was that the Marine and I hadn't been getting along well since I threw his recruitment literature into the trash, earlier that month, after the corps shipped two of my boys back to the Heights with undesirables. "Cigarette anybody?" I shut the drawer.

Esposito gave me one of his sweaty filters. We both lit up. I was jumpy because it was still too early to move—half the Youth Board men I had called hadn't shown up yet, and the two men we had cruising the perimeter of High Bridge Park hadn't phoned with any new intelligence for over an hour. Worse, I believed the sergeant wouldn't let himself be duped into taking his 16-mm. projector down into that park anyway. Your mind slowly begins to decay as you work these clubs. There's always the unfathomable action. Someone, for instance, will steal an inexpensive rubber-stamp printing machine from

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE JOHNSON

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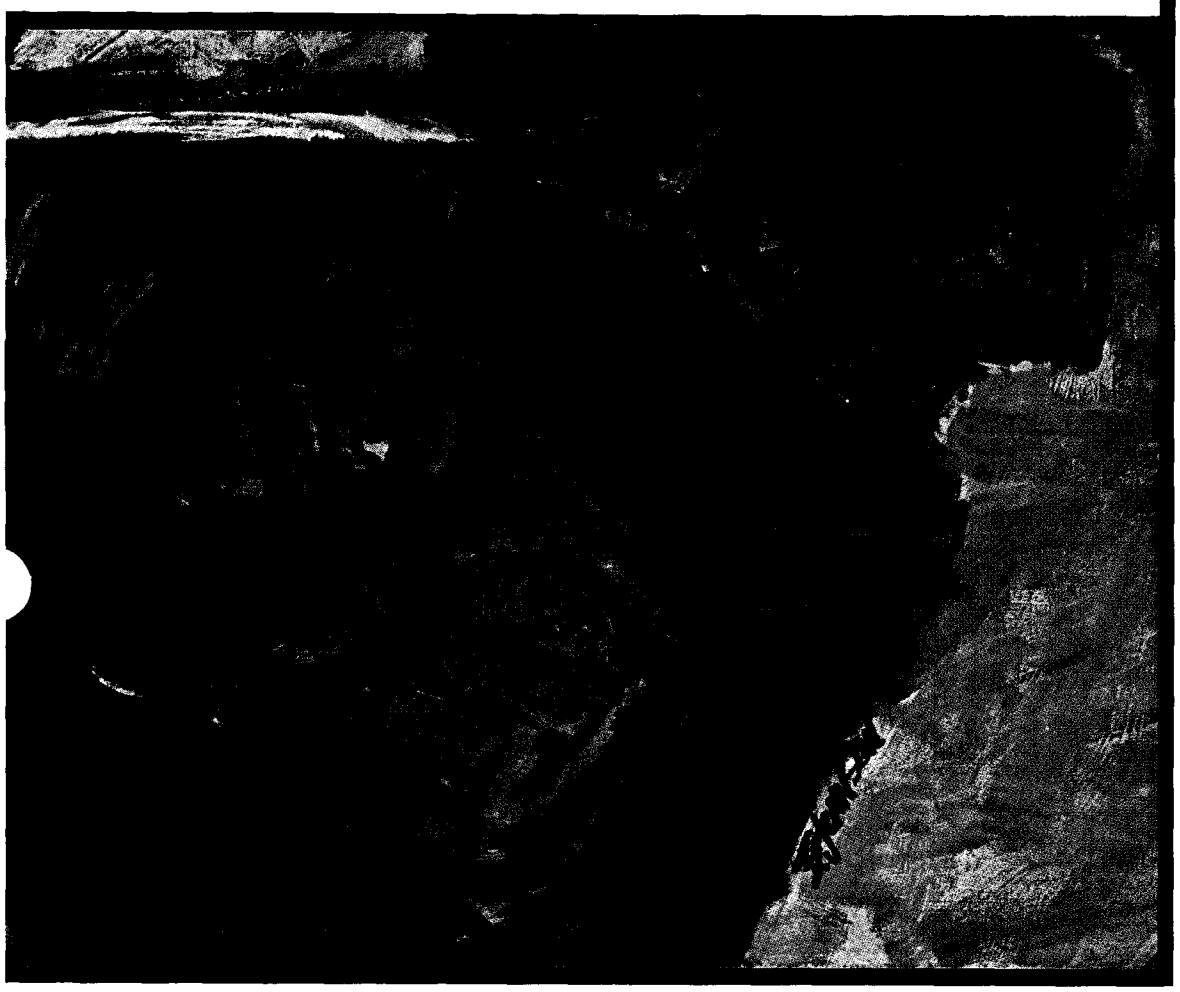
'lowing graduation from Yale in 1956, John F. Speicher spent two years as a Youth Board street-h worker in New York City. "The Great Crown Rumble" is part of a novel in progress. Speicher enty-nine. "Most gang kids," he writes, "get to like their social worker, even if they do think a loser in life. When I left, the kids threw a going-away party and gave me $17 for a present l, of course, I took it." Speicher is currently on the editorial staff of "Natural History Magazine."

CROWN RUMBLE

By JOHN F. SPEICHER



the toy closet of the day camp that shares your storefront. Six months later, when your place is being staked out by plainclothes fuzz wearing phony sideburns and orange polo shirts, you discover that the sneak thief was an ingenious boy artisan who has since adapted the little toy press in order to mass-produce fake draft cards, which he peddles under your nose to your boys. Someone like Harold arrives with his fresh point of view, and he may see that what you are doing is crazy. If there are several battle-worn workers present, you may look at one another's eyes and wonder if perhaps you ought to quit before your warped perspective gets some kid butchered. Even when Esposito had defended my plan that evening, we knew that we both doubted it.

Esposito's coffee had just begun to turn my stomach when my Negro coworker Asgraves shouted up to the office from the first floor of the store. "You awake up there, baby? Punk down here says he got to talk with you, Blind Man."

I leaned through one of the empty window frames that lined the filthy office. Asgraves was wearing his deerstalker hat, and beside him stood a pudgy kid everybody called Benny Goodman. Benny had a clarinet case cradled in his fat arms and wore a T shirt with RAMS emblazoned across the chest in silver cloth letters. "Blind Man," Benny said, "is that you up there?"

"Why?"

"It don't look like you. Where's your shades?"

"I took them off to read."

"You readin' books up there, Blind Man?"

"Back number of *Country Gentleman*."

"Yeah, well each to his own," said Benny, patting his black case. "Blind Man," he said, "I been sent by the Heights Alliance to say you best send a Ivy League wash-'n-wear to your undertaker."

"I'm an unhappy man, Benny."

"Listen," he said, "we got least two or three hundred big cats from lotsa diffrunt turf for this party. Diddleybops comin' into the park from all over, man. Cats you got no rep with. You best resign your job. You best get outten the Heights tonight, man. Cause iffen you bring in the fuzz, we gonna get you—you an' all a them fink social workers that's up there wit' you schemin'. So you best not try to cool this one, dig? We're makin' garbage outten them Spics and you best resign your post."

"OK, Benny."

"Yeah? I mean, you ain't puttin' me on, man?"

"No, no, man."

"Hey, maybe you can tell me where you hid them twenty-twos you took offen us, like maybe after you resign?"

"The fuzz have them."

"Aww . . . hey, that's too bad, man. Look, I gotta cut. See you aroun'."

"Right, Benny. Think of me when you throw your sucker punch."

"I hit 'em wit' a chain for you, Blind Man." He smiled, and glanced at his case. "I'm late already, man." My partner, Asgraves, walked with him to the door. Through the plate glass I saw Marine Sergeant Willy O'Donnell pull his blue VW to a stop beside the curb. As Benny left, the Marine walked briskly in, a heavy version of Burt Lancaster in starched summer tans.

Asgraves, slender and black, and the Marine, tall and ruddy, came quickly to the office. "I told him the Crowns and Rams were already here," said Asgraves, giving his deerstalker a tug and his thin moustache a twist.

The sergeant flashed a toothy smile and sat on the corner of my desk. "I wisht you'd kept the audience here for me, Blind Man. Gimme one ah your cigars."

I put on my straw hat. "They're in the park. Waiting for the film show. I'm out of cigars."

"Said it was too hot here," said Esposito, "so they drifted down to wait under the trees, Sarge." Esposito and Asgraves exchanged glances.

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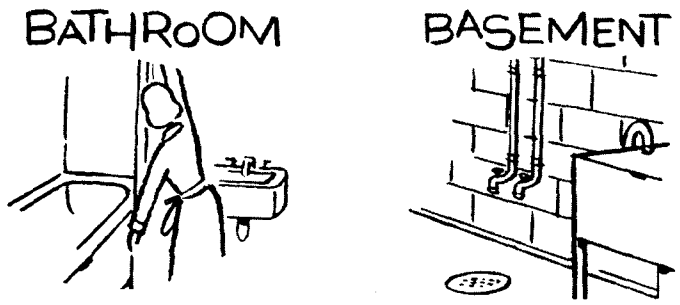

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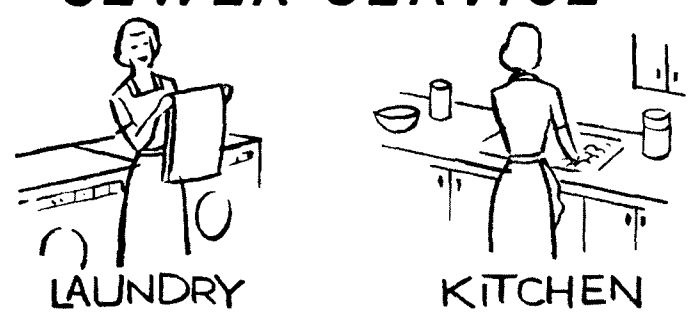

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CROWN RUMBLE

"Drifted down there, huh? No spot down there to show my recruitment movie." He turned to the others. "None of you have a cigar for me?"

"Near the swimming pool there's a spot to show your flick," I said. "Nobody has a cigar. I thought we might buy some beer out of your expense money. The boys'll be thirsty. Maybe we'll buy some cigars, too."

"I like a cigar when I give my pitch, ya know?" he smiled. "Anyway, how much beer we gettin'?"

"Five hundred cans," Asgraves said.

"You must got a regiment down there," the sergeant said. "That's good, 'cause you owed me a favor, Blind Man. You think I don't know you been givin' the Army special treatment at this youth center and cuttin' me out?"

"Well, there's a big crowd waiting to enlist down there now," I said.

Harold added, "Yeah, got their ballpoint pens with them."

"I gotta hand it to you guys, you think of everything," said the sergeant.

"Hey, Kremmel—you schemin' blind man!" came a shout from the floor below. Through the empty window frames I saw Pie Pisano in his C.C.N.Y. jacket, Bromley in his greasy trench coat, and Sullivan in his old Army clothes.

Asgraves turned to the sergeant. "Here's the rest of our club workers."

"Yeah," Esposito said, "but the Crowns are out there, let's blast off."

From below Pisano yelled, "Guess who's down there in the park lining up wit' the Siamese Crowns, Blind Man? I tell ya. The Siamese Kings from Spanish Harlem!"

"Man," sighed Esposito, "this's goin' to make that Army-enlistment jamboree in Audubon Hall last winter look like pretty small stuff." He eyed me.

"Wait for me down there," I said. "I have to make another call." They all filed out of the dirty office and headed downstairs. I put on my shades and dialed the phone. "Harlem Y.M.C.A.? I want Bascomb."

"Yeah, but this is Washington. The Bass ain't here. He took some cubs to Coney."

"This is Kremmel," I said. "It looks as if your Kings brought their mothers' cutlery to the park," I said.

"We be right up, Blind Man. Soon's I call Conrad and the little Joey, the three of us be up there in a few secs, dig?"

"Maybe you can turn the Kings back?"

"If Bascomb was here, we could . . . it's him that has the rep with the big Kings. Ownny, he's at Coney. Where we find you if you ain't where you oughta be, man?"

"I have a man in a store across from the little Washie Bridge at 181st Street. His number there is Klondike 5-2368."

I hung up and took my cane from the wastebasket beneath my desk, then glanced below. Asgraves squashed his deerstalker low on his forehead. "We better hustle, the sun been down fifty minutes at least, Kremmel-man!"

Grabbing my old Columbia jacket from the clothes tree, I headed for the stairs. "You better not get anyone hurt," I said to myself, "you just better not. . . ."

We drove across town with Pisano in the darkening streets, Sergeant O'Donnell's VW in front of us. At 108th and Audubon we caught a red light. On a stoop across from us half a dozen of the Rams' chicks were listening to their transistors—some crying, others with looks of hysteria. Among them sat Benny Goodman's chick, Fat Peggy. Just as the lights changed, they noticed us, and Peggy said, "Asgraves, Blind Man, are you gonna cool the rumble?" I nodded and hoped O'Donnell hadn't heard it. "We gonna cool it, girl," Asgraves said, "no matter what your boyfriend believe—so don't you worry."

Pisano drove us away. We stopped to pick up beer from the refrigerator in Pop's on 185th, then raced back to the drugstore near the little Washington Bridge that goes to the Bronx at 181st Street. There we conferred and decided that while the others took O'Donnell's and Pisano's cars to a place beside the little bridge and waited there, Asgraves and I would walk into the park and go briefly uptown. I believed that if we could locate the hiding place of the clubs in the Heights Alliance, we might, by bluff or persuasion, get them to back down. We could then proceed downtown to the pool and deal with the Crowns separately.

"How come we're splitting?" Sergeant O'Donnell demanded.

"I think some of the clubs might have gone to the wrong area," I said. "We'll be only a few minutes." The sergeant stared at me suspiciously but he said nothing. "Hey, I forgot my damned cane," I said. Asgraves tossed it to me.

"It looks like the Marine is beginning to see the light," Asgraves said as we started off together. "He began giving us the bad eye back in the storefront."

"I think he'll come through just the same," I said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"We see," Asgraves said skeptically. "We see soon enough."

So Asgraves and I walked down the spiral path into High Bridge Park alone. As we descended deeper into the plush trees, the night grew breezier and very cool. I gathered the narrow collar of my jacket closer. Way below, on our right, I now saw cars streaming quietly along the Harlem River on the highway the kids call the Frankie D. Beyond the black tongue of water gleamed the windows of the Bronx, the home turf of the invading Crowns. Ahead, near the path, we saw an enormous oak from which a long rope with a tire at its end hung limply above a sheer drop to the highway. It was the rope on which several Rams boasted they had tried to swing out over the grassy shoulder of the Frankie D. to drop into the backseat of an open convertible full of chicks.

"Look," said Asgraves, "one of them's in the bushes beside the lamppost."

We watched. He was silhouetted by the sheen of headlights from the Frankie D. "Look at that long neck with the Adam apple, and hooking nose," said Asgraves. "It Grant Higgins, Blind Man. If they got to use that green banana for a sentry, they must be hurting."

"Benny said they had a couple of hundred punks," I said.

"Yeah, but you always say that punk never told the truth to no one," Asgraves whispered as we came nearer Grant Higgins. "Maybe you gonna be right again, Blind Man. You lucky as hell if you're right this time, my man."

"All you can do in this world is go on the basis of precedent, Asgraves." I checked my nose for my shades. They were there.

"Higgins!" Asgraves hissed, ". . . stay where you is!"

Higgins dropped into the tall grass, and I moved in. I found him by poking with the cane, and dragged him into a hollow between two hedges. "Others back in the trees?" I asked, while Asgraves went through Higgins's jacket and found a beer bottle that had been expertly broken and chipped to produce a long sliver of glass extending from the neck like a blade. Asgraves tossed the bottle away into the hedge, and Higgins wouldn't talk.

I picked up the cane. We pushed the kid ahead of us onto the path, and then went up the lawn toward the trees. Coming from the thicket, we heard faint voices and the opening of cans of beer. "They'll stick me," Higgins whispered. "Lemme loose, they'll stick me!" Asgraves took hold of one of the boy's big ears and led him behind me into the thicket.

"Man, stop where you are!" came a voice from the dark.

"It's me and my man Asgraves," I said, and watched my breath condense on the damp air of the sheltered grove. "Leave us alone," came an answering voice from deeper in the grove.

We walked past a final line of trees into a small clearing where—Asgraves still clinging to Higgins's ear—we confronted twenty kids, most of their faces faintly lit by the glow of cigarettes, their heads wrapped around beer cans or blue bottles. Graph and Metcalf were there. Little Bailey wore his scalloped black beanie, and Pete McNally his brown cord suit. Although I saw some bicycle chains and mallets with nails imbedded in them, most of the kids' weaponry seemed modest. They had no zips, no hatchets. I noticed some can openers and some pieces of garden hose that were probably packed with stones. McNally had a horseshoe sewn into a piece of sackcloth. José, the one Spanish member of the Rams, had been loyal enough to come down the hill even though the enemy, the Crowns, were Spanish. I nodded to him, to Little Bailey, and to some of the others whose courage I admired. But there were not even so many as twenty, I realized, and Benny Goodman wasn't there.

"So where's the Russian army Benny come mouthin' off about?" said Asgraves. "Where's all them Jesters, Jokers, Rebels and Eagles?"

I glanced around the clearing. "Asgraves, you know how these shades of mine help me to see in the dark. But I don't detect anybody else back there in the trees. Maybe you can discern them with the naked eye?"

"Guess they must be camouflaged," Asgraves said. "Benny Goodman wouldn't string us along." He got up on a stone and peered into the trees.

"Just us, man," said Little Bailey, dwarfed beside Higgins.

"You ain't even livin' here in the Heights no mo', Bailey," said Asgraves from atop the stone. "How come you back here makin' troubles?"

"We old-timers got to stick together for the sake of the Heights, man," Little Bailey said. "Our clubs is undermanned since the Port Authority relocated everybody. Our old cats comin' back all right, they just musta got lost in the trains down on Fifty-Ninth Street."

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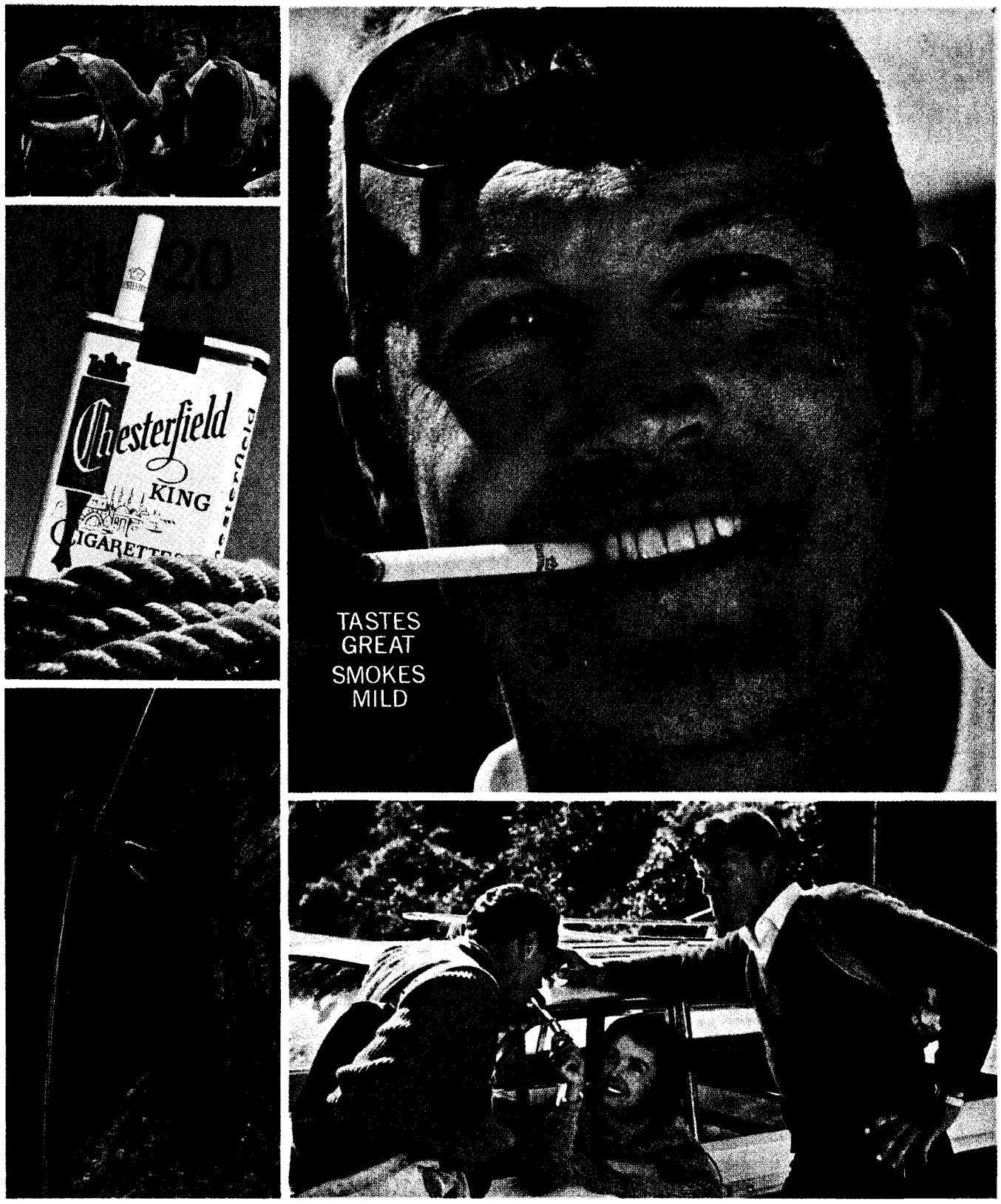

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CROWN RUMBLE

"The Crowns made it without getting lost," I said. "And the Kings too. I saw three hundred and eighty of them down at the other end of the park earlier." I lit my half-smoked filter.

"They have any big-caliber pieces, Blind Man?" said McNally.

"Yeah, pieces. Blades, a couple of sticks of dynamite, boy-scout axes," I said. "They're planning to make garbage out of you."

"When they see only you few runts," said Asgraves, "that's gonna make 'em extra mean."

The less-than-twenty looked dubiously at one another.

I wiped my shades, put them back on, and tapped the ground with my cane. "You, all of you, showed me something by coming down here alone. Asgraves and I will see that it gets talked around that you men made the scene." José shrugged, and the others shifted their feet. "Some of you men will have to live in the Bronx when you relocate, just like Little Bailey. So you'll have to get tight with the Crowns . . . soon."

Again they shifted their feet.

"It's all finished, the Heights Alliance. So you men, you go back up the hill," I said.

They exchanged glances. Finally José said, "We do it." He turned, started back into the trees, and the others slowly followed.

"I wonder where Benny's hiding?" smiled Asgraves. "I guess he's all talk."

We expected to tie it all up at the pool. The scene around the pool's piazza was eerie.

We had parked and locked the cars some distance away from the concrete-slab piazza, and erected the screen, the projector, and the sergeant's portable literature racks on the concrete. Pisano jimmied the bathhouse door, then he and Esposito felt around inside and found an outlet.

Asgraves uncoiled our extension wire in the moonlight and hooked up to the bathhouse electricity. The screen, resting on a tripod base, shook in the quickening breeze. "It look like a praying mantis," said Asgraves to me, as I unpacked the beer on a bench at the edge of the piazza. "I wonder where the Crowns and Kings are hiding out?" he said, gazing across the lawn at the shadowy borders of the thickets. "Man, they're out there all right. Yeah, they're out there sure. Trying to decide if they want to rush in here and chop us up."

I said, "I just hope our kids really have gone home." I looked at the nearest grove of oaks, horse chestnuts and willows. "They will probably come back to snoop around in the trees if they hear the sound track."

"If they do, we give 'em the recruitment pitch and some beer," said Esposito, joining us. "Hey, here comes O'Donnell."

"Where's all these Kings, Crowns and Rams?" the tall Marine said, approaching on the piazza. "Maybe they're painted on the inside of your shades." I looked over the grassy slopes toward the dark edge of the tree line. Stormy wind had begun to wheeze in the heavy canopy of willows, but the moon still shone like a diamond shard. "They must be waiting for the film to start, sergeant," I said. "Start it. They'll come in."

"They better, Blind Man," said O'Donnell and went back to Pisano, who had begun focusing beams of light on the lonely screen.

I got up on a bench.

Asgraves asked me, "What you see through them magic shades?"

"Benny Goodman," I said.

Asgraves was startled. "Where, Blind Man?"

"Coming up the path in the moonlight, carrying his clarinet case."

"Maybe O'Donnell sign him up."

Victory at Sea began to play over the audio. A printed message moved slowly upward on the screen. It said that the film was an account of American naval forces and Marines in action. Ack-ack and the scream of a kamikaze pulsed from the speaker.

"See anything moving through them shades?" said Esposito.

"Only Benny," I said.

"What's that over there?" said Asgraves.

We turned. Across the lawn, from the edge of the darkest thicket, crept a small band of shadowy figures. Still another group emerged from the tree line and began to crawl across the velvet of the glossy, moonlit lawn.

"It's them," whispered Asgraves.

"Yeah," said Esposito, "Crowns. Coming at us in little battle groups of four and five from several directions."

"Tell the sergeant to begin his pitch," I directed.

Esposito crossed the piazza to Sergeant O'Donnell. In a moment the sergeant began chattering into his hand-mike. "Free beer!—*cerveza*—on the corps, men!" Harold raised the volume on the audio. It boomed. The kids on the lawn dropped to their bellies.

"He scared 'em," said Esposito.

"I go tell him not to scare 'em," said Asgraves.

Benny Goodman had disappeared from the pathway. None of the deep volumes of shadow seemed to hold him. Harold came up. "Hal," I said, standing on the bench, "turn down the audio. Too many echoes still." I couldn't see Benny anywhere. Then, from deep back in the trees, Benny appeared with the Heights Alliance right behind him. I ran across to the sergeant.

"Listen, O'Donnell," I said, "you're doing me the favor, I'm not doing anything but tricking you! This is a rumble. You going to help me?"

"Man, I already figured that out," he answered. "Sure, I help. You got a gun?"

"No, no . . . just make this one the best pitch you ever gave. Here, I've been saving this cigar for you."

The Marine lit up and took the mike atop a bench. "Any youse men," he said fuzzily over the audio, and blew out a cloud of smoke, "that comes up here now can be processed starting now—Now!—for entrance into the finest damned branch of the finest damned armed forces of the finest damned contry in the whole woild!"

Harold lowered the audio, and the sergeant's voice cleared. "The corps has the big rep, men, and in the corps you get hard cash for ownny doin' what oughta come natural. By that I mean, being professionals. But I seen some pretty amateurish efforts in this burg—what with pieces made outta car aerials and your old ladies' kitchen knives." O'Donnell glanced at me, and I nodde vigorously. He stared steadfastly into t dimness at the little bands of Crown that were still clustered low on the grass.

Behind, the Heights clubs had also dropped to their knees, and hesitated behind the leading Benny Goodman, who alone was crawling toward the piazza, his clarinet case resting on his arms like a rifle.

"You wanna think 'bout joinin' the corps, men, and becoming real pros. Now come on, gentlemen, get up off your bellies. In the corps you get used to pullin' as much weight as your buddy . . . it don't matter who's Spanish or who's Irish or who lives in the Bronx or in Harlem. That's amateur. We take on *contries* in the Marines, men. Now"—he blew a plume of smoke over the projector's light ray—"on the screen you can see a clump in that palm frond. That is what we call in military lingo an enemy single-man emplacement or a sniper position. Here, gentlemen," he lowered his cigar into the ray, the shadow making a pointer on the screen, "you see our troopers levelin' in with submachine guns, machine guns, rifle grenades, flame trowers, rifles, mortars, napalm drops, and small-arms fire." On a signal from me, Harold raised the audio volume: *Caraack rac-rac-rac-rac-rac-rac-rac! Whip-whip-whipeeeeeeeeeepditty dit dit wup wup! Wangamarang ang ang.*

The sequence ended, and the palm tree had become a decapitated mass within swirls of white smoke. On the lawn the kids rose to their feet and began walkin in. Benny disappeared in the crow "Them was tracers, gentlemen," the sergeant said. "I want to tell youse gentlemen that there is no other comparable emotion—no more sweeter, no more tranquiler—than popping away with tracers."

Asgraves returned to the bench on which I stood surveying the expanse of lawn. "How many you see, Blind Man?"

Esposito came over. "How many he see through them shades, Asgraves?"

"I see fifty," I reported.

"We best ready the beer," Asgraves said.

"I see thirty more . . . wait . . . I see thirty-six more," I said.

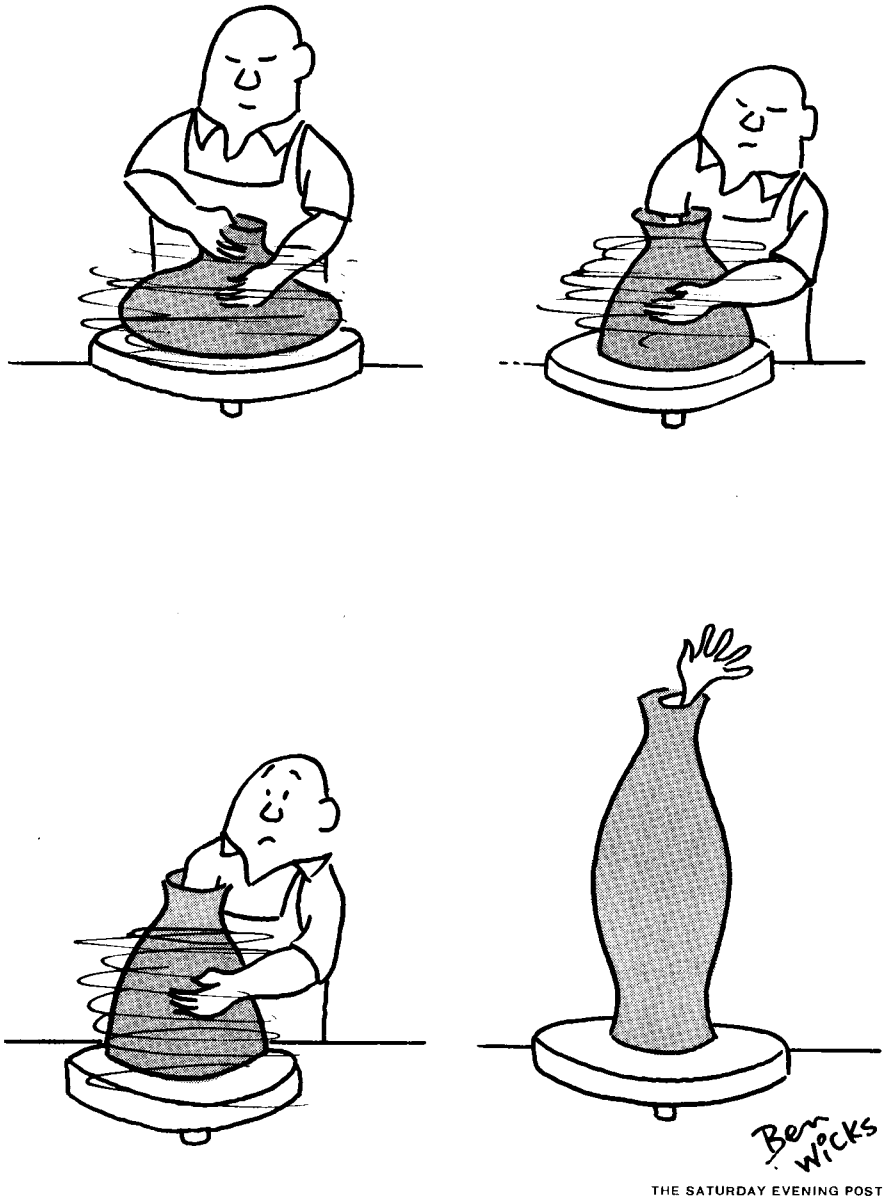
"How many cans we open altogether?" said Esposito.

"Eighty-four for the kids," said Asgraves. "You gotta listen to the Blind Man close when he talk."

"Eighty-six for the kids," I said. "Twelve for us."

They began opening the beer, jumping back and forth like two crabs amid the cans on the benches. A spout of froth from one of the cans splashed on my shades. I couldn't see. "Free *cerveza!* Free *cerveza!*" Asgraves and Esposito were shouting.

Reluctantly I removed the shades. Some eighty Crowns and kids from the Heights clubs were intermingled aroun the beer cans on the benches. I cleaned my shades on my shirttail, then slipped them back on and stepped down to the piazza to lean on my cane and watch Sergeant O'Donnell and Pisano hand out recruitment literature, and Bromley and the others engage little groups in conversations. "Too slick," I said to myself.



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"Traitor," said Benny Goodman, suddenly in front of me. "You bought this beer for them Spics outta your budget for us. We know."

"Get lost, Benny." I pushed him off with my cane.

"Hey you, you mun, you a Marine?" a Crown said to me.

"Sure, once I was," I said. "Why?"

"He ain't no Marine," said Little Bailey. I lifted Bailey's beer, had a swallow, and handed it back.

"Get out of here. You know I was a Marine," I said.

"Is Marine good deal?" said the Crown.

"Sure, for a guy like you," I said. "You got to be rough and slick."

"I join, then, mun, I'm sick tired this stinkin' place. These little chickies did'n do nuthin', mun." He shrugged.

"What brought you to the meeting?" I asked.

"Oh mun, we come to have leetle party, mun, you know, stick a few guys we don' lak much, mun, that's all. Ownny we didn't."

"A rumble?"

"Yeah, mun, rumble, tha's it."

"Didn't come off?"

"Nawww. These worse than chicks, mun, they sit 'roun in grass and lak one say this, one say that. You know, mun." He shrugged. "I join Marine."

"That's a good outfit," I agreed.

"Awww, it break me up, mun, this Marine. Good, good. Hey, who's that fonny-lookin' thing there wit the shotgun in the music case?"

My skin crawled. I stared around the piazza.

"There, mun, near the movie, lak."

Benny Goodman was sitting on the concrete, the open clarinet case resting on his crossed legs; he was in the act of piecing together a stubby, sawed-off shotgun. It was too late, but I ran for him with the cane anyway. The ignominy lay in how easily he tripped me. I shouted to the others from the concrete, picked up my straw and pushed it back on my head, then rose on wobbly legs, the shades lying shattered on the concrete around my feet. Benny Goodman had begun to move as if drugged, circling in the middle of the piazza. His friends, and the Crowns, and all the Youth Board men lingered. "Hey, put that piece away, mun," laughed a Crown. "You gonna shoot yourself."

"Yeah, man, what wrong with you? Have a beer," said José.

"Back off!" I shouted.

"Yeah, back off," echoed the sergeant, and tried to hurry his would-be recruits off the piazza. Then Benny Goodman let go with his blaster. He was about sixty feet from anyone when he fired, and he aimed directly up into the night, but the barrel of the homemade gun splayed like pickled tripe against a knife. Birds, undisturbed earlier, rose screeching from the gallery around the pool, and Benny, surprised and shaken, dropped in a lump on the concrete.

A crowd formed around Benny's fallen body.

"Is he dead?" the sergeant asked me and Asgraves as we edged in and bent over Benny. His ear was bleeding.

I took off my straw and fanned him. "I don't know. He fell right here where my shades broke," I said.

"No, I ain't dead," said Benny, and sat up.

"Hey, he ain't," said Bailey's voice from behind us.

"Sure 'nough, Benny Goodman's alive," said Asgraves.

"I jus' got some hunks of the Blind Man's shades stuck in me, like here in my ear," he said, "and I'm gonna sue 'im. My uncle's a lawyer, and my cousin's a cop. Gimmee a beer," Benny said.

"Why did you shoot the gun?" said the sergeant.

"Who knows, man?" said Benny, as he accepted a beer from McNally. "I feel like it, so I shoot."

"Why'd he do it?" Esposito asked.

"He felt like it. You heard him." I stood up. "All right," I told everyone, "we better shove ourselves out of this park before the fuzz make the scene. You come with me, Benny, and get a bandage for that ear."

"Sure, but you're gonna hear from my lawyer if this ear don't heal," said Benny, picking up his empty clarinet case from the concrete.

The Crowns went their way. We gathered up our things and went ours. As we left the park, we saw the police rushing along 181st toward the little Washie. They passed us in two squad cars. You could hear them saying, almost, that firecrackers always sound like guns to old ladies whose apartments face High Bridge Park. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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By GERALD STEIN

FOR I HAVE WEPT

Shall we try again? Or are there better bargains than the one we struck when we were young?

"You can tell them by the eyes," she said. Her hands and her hair, full of curls put up the night before, were still trembling. "See that girl? She's been here for nineteen years, ever since she was twelve, and there's not a thing in the world wrong with her. But look at her eyes."

I looked at a skinny young woman who was walking by. Her eyes, narrow and glistening, reminded me of razor wounds.

"So full of hatred," sighed my wife, and lit another cigarette, her fourth of the hour.

I looked up through the branches of a sycamore tree to a blue and cloudless sky. Wind was blowing, and rolls of peeled bark came sailing down. I lowered my eyes. Brick towers and wooden cupolas loomed at the end of every vista, and I tried to picture the architect who had thought it necessary to design these fortresses. Then for the third time that hour a woman with white hair and a blue institution blouse leaned against the bars of her window and shouted a five-minute malediction. A man, also dressed in institution garments, puttering in some purposeless fashion at the foot of the same building, looked up at her in troubled surprise. His expression changed as he realized that her tirade was directed to the nameless air.

"She sounds like my grandmother," I exclaimed. "She sounds the same, exactly." And I looked around with eyes more naked than ever at all the feverish women who, in an imitation of life, walked in groups of two and three down to the very end of the cement path that led to town, then moved back again to some starting point I could not see.

"Eyes mean more than voices," said my wife, and I remembered her eyes two months ago, green, snapping, glaring out into a world that was, she insisted, shaped differently from anything she or I had ever imagined. Her eyes, once, had been as dreamy as my own. That, no doubt, was the trouble. We had been too dreamy—as if we were young enough to still live in a world of infinite possibility.

"Look over there," my wife said. "See that girl?" And she called out, "Louise! Oh, Louise! Come over for a minute." There was something warm and sisterly in her tone; I recognized it even as I muttered ungraciously, "Oh, don't have her come, for God's sake." I didn't want to meet any more of them. But my wife was smiling girlishly, and Louise—gray-haired, red-faced—was approaching with a grin of agonized shyness. My wife introduced her to me, and after shifting from foot to foot for a few uncomfortable moments, she was persuaded to join us on the grass. "Louise has been here for seven years," my wife informed me.

"Gee, is that a fact?" I asked, and Louise nodded in melancholy pride. "But you seem fine. What's keeping you here?" My question was needlessly clumsy. I had only the slightest idea of how to behave in such a place.

She stared at me for a moment. "Won't no one have me," she replied, without inflection of any kind. I recalled what my wife had told me—that many of the patients would be released if only someone, relative or friend, would assume their custody. She had mentioned this when we were in the visiting room, looking out across the hall where, on a Sunday such as this, other women from her ward were waiting, mostly in vain, for visitors. I looked at these others, their chests sunken, hair lank, clothes awry, their artless faces full of dismay, and I thought, not without a painful flicker of guilt—is it any wonder? For after all, these relatives and friends—who seldom visit and who do not assume custody—have their homes, their neighbors, their lawns, rosebushes, excursions in the family car. What place would these poor women have in such a jocund company? Better that they remain where they are, folded in masonry, rusticating in this verdant Indiana countryside, miles from anywhere.

"Are you gonna go out?" Louise asked my wife. "Are you gettin' out of here?"

"Yes, I am, Louise," replied my wife, her smile apologetic. "Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" She looked down, doubtfully, at a single blade of grass on which a ladybug crawled, then up at each of us in turn. "How about takin' me along?"

She smiled as she spoke—faintly, but enough for me to chuckle in false heartiness and say, "Sounds like a good idea."

"Yes, why not?" My wife, of course, really meant it.

Louise placed her hand on my wife's and said, "Aw, now, that's real sweet of you, honey, but you wouldn't want no old looney like me along on your honeymoon." She rose and said to me flatly, "She's a real sweet little woman, mister. I wish you luck and glad to have met you."

After she'd gone, I asked, "Do you think I offended her?"

"I don't know. I don't think so," my wife reassured me. "Sometimes it's hard to tell. She is a little odd." She looked off past the sycamores to where the male attendants were playing baseball. "Who wouldn't be odd, living in this place for seven years? You come here, thinking you can get some help, and all they really do is stuff you full of pills." Her eyes again were dark, like a bitter ocean, black and green.

"Oh, come on," I muttered. "Has it been that bad?" I watched with interest as one of the batters hit a long

POST FICTION This is the first story Gerald Stein, a 36-year-old welder, has had published. Once a student at St. John's College in Annapolis, Md., he later spent seven years as a steel-mill worker in the Midwest. The father of three children now, Mr. Stein says he does not want to stay indefinitely at his current job. He is much more interested in writing a novel.

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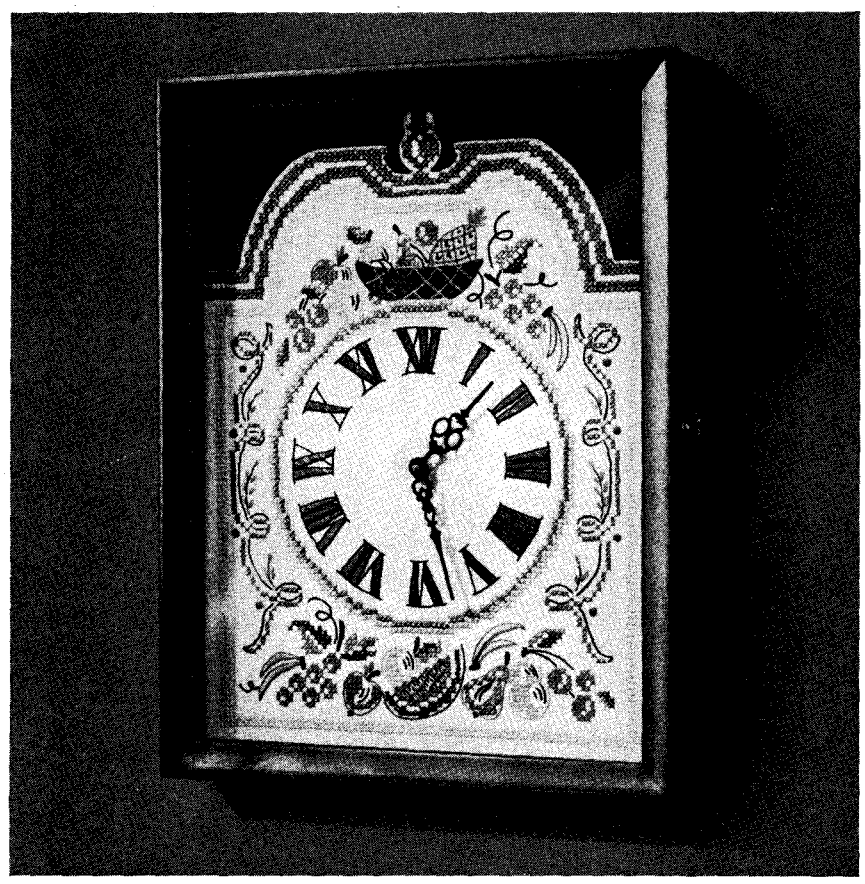

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ball over the head of the left fielder, almost to the road. "It doesn't seem so totally bad. I mean, after all . . ."

She saw what I was watching and the corners of her mouth crinkled in angry derision. "You mean I could be having a good time playing baseball? Oh, why do you always have to be such a fool?"

Since I honestly didn't know, I couldn't truthfully answer. I recognized the question, however, as entirely legitimate, as one that I have often asked myself. . . .

The house. We had been happy renting, why had we moved? Why had it seemed so necessary to own a house? And why that particular one? For that house is what I blame things on too.

We chose it for the huge willow tree that grew beside it, and for the pond in the park across the street, not to mention two overgrown pear trees in the backyard. But the same people who once assured us that we should be property owners now warned, "The willow roots will block your sewer, and in the summertime, with the pond, you'll get mosquitoes and humidity, which will cause mold and sticky drawers. The paint will peel." They announced all this in expert tones and added that from the branches of the willow trailing untrimmed on the roof, spiders and mites would infest our home. "It's pretty, though," they said. "But why has it gone so long unsold?"

A question we ourselves might well have asked. But we are, you see, from the metropolitan East, and the citizens of this Midwestern city, canny in an unvarnished way, had gotten the better of us.

In that house, on a summer evening after the children had been put to sleep, and we were lying half-dressed on our bed, I remember looking out at the long willow branches that hung shivering past the French windows that wouldn't quite close, and saying, "No, as long as you insist, no, I don't think I really love you, if that's the word you insist on using."

"Did you ever?"

"I don't know."

"Then we shouldn't have gotten married, should we?"

And I, the arbiter of wisdom, answered, "No, I don't suppose we should have, since this is the result."

"What is the result?"

"Boredom and unhappiness." I said these words, and in the dusk one of the pears dropped from a high branch and struck the ground, which meant that in the morning my son, grimacing and protesting, would have another soft, sweet, bee-laden piece of fruit to pick up and throw away. I will put some copper sulphate in the sewer, I thought, and finish screening the front porch; we must have someplace to sit and look out across the street to the pond.

"I didn't know you felt that way."

"What way?" Summertime, I recollected, was said to be the best time to get a good buy on storm windows.

"Bored and unhappy."

"Oh. Well, don't act surprised. Believe me," I said, the veteran of seven years of marriage, "it's not at all unusual."

My wife was sitting now on the edge of the bed, our third child at rest inside her, gazing sadly through the window at the willow branches. "No, I suppose not. I suppose a lot of people feel that way after a certain time."

"Everyone does. Everyone." I said this in the positive manner I assume when I don't want to be bothered. It was a tone that caused her to stop talking about love, and that was all I wanted. I wanted her to be quiet so that I could consider whether or not glass-fiber insulation—considering cost, ease of handling and installation, cleaning, and other factors—might be superior to rock wool. For I was deep in the throes of making our six-room bungalow into a property that would be the envy of every passing stranger; a property that would fetch, when it came time, two, three, even five thousand dollars more than the original price. This, I had been reliably informed, was the Romance of Real Estate, and I was crazy about it. When the time came, after painting the outside a fashionable slate gray and adding white shutters, I would place a neat little FOR SALE sign on the front lawn and pocket the profit. Nothing could have been simpler, except that, as it turned out, I am not a real-estate tycoon, nor was I meant to be. What I am, rather, is a failure, ferreting out now where I have gone astray.

Consider the circumstances in which we bought the house—inauspicious, to say the least. The agent, although he had a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey, wait a minute! That's tonight's supper!"

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key, couldn't open the front door. He trotted around to the rear, but couldn't open that door either. So, with a boost from me he shinnied through the kitchen window. It was all, I can see now, much too undignified and precipitous. He was too eager, and so was I. "Come away," my wife said, and she was right. "We can see it another time."

"No, no." I was impatient. "We're here, let's see it." The agent, struggling in his brown suit, his brogans in my palm, vanished headfirst through the window and a moment later flung open the kitchen door with the smile of a salesman who knows the value of an obligation.

"You have a solid location here, folks," he said. "That's something no one can take away from this house, and I want to stress that you'll love this little location."

Well, it was true, we did love his little location. It was our first house, and we were determined to give it everything. Still, we didn't have to be such push-overs. It wasn't fifteen minutes before he had our check for earnest money. There were, as it happened, many things wrong with the house: the plumbing, the heating, the wiring, the closet space, but all we could see were the French windows in the master bedroom, the willow tree, and that damned humidifying pond across the street (which was why the front door failed to open; it was swollen solidly against the jamb).

Oh, we bargained, of course. Don't think that we didn't bargain. He knew, though, that we were merely conforming to custom and were, in fact, convinced the house was a good buy for the money. We were such babies really. I can hardly blame him for treating our feeble attempts to lower the price with a manner just short of contemptuous.

Never mind. We went to see the owner, Mrs. Blauvelt, a widow who cultivated an air of please-help-me innocence but who, I found out later, was renowned in the real-estate circles of the city for a mind with the steely acquisitiveness of an animal trap. She owned many properties, but lived, with typical thriftiness, on the upper floor of a home whose lower half she rented to her sister's family. Mrs. Blauvelt had painted the walls of her apartment an attractive honey yellow and had furnished the living room with rather tasteful antiques. We were charmed. We talked about her house and our desire to buy it with all the graciousness we could muster.

"You'll love my little house," she said, a catch in her voice. "Me and my husband lived there for twenty-three years until he died."

"Oh, I'm sorry," my wife commiserated.

"That was five years ago," Mrs. Blauvelt said flatly. "What I used to like was looking out the kitchen window. I could always look across the pond to where the bus was coming, and I would just have time to put down whatever I was doing while it made the turn-around, and I could catch it into town. Oh, it was a mighty handy little house. I can tell you that. I used to go to business, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said my wife, thrilled by such valor.

"Oh, my heavens, yes." Mrs. Blauvelt smiled bravely as we put our signatures on her personal six percent mortgage contract.

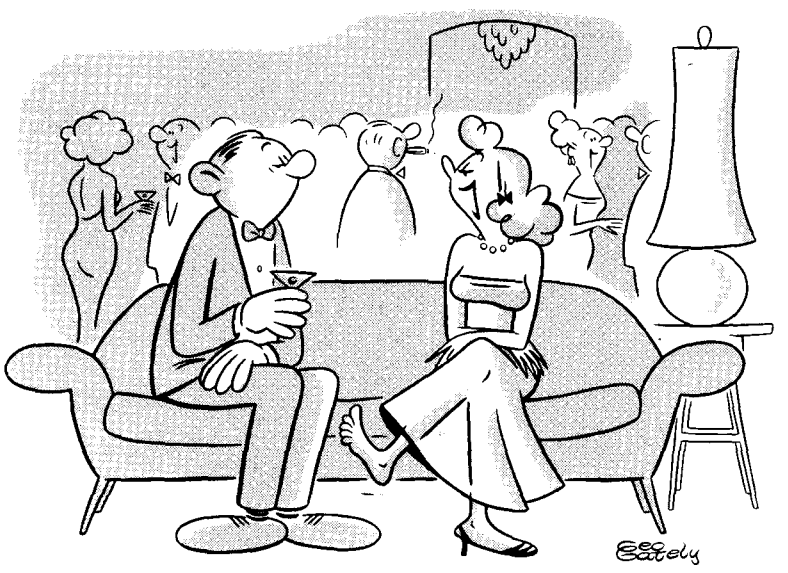
As soon as we moved in, I set to work improving things, not only for increased personal comfort but, as they say in real-estate parlance, for increased valuation. I added, for instance, a downstairs closet where there had been none. I made it myself, and it turned out quite handsomely, everyone said. And when my wife, home from the hospital with the baby, was forbidden by the doctor to climb stairs, I installed a water closet in the utility room ("half bath down"). It was hard work in the crawl-space below, drilling delicate safecracker's holes in the sewer main to make an accommodation for the flush pipe from above. There was a derelict plumber, who made the Salvation Army his home, to give me useless advice as he fortified himself with beer from the refrigerator, while I, down below, sweated like a prisoner tunneling from a jail. Now I think of that and all the other things I built, and it still causes me intense pain. The house is back in Mrs. Blauvelt's hands, all that work and our equity gone, and I shudder to think of it.

Our first day there I mowed the back lawn. I had borrowed a power mower, a loud, nasty little machine that kept stalling out on the thick stands of ragweed that had sprung up. As I leaned down to yank again on the starting cord, someone said, "I'm Mrs. Cheever." I looked up to discover, smiling, a vigorously iron-haired lady with as handsome a set of false teeth as I'd ever seen.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Cheever," she repeated, "your neighbor next door."

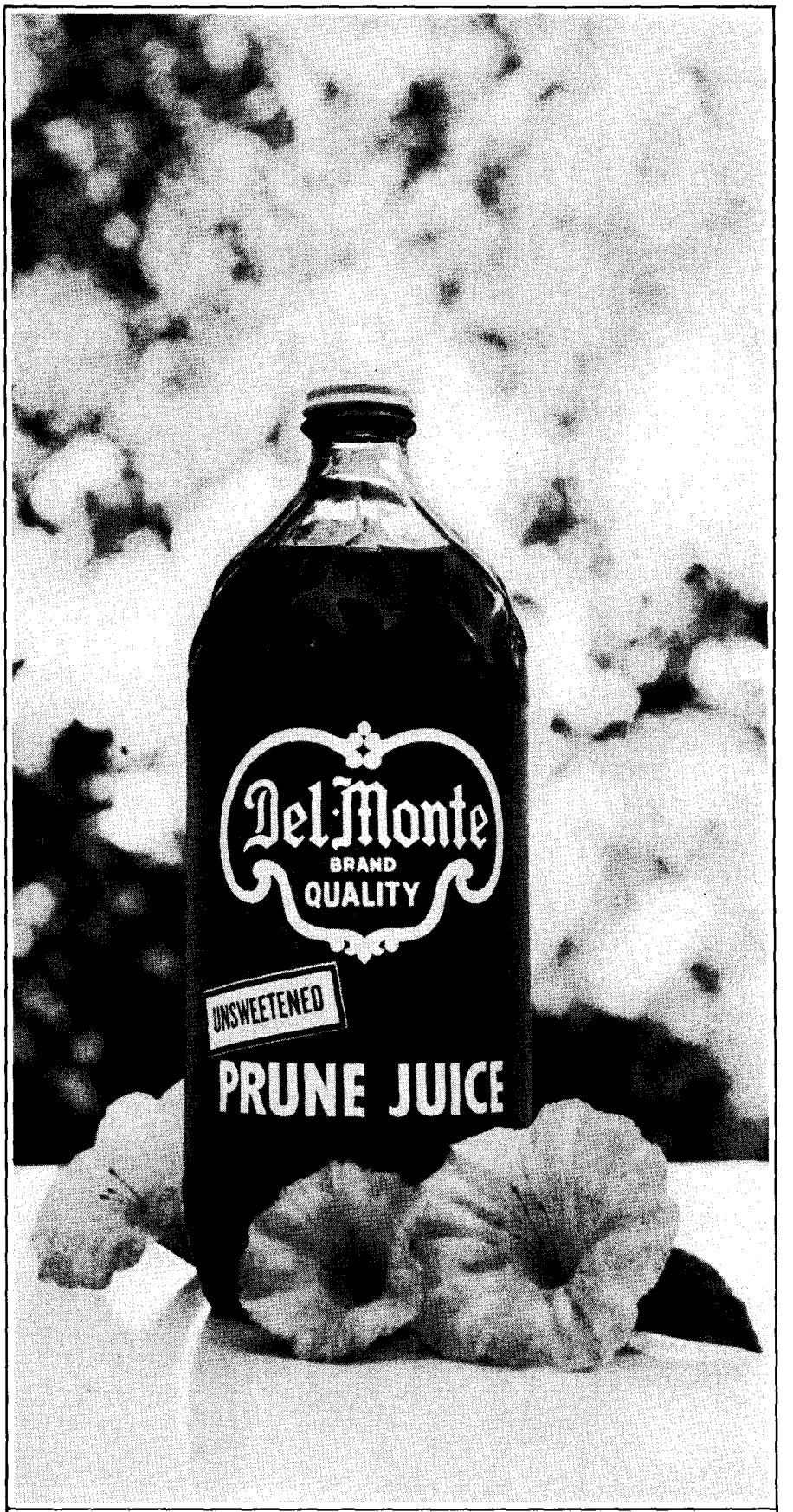
I made a neighborly exclamation, and we shook hands over the fence.

"I just wanted to tell you," she began, "that I been watching what you're doing here and that it sure needed doing for a long time. I don't know how many times



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Cinderella . . . what's yours?"



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FOR I HAVE WEPT

I tried to get Mrs. Blauvelt to do something about this backyard, but she wouldn't ever have it cut."

"She wouldn't?"

"Not her. Tight with her money?" Mrs. Cheever looked at me with sideways archness. "I guess she is! What did you pay, if you don't mind my asking?"

"For the house?"

"Not that it's any of my business, and you can just tell me to go ahead and not be so nosy, if you want to."

I told her what we'd paid, and there was a moment of shocked silence. "Well," she said, her voice grave, "it's a pretty little house. You got that nice old willow tree." She looked up into its branches and mused, "'Course, it'll have to come down before too very long, a tree that old."

Alarmed, I followed her gaze. "You really think so?"

"Oh my, yes," she said confidently. "After every storm the last two or three years I always look out my kitchen window to make sure it's still standing. I just hope it don't hurt anything when it goes, a tree that big. You got insurance?"

I said that I thought we had insurance.

"Better be sure about that if I was you. There's always something goes wrong with that house. The last people lived there, they had the sewer back up on them."

"When was that, Mrs. Cheever?"

"Why, just last winter it was. Remember that spell of freezing last January, how cold it got? Well, not that I keep tabs on what was going on here, because I got more than enough of my own business without meddling into other people's affairs. But I did happen to look out the window and see that truck parked outside, the howdoyou callit, the Roto something?"

I told her that I knew what she meant.

"Well, they were there, the plumber was there, and the furnace man too. I happen to know the furnace man real well, because he happened to work with my husband at the G.E. plant, and he was telling me what all was going on in that house."

She told me about the families that had lived in the house over the past few years, either renting or buying on contract, as we were doing. All of them, it appeared, had been miserably unhappy, like the aluminum-storm-window-and-awning salesman from Lima, Ohio, who was fired from his job just before Christmas. He would disappear for days on end while his wife and four children, the fuel oil gone and no money for more, sealed off the rest of the house and barricaded themselves in the kitchen. They had returned last February to Lima, where her father, who had twenty-three years seniority at the Chevrolet plant, could look after them. The house had been vacant since then.

My wife came out of the back door, and I introduced her to our neighbor. "I was just telling your husband about the bad luck the people ran into who lived here before," Mrs. Cheever said cheerily.

If I had known how, I would have changed the subject, for my wife believes omens are stronger than substantiated evidence. She is a college woman and has read and discussed many of the Great Books, but her real earnestness and zeal is reserved for astrology, palmistry and other gypsy arts that sidestep cold examination. While she always hopes for signs of good fortune, her spirit is commanded by those that augur ill. In short, my wife has always known for a fact that no good will come of anything, ever, and that was why I wanted Mrs. Cheever to shut her face. She didn't, though. She was the sort of woman who must have her say. She told us of the couple who had whipped their children until the police had to be called. The couple was sent to jail, and their children placed in the County Children's Home.

"They weren't what I'd want to call good people!" Mrs. Cheever exclaimed. "And I did my Christian duty!" She went on to tell us of the poor woman whose husband came home drunk night after night and beat her up, and how the woman, after he fell into an alcoholic stupor, would let him have it with whatever was handy—the potato grater, the steam iron, anything. "He was always wearing some kind of a bandage," Mrs. Cheever said and chuckled, and I began to grow uneasy. It was hard to tell whom her sympathies were against.

She told us of the quiet couple who seemed to get along just fine. They had twin girls, and he had a good job as a draftsman with a truck-trailer company. Then one day he loaded some suitcases into his car and drove away. Shortly afterward the local paper carried a notice that she had filed suit for divorce. It seemed to trouble Mrs. Cheever that she was not able to put her finger on just what it was that had made this couple break up. "She was a quiet woman," she mused, "and she just didn't act like she cared too much about making friends. They kind of stuck off to themselves, if you know what I mean." She looked at each of us rather sharply, to see if we *did* know what she

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I like you too, but I have a wife and two children in Cincinnati."

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meant, and we nodded uncomfortably. My wife, I could see, had become quite preoccupied with these dark tales, and I looked into Mrs. Cheever's cheerful beef-eater face and silently wished her to blazes.

She invited us to see her house, and it turned out to be clean, carpeted and in much better condition then our own. It was much larger and more carefully built; it featured a completely modern kitchen—wall oven, plastic counters, birch cabinets—all of it obviously dear to her heart. My comment was, I'm afraid, a bit supercilious. "This is all very nice," I said, "but you must come over sometime and try my wife's cooking."

My wife smiled, but Mrs. Cheever, not a person to let anyone put anything, however small, over on her, answered, "Yes, we just had the whole new kitchen put in. Guess what I paid for the house, though."

I told her that I wasn't a good guesser and named, deliberately, a low figure. "No, sir," she replied, and named one still lower—lower, in fact, than what we had paid. "Bet you don't believe me," she said confidently.

"Why shouldn't we, Mrs. Cheever?" asked my wife, distressed that our neighbor should harbor such hard thoughts.

But Mrs. Cheever was evidently accustomed to disbelief, for in no time she had set before us, sealed in plastic, a newspaper advertisement which offered the house for sale at a price only slightly higher than the one she'd mentioned. "Oh, I had to do a little bargaining, don't think I didn't, but my sister-in-law knew the widow woman who owned it, and all she wanted was to get shut of it so she could go live with her daughter out in San Diego. No, sir, the only way to get a *real* bargain is to wait with your money for a good opportunity, then snap it up. That's how I do." She scrutinized me carefully, but if she was looking for skepticism, she didn't find it, because I could easily picture her snapping up bargains. "No, sir," she continued, "you don't find me buying the first pretty little thing that strikes my eye. No offense."

Afterward, as we retreated in disorder to our own suddenly diminished estate, my wife said, "That woman is going to cause us trouble."

I sensed a swarm of omens hovering and replied lightly, trying to flick them from her fancy, "Oh, she's probably all right. She could probably steer you right on a lot of things if you give her half a chance."

Well, my wife did give her half a chance, and Mrs. Cheever did do her best to steer her right. They held frequent conversations over the fence, and she got my wife to participate in things she'd never shown much interest in before. They went to church bingo sessions together several times, and to cooking-ware and cosmetics sale parties at the homes of various neighbors.

How well I remember the day Mrs. Cheever showed my wife how to make mystery cheese balls: a core of blue cheese in a sphere of Cheddar dusted with grated Parmesan, chilled and served either sliced or whole. Mystery cheese balls. This sort of thing, it seemed to me, was striking at the heart of the real Midwest, or, as it liked to call itself, the real America.

Ah, why kid around? She was a real troublemaker, that Mrs. Cheever, any way you sliced her cheese balls. She disliked our kids for running on her lawn and she had a way, when she came into our house, of carrying a slice of cake or a jar of tomato preserves, like a ticket of admission, and looking all about for cobwebs and dirty corners. My wife, after one of these visits, would tear around with mop and broom, her face set in anger, muttering, "I've never seen a house so impossible to keep clean!"

She was suffering through a sweltering July and August, the last months of her pregnancy, while I, black and hot from laying insulation in the attic, became increasingly impatient. We had decided—it was my understanding—that two children would be enough, and here she was swollen with our third. I continued to bitch and groan about the doctor's bills and the inconvenience of it all. And so, only a few days before she gave birth, we were lying on our bed, as I have said, looking out through the French windows at the strands of willow hanging pale in the moonlit darkness. It was the sort of night when it would have been easy to say something to her other than, "No, I do not love you," but that is what I did say.

In September I finished painting the house. Winter came, and its seasonal disasters: twice the sewer backed up and twice the furnace, inadequate anyway, failed completely. I put up cheap plastic storm windows on a day when it was too cold for my hands to hold the nails, and by February the plastic had shredded apart. On a night utterly without wind of any kind, a large limb fell from the willow tree. It fell with a shriek of rending

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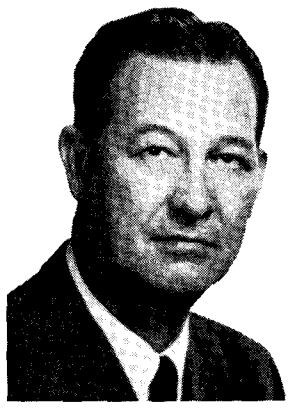

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wood, smashed a window in the baby's room and punched a hole in the roof.

We did not see so much of Mrs. Cheever then, for she liked to keep indoors in her own house where it was warm. Occasionally she would come over with a day-old box of doughnuts from the A&P. She never stayed long, though, because of the draft that came sweeping under the kitchen door and around the legs of the table where Mrs. Cheever and my wife sat sipping coffee and dunking doughnuts. And still, always, after one of these visits, my wife would stay up until all hours vacuuming, scrubbing, cleaning.

I was working on the second shift at the factory and one night, as I had done a few times before, I stayed out late with some of the men I worked with, and played cards in a tavern. I came home at three o'clock in the morning, smelling of beer, to find my wife on her knees in the freezing kitchen, scrubbing out the oven, straining to reach the last crust and crevice of grime. (Mrs. Cheever had paid a visit that evening after supper.) We had a terrible quarrel, and I remember trying to sleep, being asleep, and then being poked awake again and again, and upbraided with curses. I finally hit her and was astonished by my action. I couldn't believe it. Who was doing this?

Not long after this my wife began paying visits to our lawyer, and we separated, although not before we had reached, during the first warm March days, what I thought, and she agreed, was a new plateau of understanding. It seemed, somehow, that we had passed through the worst. No more fuel bills, we told each other, feeling childlike and unburdened. I departed for work one day. "Good-bye, Daddy! Good-bye, Daddy!" screamed the children as I pulled the car door shut. From the porch my wife waved to me, smiling, seeming to say that there was hope for us yet, even if only a little.

But when I came home that night promptly and unreluctantly, she showed me a court order granting a temporary separation. She had obtained it with the aid of our lawyer (now hers), the same lawyer who had drawn up the contract for the purchase of the house. I am vague on the details, but it stated that I must leave the house immediately. My own house, mind you. My own toil and sweat! She would permit me, my wife said, in a manner that was a classic of its kind, to get my clothes, but if I didn't leave, she would call the police.

"Try it," I dared her. "Go ahead and try, a thing like this, going behind my back."

She laughed. "Is that all you're worried about, that I didn't get your permission?"

"But I thought we were going to be different with each other!"

"That's what you thought. How can things be different after what you said?"

I laughed, to show her how completely ridiculous she was. "Can't you forget anything?" I asked. "Are you going to hold everything I said against me *forever*, like an elephant?"

She didn't answer.

"Why is everything so *serious* with you?"

"You can't tell a woman you don't love her, you fool! You can't say those things to a woman!" She went to the telephone and began to dial.

"Who are you calling?"

"The police."

"What are you doing to me?" I shouted. "I only meant it in a sense!"

"It was the truth." She continued to dial.

"There are all kinds of truth! Use your imagination! Truth has many aspects!" Never had my voice, to my own ears, seemed so powerless. I heard her say on the telephone, "Yes, I told him to leave and he refuses."

"Damn right I refuse!"

I walked into the kitchen and took an apple from the refrigerator. How sordid and demeaning this all was, just like one of those family rows that the hillbillies who worked in the factory often got into. *Police were called last night to investigate a domestic quarrel at . . .* And right next door to Mrs. Cheever too. It wasn't an item she'd be likely to miss. I went back into the living room and took a cocky bite out of the apple.

"They're coming," said my wife. "You'd better be gone when they get here, or Mrs. Cheever will see them taking you out."

Was I expected to stand for this? "You've had it," I told her. "Now everything is over. There might have been a chance, but not any more. You've ruined it, kid, because I'll never be able to forget what you did to me tonight. Never."

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

I was in a fine, intensely bitter fettle, but there was an unmistakable elation in her eyes as she opened the front door. "They're here!" she announced, as if old friends had finally arrived.

The police, when they came in, were quite decent. They had the look of married men, and one of them, with what seemed the sadness of personal experience, told me that there was nothing either he or I could do, that I'd have to leave for the time being. So that was what I did. I left, and spent the night at the Y.M.C.A., telling myself that the whole ludicrous situation was merely someone's idea of a joke—though whose, I couldn't for my life have said.

What I couldn't fathom was that I'd entered another dimension: I had become one of a certain class of men who are recognized for what they are, and whatever that is, I couldn't bear it, for it wasn't me, it was someone else. But she wanted a divorce, she told me the next day, looking up at me with the same face, the same black hair, the same green eyes that had always bordered the kingdom of tenderness, and which were now, although I wouldn't believe it, permanently hostile. Why? What had I done? I asked her, and she told me readily, but I wouldn't accept what she thought of me. There had to be some other reason, for I was not guilty; no, I was not.

I agreed to a separation, but I longed, like Dreyfus, not for pardon but for reinstatement . . .

A year passed; I became a creature no longer decent, flopping and floundering toward the instant of my undoing. I would not give her money for a divorce,

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her lawyer mentioned a possible garnishee of my wages, and I quit my job and got another in another state. I sent money for household expenses, of course—gas, electricity, sewer and water, fuel oil, doctor and dentist, clothing, this, that, and the hundred other things so necessary to the happy life—and I paid, regularly, the installments on the house. But not for a divorce. From this line there would be no retreat.

Hopefully, I would come back every two or three weeks and knock on the door with presents for the children and for her.

Once, after the children were asleep, we made love and then sat half-dressed watching a late movie on television. She made coffee and cinnamon toast, and I thought that tenderness had again enveloped us. But no, she wouldn't let me stay the night—it wasn't right. And besides, she had been advised, her legal position would be compromised.

"Who will know if I stay this once?" I asked.

Maddeningly high-minded, she replied, "I would, and so would you," and as I snorted, she added, "and so would Mrs. Cheever."

There was, I saw, no answering her, so I got up, dressed, and got out—not without saying something nasty, for I considered myself humiliated. I looked at the walls I had painted, the cabinets I had hung, the closet I had built, and remembered when they and she and the children and I were all of a piece, and I felt a sorry creature indeed.

One Saturday evening, laden like a Greek with gifts and hurrying hopefully home, I was stopped for speeding in a small town a few miles west of the Ohio-Pennsylvania line. I insisted that I had not been going that fast.

"You were hitting seventy-five," said the man in uniform, his face red and flabby, his eyes flickering with righteous distaste at me and my car and my driver's license.

"No, I wasn't."

"Don't give me any lip, sonny. One more word out of you and I'll add a reckless driving on. You had a wheel over the center line." He lifted his pencil and stared at me.

"Do as you damn please," I told him, watching his face tighten in the red glare of the revolving dome light. "I wasn't speeding, and you know it."

"You could do with some cooling off, sonny," he said. "Just follow along behind me."

As he walked toward his car, I leaned out and shouted, "I have a wife and three children! You don't have to call me sonny!"

At the police station they took away my possessions and locked me in a cell. Four hours later I obtained the services of the only available bondsman, after he'd finished refereeing the local high-school basketball doubleheader. I had never been in jail before, and I was so glad to be released that I got over being enraged at the injustice of it all. The desk officer, who had been absorbed in a detective magazine throughout my incarceration, now handed me back my belt, my cigarettes, my money, the keys to my car. I hurried to a telephone booth and called my wife.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"Just outside of Dayton. Guess what happened to me."

"I don't know. I don't want to."

"In jail. I was in jail. What an experience!" I tried to say it like Cary Grant.

"I'm not surprised," she said. "Not at all."

"You're not?" I asked, miserably. "Why not?"

There was silence, then, "Listen, who do you think you're talking to? Who do you think you *are?*"

"Me? What are you talking about?"

"You call me up after the kids have been waiting all day for you to get here, what am I supposed to say to them?"

"Listen, I was in *jail!* How could I call?"

"I don't care. Why should I care?"

I didn't know why, but it seemed to me that she should, and I said, "I just felt lousy about it, that's all. Who else would I call?"

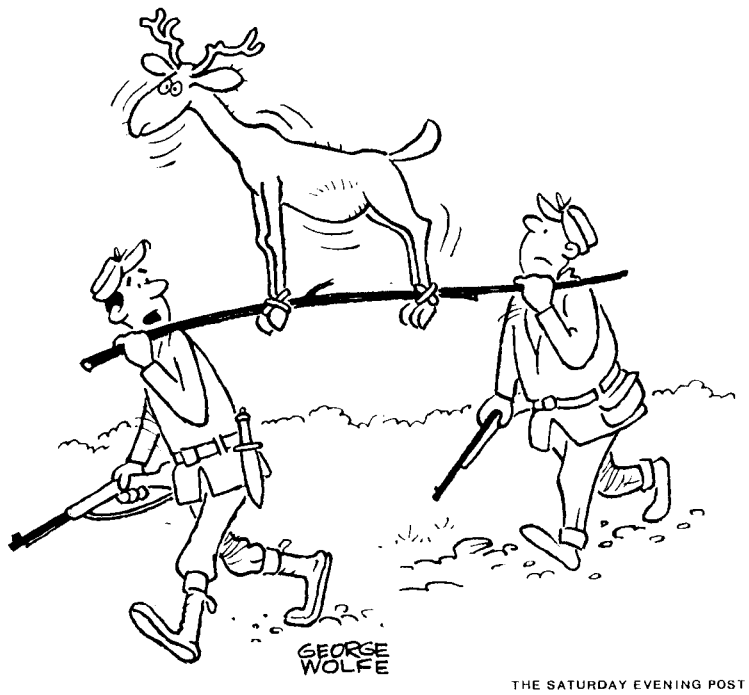
I heard her sigh. "Find someone else," she said. "Leave me alone."

"Must you talk like that?"

Another sigh. "You don't know what you're doing to me."

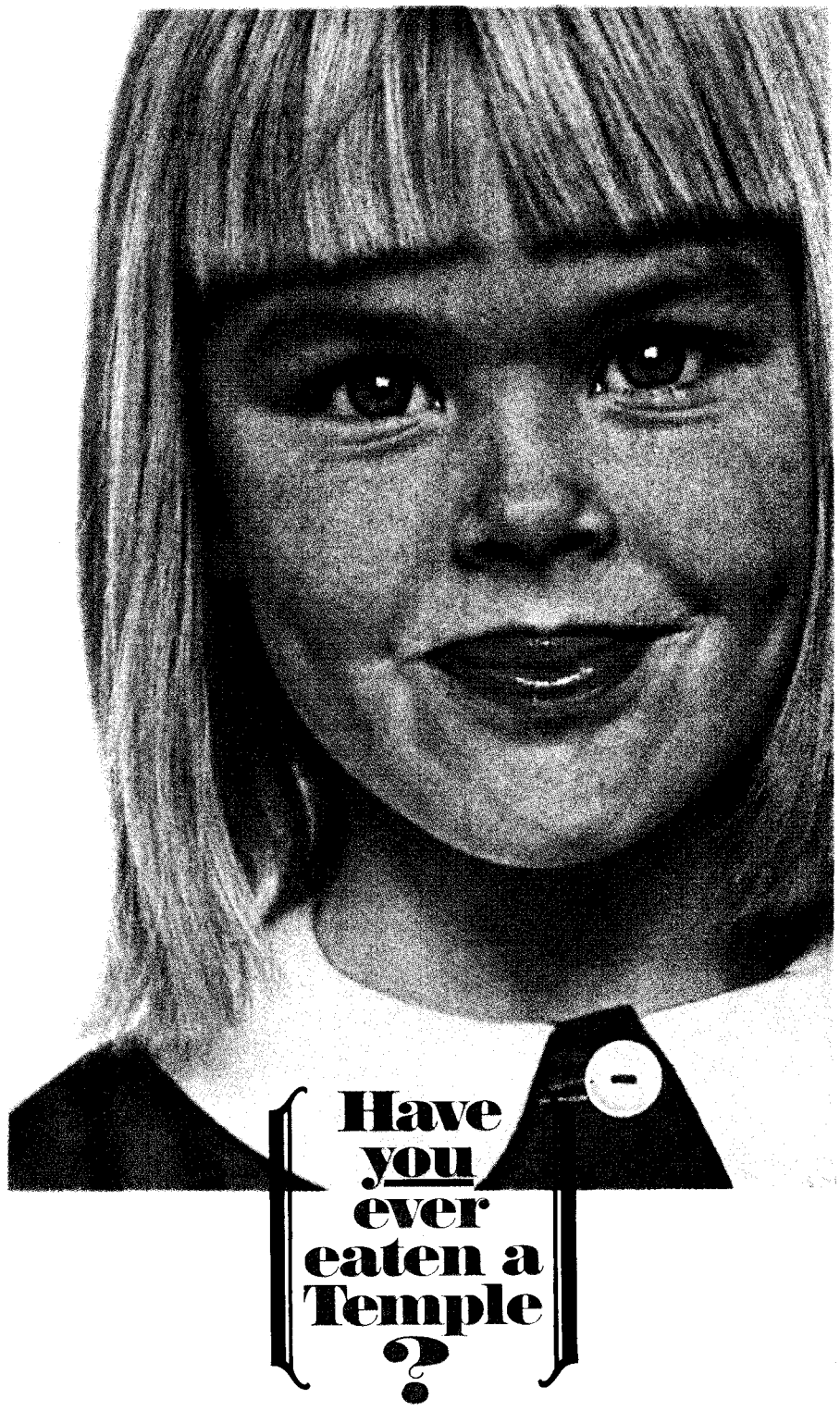
"I guess I shouldn't have called."

"You don't know what you're doing to me," she said again, sounding as though she lay buried under a pile of bricks.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The shot must have just stunned him."



If you haven't, we envy you that first out-of-this-world taste! For the Temple is just about the best tasting orange under the Florida sun—juicier, more orange-y than any you've ever eaten. And as if that weren't enough, it peels just like a tangerine! So neatly, in fact, that you'll think we grow it especially for lunch boxes and white linen tablecloths and munching on in the middle of the living room. You wouldn't let another year go by without treating your family to some scrumptious Temples, would you? They're in season—and in your supermarket—now!

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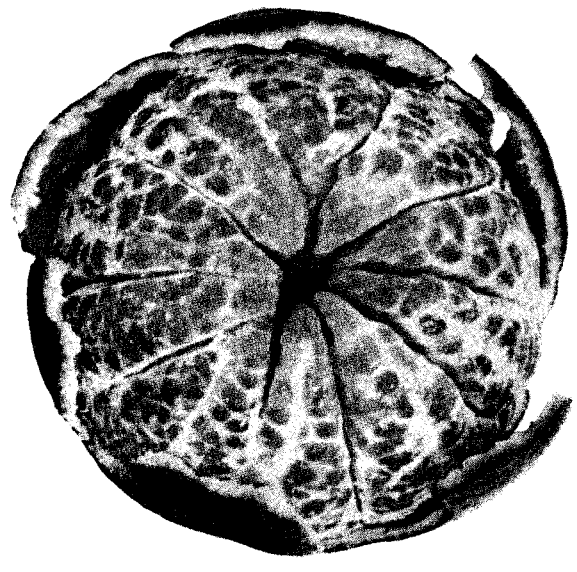

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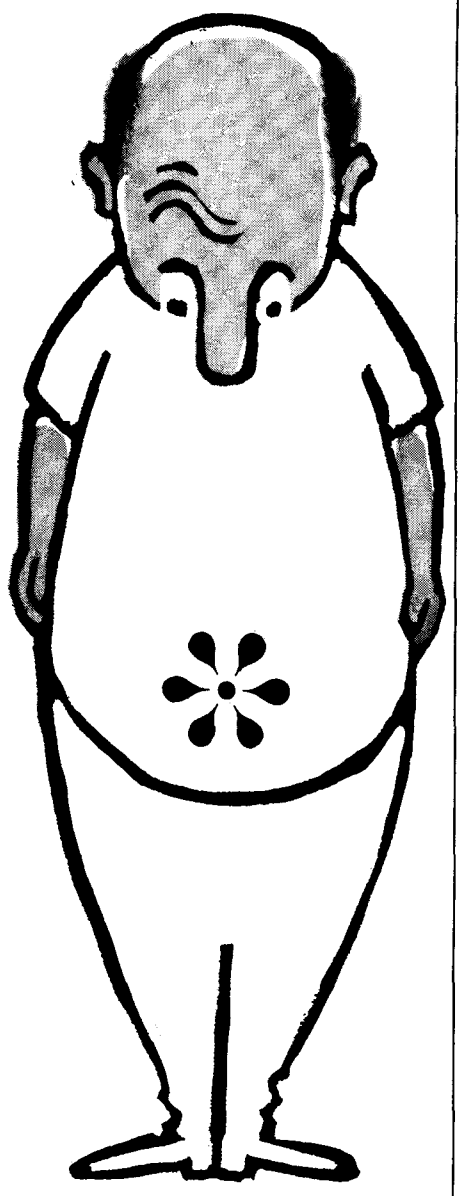
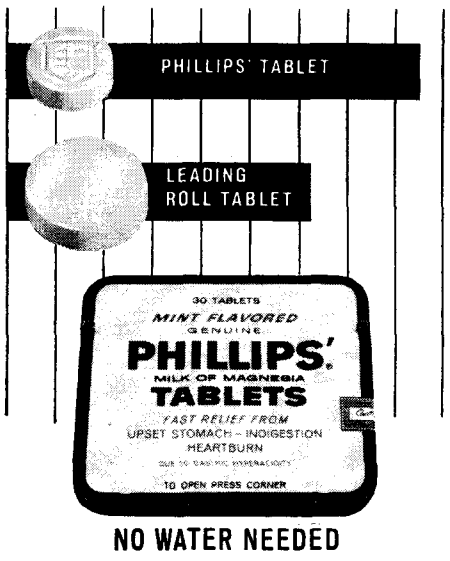


*UNCERTAIN STOMACH

When your stomach feels uncertain from indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, nausea or other symptoms of excess acidity, remember this: **Each small PHILLIPS' TABLET consumes 37% more excess acid than the leading candy-type roll antacid tablet.**



NO WATER NEEDED

FOR I HAVE WEPT

"Are you tired?" I asked. "You sound tired."

"Yes," she said, faintly, "I'm tired."

"I'll see you tomorrow," I said. I could hear her weeping.

"All right."

"Stop crying!" I shouted.

"All right," she said.

"Tomorrow! I'll be there tomorrow!"

"All right," she said. Stepping out of the booth, after we'd said good-bye, I felt like one of Miss Carson's palolo worms, waiting for the blink of the moon's old eye.

It was noon when I arrived, and there were no children to run out of the house and down the steps, demanding to see what I'd brought them. They're at the store, I thought, as I took my presents from the trunk of the car and watched Mrs. Cheever come down her porch steps and hurry toward me. What the hell did *she* want?

"Oh, it's terrible, terrible!" she cried. "She said you were coming back today, but how was anyone to know if she knew what she was saying?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Cheever?" I asked, as coldly as I dared.

She peered into my face and perceived that I really didn't know what she was talking about. "They're gone!" she cried, her eyes shuttering the exposure of her joy.

"Gone where?"

"Oh, if you only knew what was going on here last night! The police! The ambulance!"

Finally I gathered that in the early hours of the morning my wife had come pounding on Mrs. Cheever's door, demanding that Mrs. Cheever come see how she had cleaned the stove and the space behind the refrigerator. "She was just plain out of her head, poor thing," Mrs. Cheever said. "I told her to come in, and I gave her a cup of instant coffee. I'm telling you, that poor woman just sat there and called me every name she could think of, and when she was all done, she told me to call her lawyer and have him come and get her. And that's what I did."

"Where is she now?"

"Why, she's in the hospital. The ambulance came and took her."

"What about the children?"

"Oh, they're in the County Home. She said you were coming home today, but how was I to know if she didn't really have it all mixed up with something else? She even said something about you being in jail. I would've been glad to look after them if I'd of known you'd be home, but how was I to know that? And there's no telling how long she's going to be in the hospital, is there?"

"No, I guess not. You've been very helpful, Mrs. Cheever."

"Well, I believe in helping out when it's at all possible. After all, it's our duty to help our neighbors. Oh, she was clean out of her head, you wouldn't have even known it was her, the things she called me!"

"What was that, Mrs. Cheever?"

"What she called me, you mean? Well, for one thing, she called me a perfectionist."

"She did?"

"Yes." She looked at me with a trace of doubt. "I figured she meant it to be an insult, wouldn't you say? What did she mean, exactly? Would you know?"

"I couldn't be sure, Mrs. Cheever."

"And she told me—how did she put it?—that I was *not* really a very Christian person." She paused to let me appreciate the ludicrous inaccuracy of the charge.

"I'm sure she didn't mean that."

"Oh, if I'd of thought for a minute she *meant* any of it—after all the ways I tried to help her out and all! Oh, no, your wife is a very nice woman when she's in her own mind."

We paused for a moment to consider my wife.

"The kids are in the County Home, you say?"

"Yes, poor things, they didn't even know what was happening. It's terrible. Isn't it a terrible, terrible thing?"

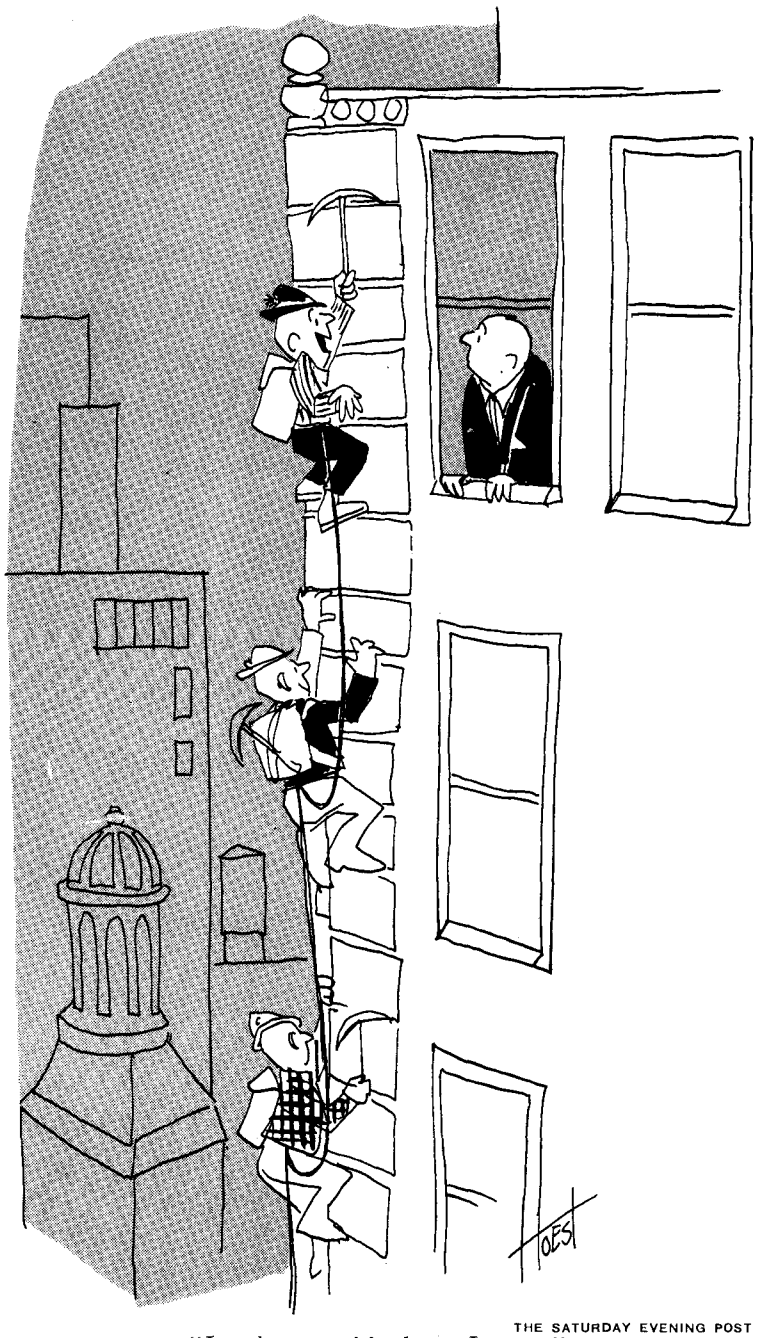
"Yes, it is terrible," I answered, knowing she'd have settled for nothing less.

Now, remembering, I looked away from the institution buildings, and at my wife. She seemed slimmer, better-looking, almost chic. I wondered if she would forget the few rotten words I had let drop in the room with the French windows. Not very likely, was my guess. But perhaps, I thought, she will realize one day that I am merely a clown, not meant to be taken seriously.

She asked me again about the children, now with my mother, and I repeated that they were fine, but that they missed her these last two months. Her eyes became sad. I suggested a cup of coffee. She loves coffee. We got up from the grass, my wife and I, and walked in the direction of the canteen.

Tomorrow, immediately after breakfast, she would be returning to the children and to me. Yes, we are trying it again, and why not? Will either of us, ever again, make a better bargain than the one we struck in our youth, when there was no one to tell us what to do? I have nothing to say about love, nor has she questioned me. If she did, I could say only that there is a force which, like the tide, drives us together onto the same beach. And though it's true that I am a fool, don't laugh at me, for I have seen her drowning in currents deeper than any I could feel, more important than ambition and deeper than pain.

From a sycamore a piece of bark dropped onto the path before us. I suddenly became aware of the similarity between sycamores and plane trees. When, as a boy, I first came to New York, they were the trees I found planted in that begrudged strip of dirt between the sidewalk and the street. Having no acquaintance with any trees, I assumed that it must surely be some metropolitan disease that caused them to mottle and shed the way they did. I asked the other kids on the block what was wrong with them, but they hadn't known. Now I know it's only the way they grow. It's the sort of thing you learn as you grow older. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just because it's there, I guess."

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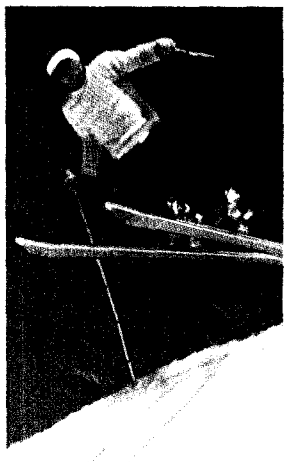
Jetstar 88

Brand new "88" series to fire you up... with a brand new boiled-down price!

When Oldsmobile comes out with a lower-priced model, that's big news. But when Oldsmobile comes out with a *whole new series of full-size, lower-priced 88s*, that's nothing short of sensational. Shining example: The four new Jetstar 88s—brilliantly styled running mates to Oldsmobile's long-famous Super and Dynamic 88 models. Performance? Just wait'll you turn the key on the high-stepping new 330-cubic-inch Jetfire Rocket V-8 and feel the quiet, quicksilver thrust of the new variable-vane Jetaway transmission.* *That,* sir, is action! Together with the sticker on the window . . . it can make you an Oldsmobile owner quicker than anything we know!

*Optional at extra cost



'64 OLDS → WHERE THE ACTION IS!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORP. QUALITY BUILDERS OF NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE, SUPER 88, DYNAMIC 88, JETSTAR I, JETSTAR 88, F-85

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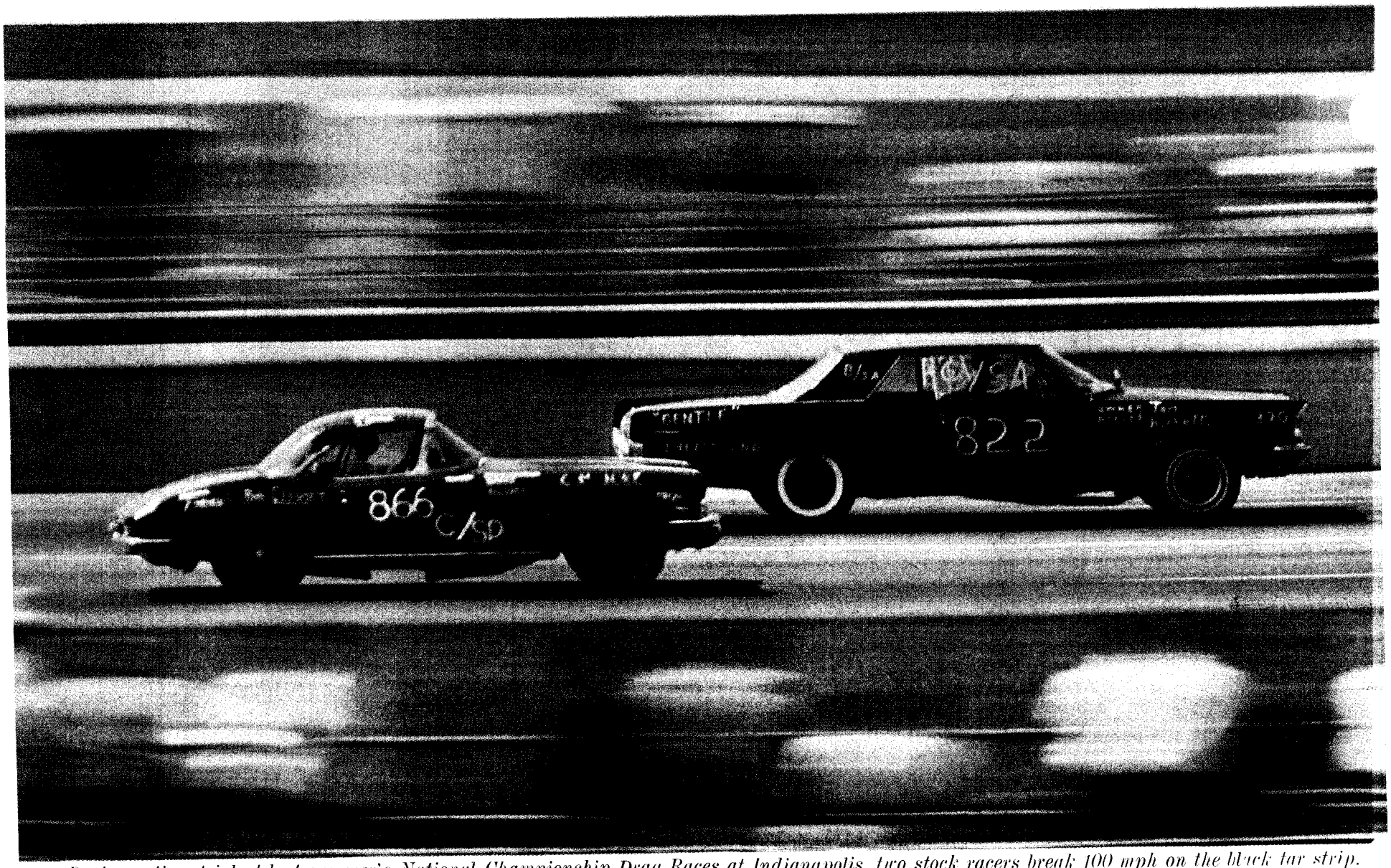
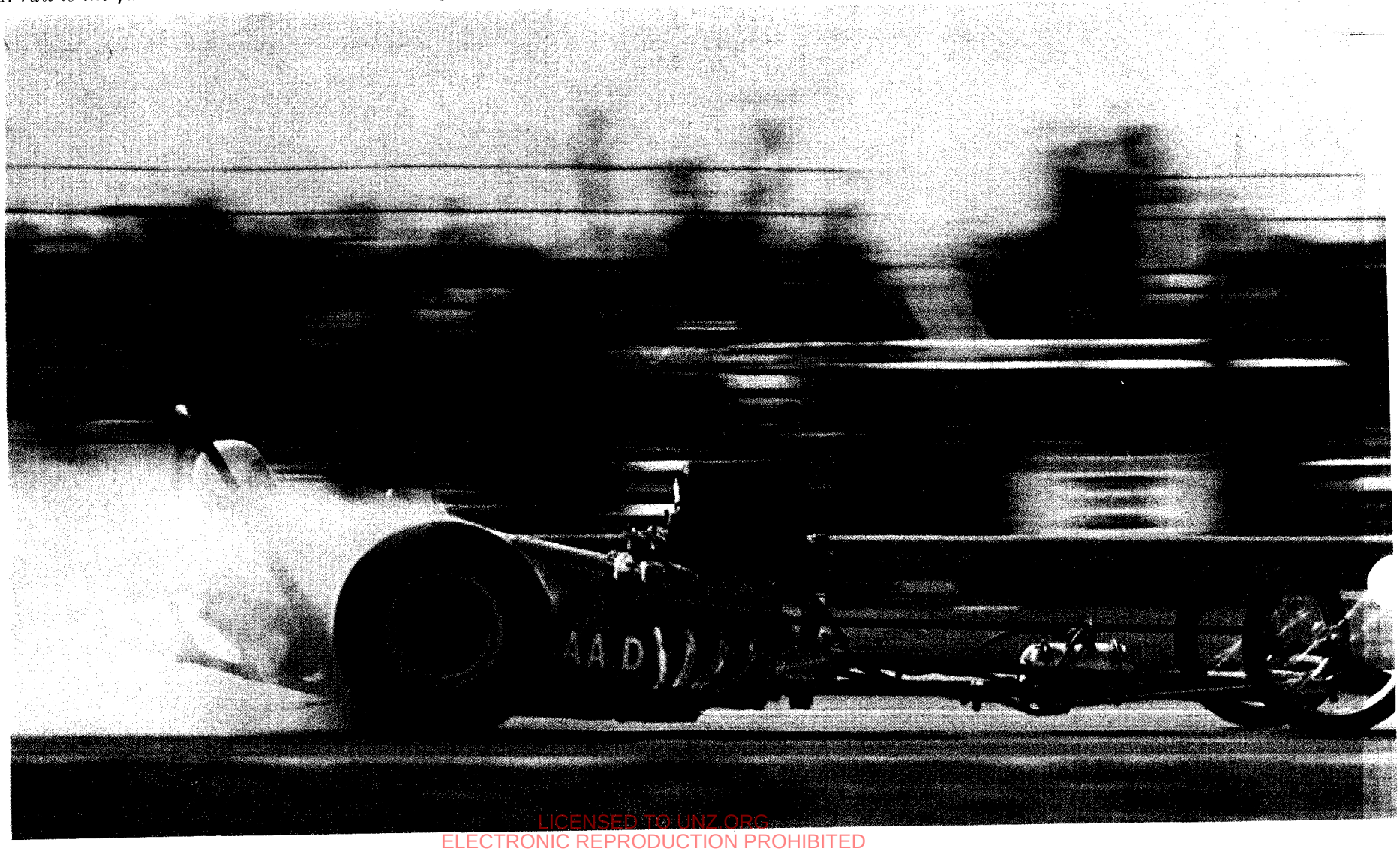


During a time trial at last summer's National Championship Drag Races at Indianapolis, two stock racers break 100 mph on the black tar strip.

A rail is the fastest hot rod known to man or boy. Here is one—slick rear tires screeching smoke—driving toward a quarter-mile speed of 180 mph.



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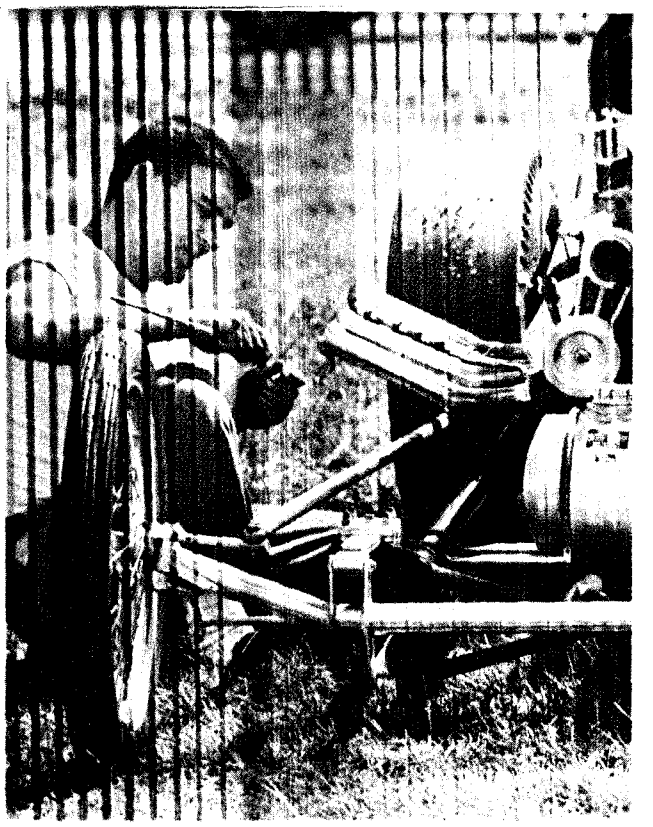
Photographs by Lawrence Schiller



Hot rods or cars for a Sunday afternoon, the same things need repair. In this case, as in so many, it's spark plugs.

Clutches may still fly apart occasionally, and some of the wild drivers remain, but law, order and organization have finally come to the sport of hot rodding.

SEDANS, RAILS AND GASSERS

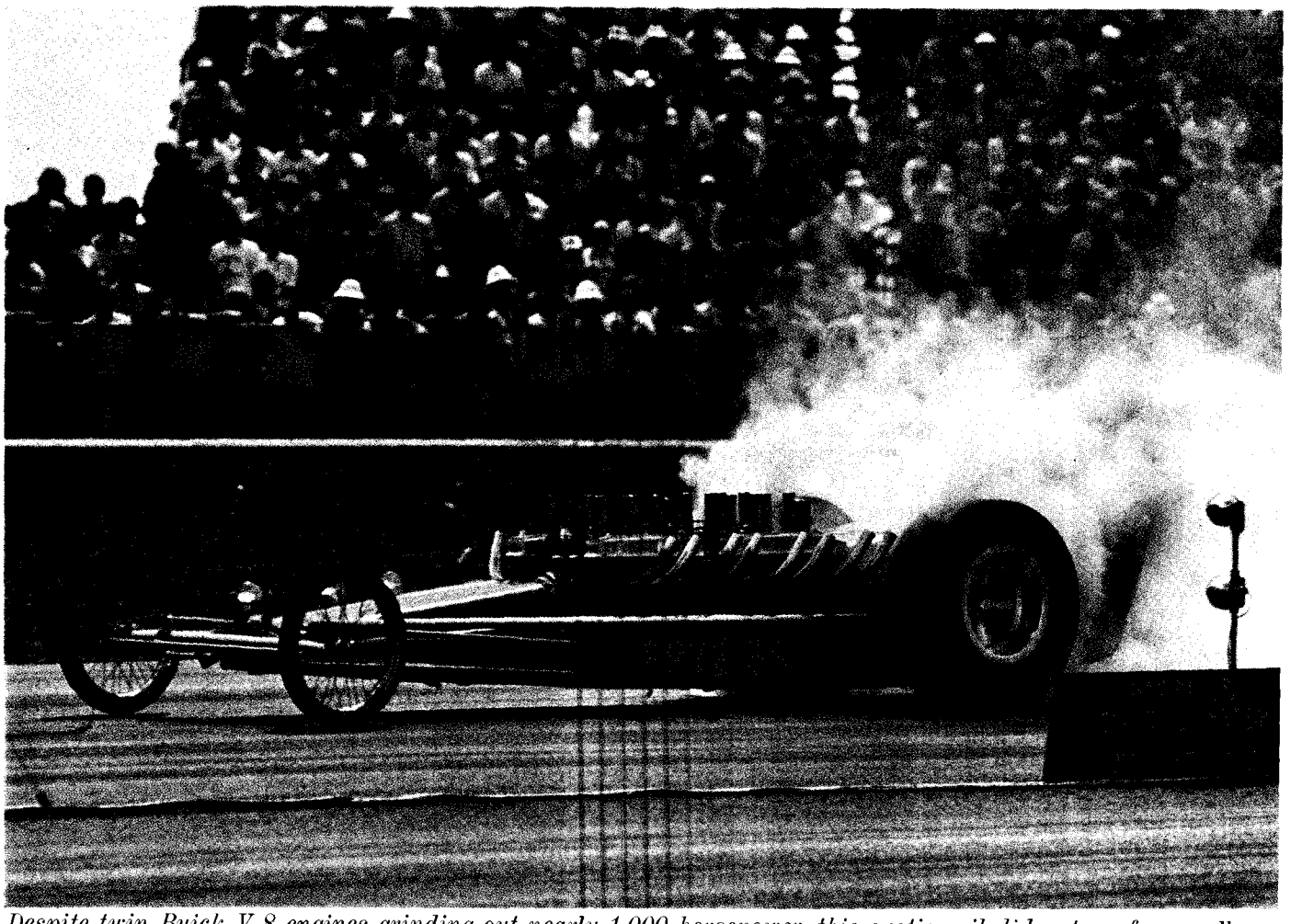
Drag racing used to be greasy kid stuff. The grease was imbedded under the fingernails of competitors. The kid stuff was irrational rebellion against society and sanity, which took such forms as thunderous hot-rod races down public highways at midnight.

But as next month's Winter Nationals at Pomona, Calif., approaches, the tenor of the sport has changed.

The National Hot Rod Association, founded and directed by Wally Parks, makes major efforts to see that hot rodding is safe. The association sanctions 2,500 clubs and supervises 120 drag-racing strips and insists on roll bars, asbestos suits, face masks and inspections of competing cars. It also requires that clutch flywheels, which at 10,000 rpm may fly apart like shrapnel, be shielded by heavy-gauge metal. The sport even has its own magazine, *Hot Rod*, with 650,000 monthly sales.

Racing down a quarter-mile straightaway, sedans, which are charged-up family cars, can hit 145 mph. Gassers, still more modified, can hit 170. And rails, cars consisting of engines, bicycle wheels up front and little else, have hit 180.

Naturally, such noisy excitement still attracts a number of wild youngsters, but, the N.H.R.A. reports, the average hot rodder today is 26 years old and married. Some of the grease is gone too. "You see," one club spokesman says, "a lot of the guys keep their hands clean by using their wives to work in the pits."



Despite twin Buick V-8 engines grinding out nearly 1,000 horsepower, this exotic rail did not perform well.

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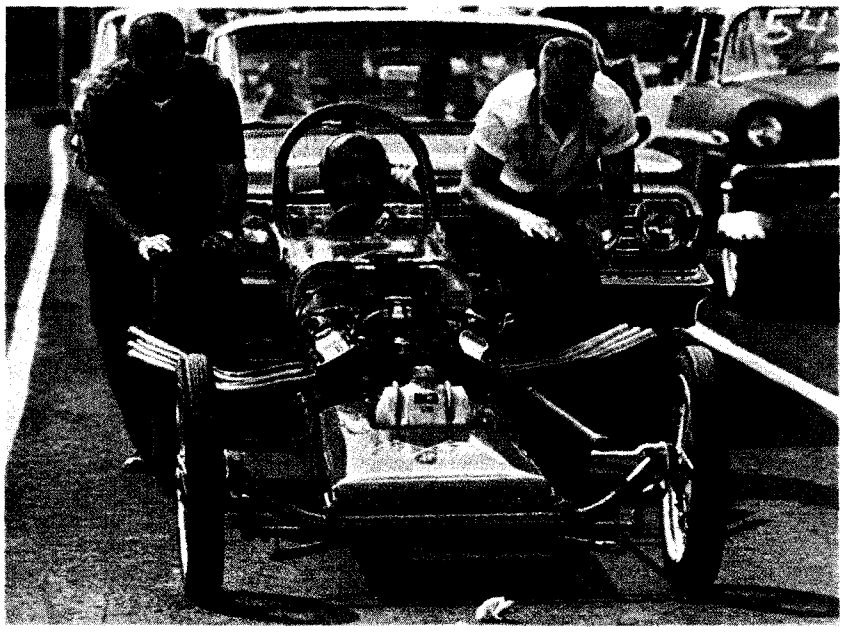
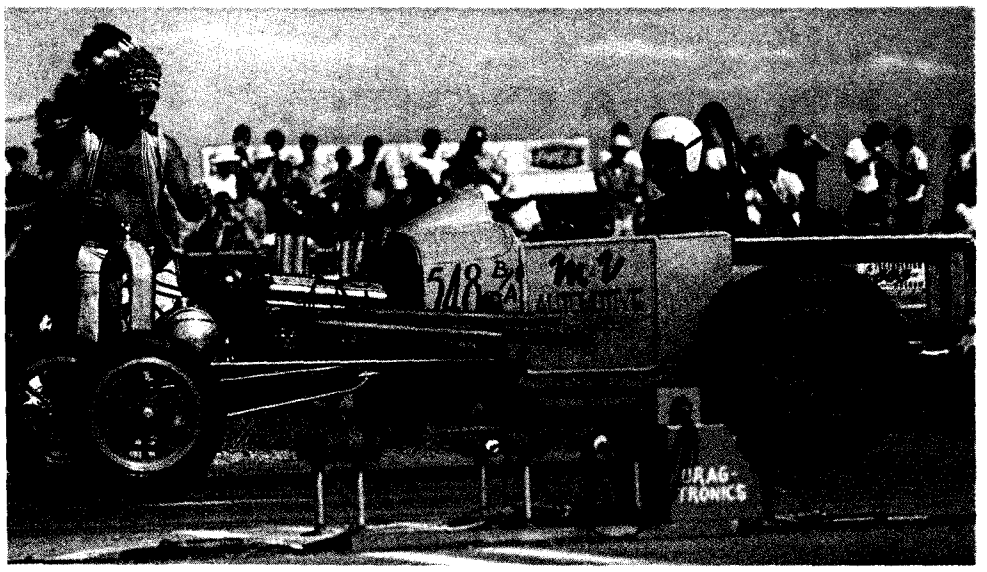
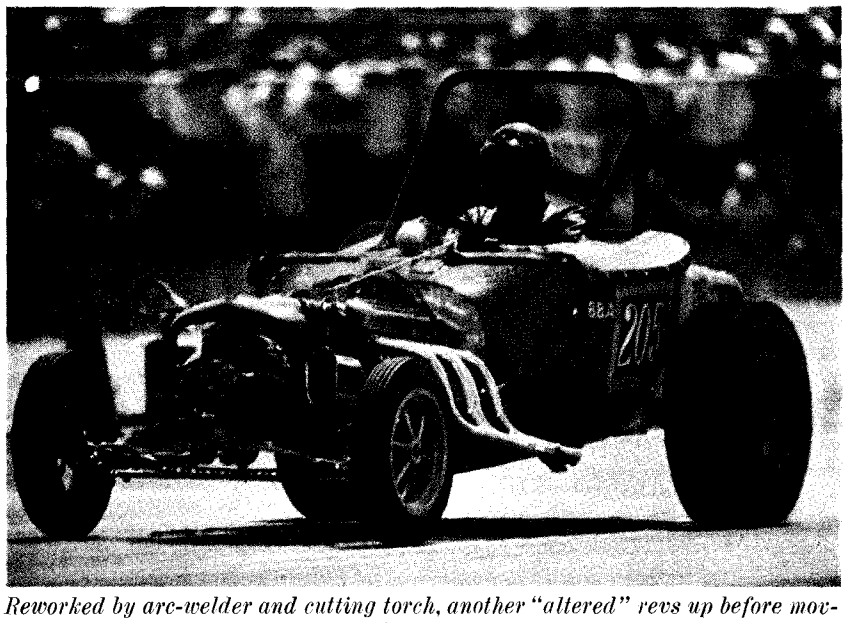
Strange assortment of cars with a single dedication to a fast quarter mile.



With driver ready and push car standing by, racing-team members wipe the slick rear wheels of this gleaming dragster with gasoline to increase friction at the start.



An "altered" 1927 Model T Ford truck is lined up in electronic starting system. At start, the car breaks a light beam and triggers the automatic timing device.



Reworked by arc-welder and cutting torch, another "altered" revs up before moving into starting slot. This car was a Canadian entry at the 1963 National Drags.

A dragster owned and driven by Tony Nancy, a top-ranking nation

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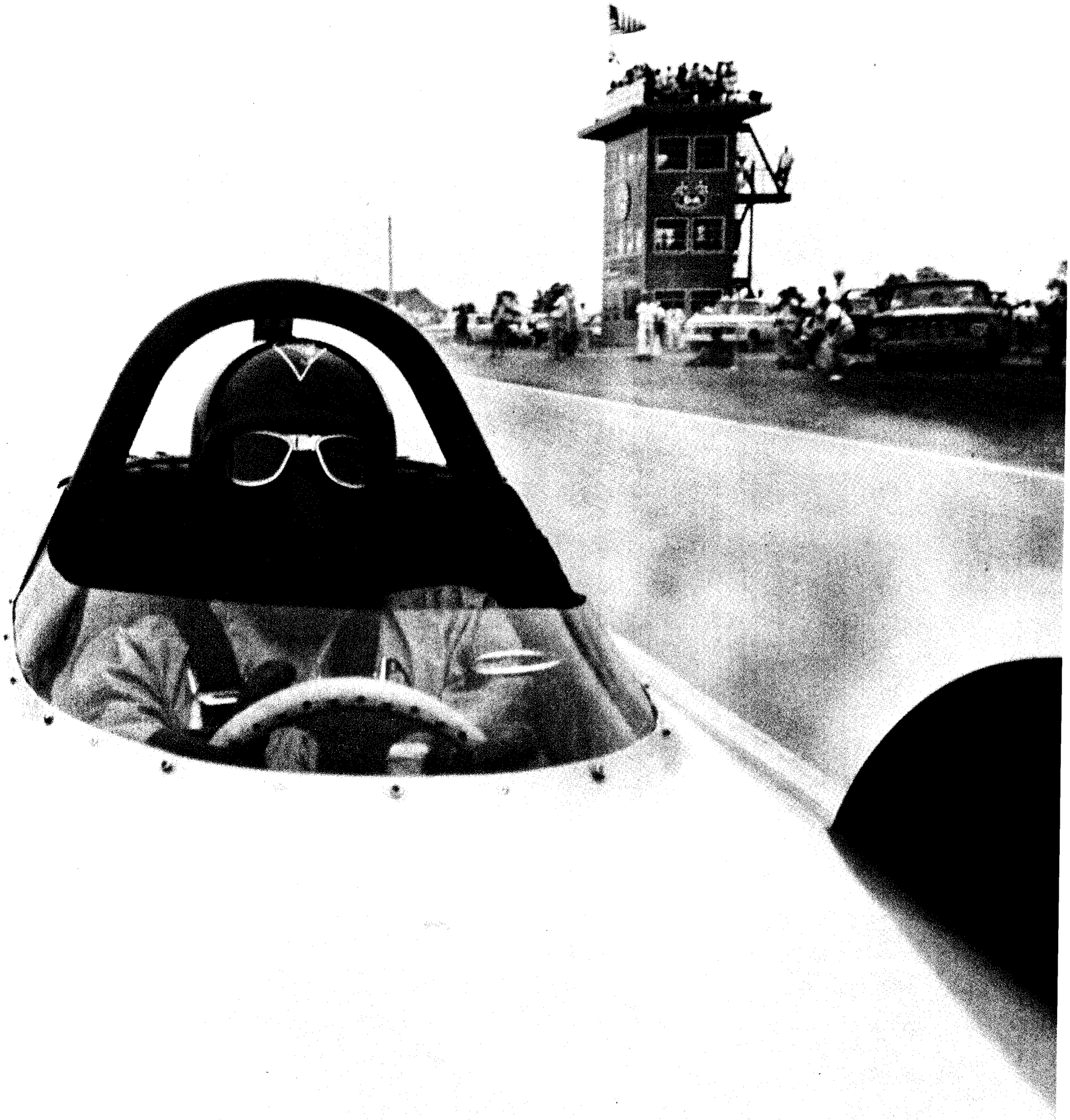

petitor, trails a cloud of smoke down the course as it accelerates away from the starting tower. Camera was mounted on the dragster's engine block.

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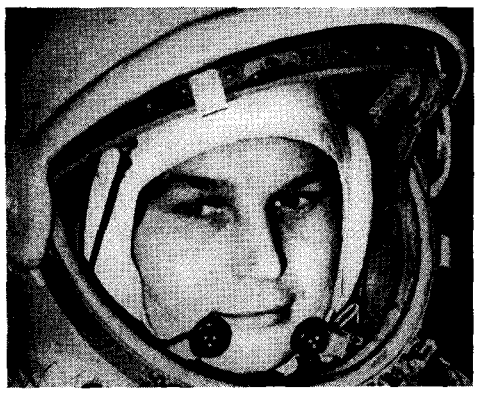
By Valentina Tereshkova

Three days in outer space

Orbiting the earth 48 times, Russia's woman cosmonaut sang songs, listened to the news on radio and watched the sun rise sixteen times a day.



Cosmonaut Tereshkova waiting for blast-off.

Handsome, 26-year-old Valentina Tereshkova, who spent much of her life in the obscurity of a Russian textile factory, today bears the distinction of being the first woman to brave the dangers of space flight. And her 48-orbit mission last summer was longer than that of all U.S. manned space shots combined. Since then she has traveled the world, appeared at the United Nations and married fellow-cosmonaut Andrian Nikolayev in the splashiest wedding Moscow has seen in years. Here, for the first time, she tells her own story of her historic flight last June 16.

This isn't an autobiography and still less is it a confession. It is the story of someone who, after she had carried out the task assigned her by her country, suddenly found herself the center of interest for a large number of people.

My introduction to the world of flying came through parachuting. There is a parachuting club in Yaroslavl, the town near Moscow where I had moved with my family after the war, and where I worked in a textile factory. I made my first jump on May 21, 1959, and became very keen on the sport.

After Yuri Gagarin's orbital flight on April 12, 1961, I began to think seriously about space flights. The new word "cosmonaut" fixed itself in the thoughts of all of us at the flying club. Then, in the autumn of 1961 a man came to visit us from Moscow. He gave no reason for his visit, but we vaguely guessed that it was somehow connected with the mysterious words, "space-flying." He held interviews with all of us. "What would you say if you were offered the chance to parachute more seriously?" he asked me. I remember I answered, "I would very much like to devote my whole life to aviation." Then he departed, leaving all of us in a state of intense excitement.

Shortly thereafter I received a cable that read "URGENT APPOINTMENT MOSCOW." It was an invitation from the board which selected space fliers.

I must confess that when I first joined the cosmonauts, I had the jitters badly. Two of them, Gagarin and Titov, were already world-famous heroes. They had all undergone a long and highly technical training. For them the "centrifugal chamber" and the "chamber of solitude" were everyday affairs, while I had only a few dozen parachute drops to my credit.

I met them for the first time after supper the very same evening that I arrived at the "Cosmonauts' City." Some of them were playing billiard and others were watching television. One of them was doing sketches. As soon as they saw me, they came up to greet me, asking me to sit down in a comfortable armchair. After a short silence and a few general remarks, we began to get acquainted. Soon it seemed as if we had known each other for ages.

On the whole my training program differed little from that of the men. The most difficult part of the program in my case was the physical and not the intellectual side. I've always had a strong constitution, and nobody can say that I've ever lacked nerve. Nevertheless, when we did physical training, things never went as I would have wished them. In particular, my springboard exercises and my jumping were always mediocre. People tried to minimize my poor performances, but I knew that my trainers for a long time considered me an "improbable" candidate among the girl volunteers.

If I were asked what were the most remarkable occurrences before the flight, I would say that one of them was an interview I had with the chief designer of our spacecraft, an interview which took place after the dual flights of Andrian Nikolayev and Pavel Popovich in the summer of 1962. "It's up to you girls now," he said. "The flights of Vostok Three and Vostok Four have proven not only that our spaceships can fly for long periods but that we can send up two or more of

At World Women's Conference in Kremlin, Valentina returns applause, Russian style.

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Cosmonauts Tereshkova and Nikolayev exchange rings in Moscow wedding. Khrushchev toasted couple, "May you have radar to avoid the obstacles of life."

these manned vessels at a time. Space flights to other planets will last months, perhaps even years. Such a flight would be very difficult for a man to undertake on his own." And he added, half-smiling, "he would also be very bored—unless he had a woman companion."

I left for the launching site in Baikonur, Kazakhstan, on May 27. It was a very moving experience for me, and I wanted to share it with my mother, who worried constantly about my well-being. Her life was given over entirely to me and my older brother and younger sister, especially after my father had died at the front, when she was only 27. There was no time to see her in Yaroslavl before I left for Baikonur, and I had to speak to her on the telephone.

I didn't breathe a word to her about my space flight. I said instead that I was undergoing training with the National Parachuting Team with a view to competing in a forthcoming championship. She didn't quite believe me. Little did she know that her suspicions would be confirmed a couple of weeks later on the night of June 14. Once, when I had gone home to Yaroslavl with a blue weal on my face, I told mother that I had received it while doing a double jump, and that my partner, Valery Bykovsky, had inadvertently kicked me. My mother didn't forget this, and she spent a sleepless night on the 14th of June, when she heard that Bykovsky had just been launched into space!

My launching, which took place two days after Bykovsky's, was both smooth and thrilling. The spacecraft itself was very impressive: Its size was in part obscured by the finish and the elegance of its lines, and only when I was right underneath it could I see how enormous it really was.

Once inside the cabin of the capsule, I heard the voice of Yuri Gagarin. "Gull! Gull! This is Dawn!" he said, and then he asked me how I felt.

"Dawn, I'm fine," I replied, which was the truth. I felt that I was the delegate of all the women of the world. I was very proud.

The word "start" was called out at 0930 G.M.T.

The music of departure begins with a low note, a sort of muffled throbbing like the rumble of distant thunder. The rocket shuddered, the throbbing grew louder, its note grew higher and more ringing in tone. All of a sudden I heard my own voice call out, "That's it, I'm off!" and on the radio of the capsule's cabin I could hear continually the friendly voice of "Dawn" calling me. "The rocket is functioning beautifully. The flight is absolutely perfect." Never for an instant during the flight of 1.25 million miles did my colleagues on earth break off radio contact with me.

I soon felt the wonderful sensation of passing into a state of weightlessness. It takes place without any inconvenience. You suddenly feel very light in your hands and feet, which begin to move around almost without effort on your part. And the spaceship responds very lightly to the touch. It is very pleasant to think that such a huge and intricate machine obeyed the least movement of my hands.

Entering the shadow of the earth is an unforgettable sight. I can still see vividly this picture in my mind, a picture lit up by all the colors of the rainbow. One passes along from one color to another, slowly, and in the order of their appearance in the spectrum. Lines of blue in all their brilliance pass first before your eyes. These turn to vivid orange, then to green with a touch of yellow. Next the heavens turn black, and you can begin to see the stars, which appear as we see them down on earth. They are so far away from our planet that their size doesn't change, not even when we gaze upon them from far out in space.

I found it very pleasant to know that my friend Valery was only a mile or two away. Often, when we left the shadow of the earth, Valery and I would sing a song about the sunrise, because this part of the passage closely resembles the sunrise on the earth. Dark gray lines begin to grow lighter and then turn to vivid orange, and clouds are a light gray velvet. Such a scene is quite impossible to reproduce artificially on earth, even on the screen of the cinema.

Such were the joys of my first adventure into space. I say "first," because I have decided definitely to devote my life to the problems of space. The example of my friends who are already married with a family and yet continue to prepare for space flights to the distant planets has confirmed me in my intentions and my efforts. I hope to do as well as they. THE END

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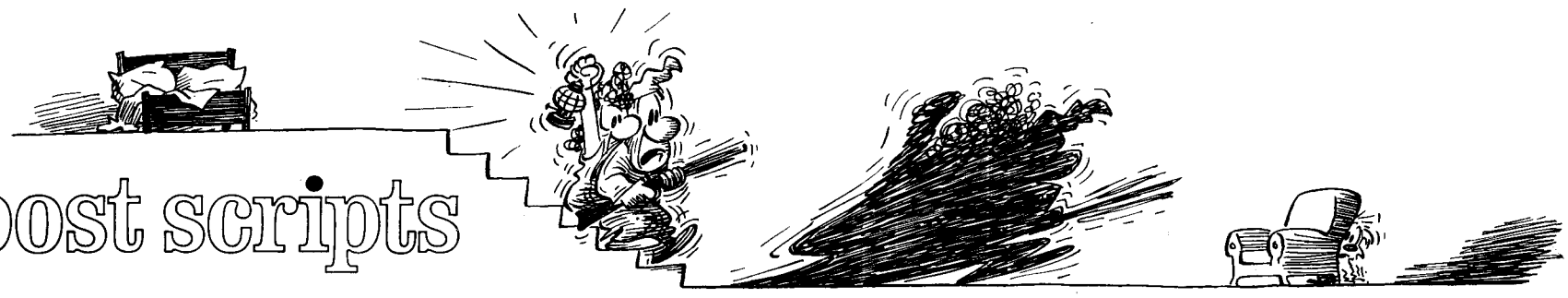
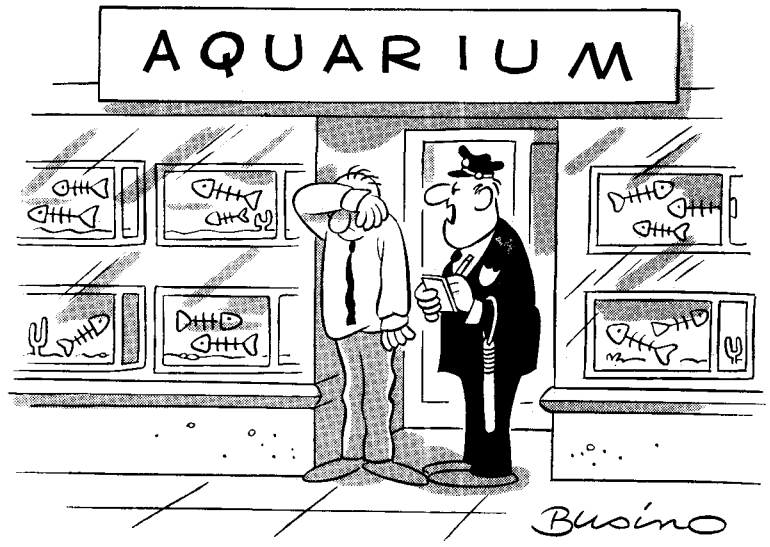
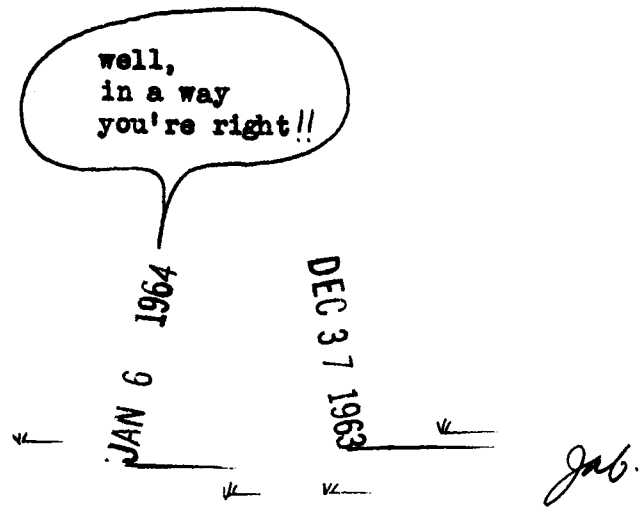
post scripts



"You don't owe me a thing, Mr. Brewer. I won twenty dollars from the kids!"

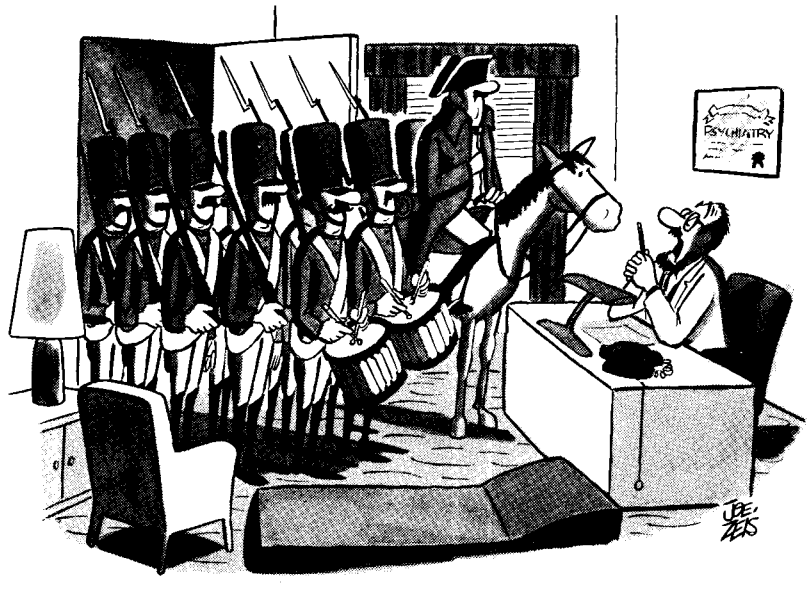


"Did you get a description of the cat?"



"He thinks you're a poodle."

"I am the ghost of Christmas past."



"This may require group therapy."

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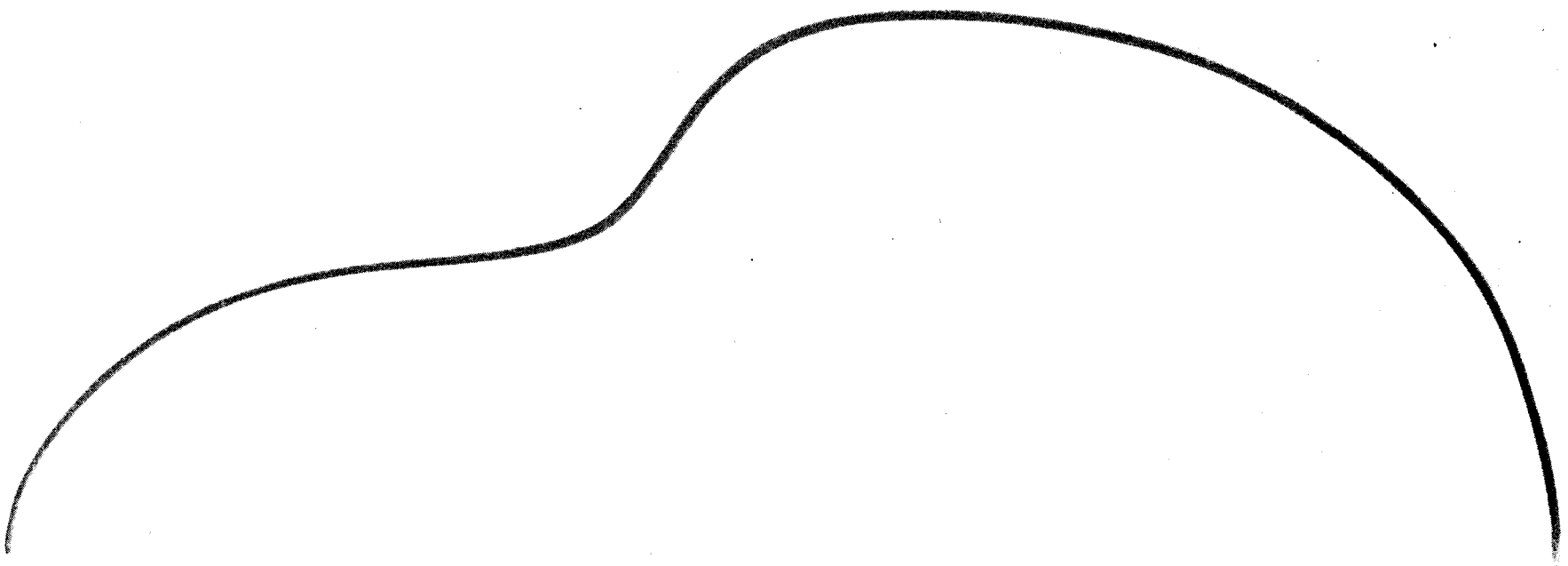

How much longer can we hand you this line?

Forever, we hope.

Because we don't ever intend to change the Volkswagen's shape.

We play by our own set of rules.

The only reason we change the VW is to make it work even better.

The money we don't spend on outside changes we do spend inside the car.

This system gives us an immense advantage: Time.

We have time to improve parts and still keep most of them interchangeable.

(Which is why it's so easy to get VW parts, and why VW mechanics don't wake up screaming.)

We have time to put an immense amount of hand work into each VW, and to finish each one like a $6,000 machine.

And this system has also kept the price almost the same over the years.

Some cars keep changing and stay the same.

Volkswagens stay the same and keep changing.

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Sister Smile plays favorite guitar.

By Alfred G. Aronowitz

The Swinging Nuns

A 27-year-old guitar-strumming Belgian nun has turned the pop recording world topsy-turvy and helped start a unique outpouring of holiday hits from the devout occupants of this nation's convents.

I was at a sales meeting in Chicago when they first played the record," recalled a former executive of the Philips record company. "You know, it was all rock and roll there, and all these hippies were sitting around with cigars in their mouths. And they'd be playing one record after another, with the horns honking and the singers screaming and the lyrics completely unintelligible, and the hippies with the cigars saying, 'Yeah, man, release that—yeah, put THAT record out.' And in the middle of all this comes this nun with this thin voice singing this simple song all in French. And the guys with the cigars, they sort of snickered and said, 'Yeah, that's OK, it's pretty stuff, but a nun, man, forget it.' You know, like, how could a *nun* make the charts?"

They're still smoking their cigars over at Philips, perhaps even with an added glow. Because not only has that 27-year-old Belgian nun made the charts but her record glorifying St. Dominic has hit No. 1 in *Billboard*, *Cashbox* and *Variety*, ahead of Jimmy Gilmer and the Fireballs, the Village Stompers and even Elvis Presley. With her thin voice and simple song, and the enigmatic pseudonym of Sister Smile, she has captured the ear of the American public and inspired an avalanche of sales for other singing-nun discs.

"Business was dead," one record-company executive recalls. "Then along came this singing nun. You should call her the swinging nun. Who in the world would have expected it? Look, I'm not a Catholic. I was brought up to believe that when you saw a nun, it meant bad luck. But this chick's no bad luck, believe me. She's dragging the customers back into the stores. She's reviving the whole industry. It's a miracle."

Within four weeks of its release in the U.S., Sister Smile's *Dominique* appeared on its way to the sale of one million copies. Her 12-inch album, *The Singing Nun*, is expected to surpass even that total. In fact, Philips executives believed *The Singing Nun* might become the best-selling musical album in history.

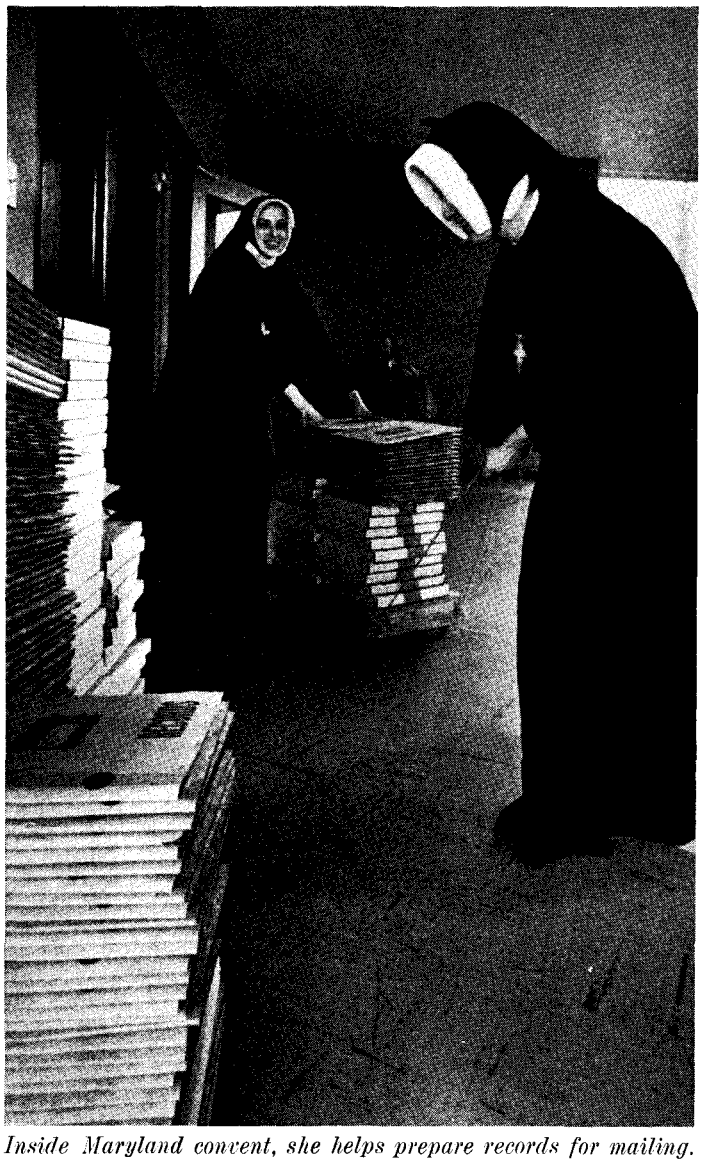
A number of other nuns sing for the pop-record market, although none writes her own songs, as Sister Smile does, and none has enjoyed her fantastic success. The Jesus and Mary Choral Group, of Hyattsville, Md., has five albums of standard popular songs in circulation, a contract with Columbia Records and a full-time "agent," Mother Mary Immaculata, who spends her spare time reading *Billboard*, the "Bible" of the recording industry. The Singing Sisters of Mount Saint Mary College in Newburgh, N.Y., have gained so much fame as the result of *Joy*, an album of pop tunes, that they recently signed to sing two of the album's 12 songs, *Maria* and *Seventy-six Trombones*, on the Mitch Miller TV show. There are, in fact, about one dozen groups of singing nuns from various American convents that already have issued albums or plan to do so—all of them to help raise money for new buildings. "As a fund-raising measure, this may start a new trend in the church," commented one record producer, himself a Catholic.

There have been many precedents for religious orders venturing into the commercial world to support their spiritual undertakings. Their products have included bread, jellies, wine and cheese. This marks the first time, however, that nuns have sung popular tunes in pub

"It was a step that marked a departu in many ways," explains Father John C. Cannon, the youthful assistant pastor at Saint Monica's Church in New York, who was instrumental in helping the Mount Saint Mary group produce its album. "This whole tendency that is developing is very much along the lines advocated in a book by Belgium's Leo Cardinal Suenens, *The Nun in the World.* Cardinal Suenens, one of the leading progressives at the Ecumenical Council, suggests that the nun not be separated from the world as she always has been in the past."

The appearance of the guitar-playing Sister Smile illustrates this concept. In the red-brick, turreted Fichermont Convent at Waterloo, 15 miles from Brussels, Sister Smile is having a difficult time trying to avoid her fame. NBC wants her for a TV documentary. Ed Sullivan plans to present her on video tape. Magazines keep ringing the convent telephone. With a solemn, pudgy face, a beaked nose that looks deceptively ominous, and glasses over her restrained blue eyes, she refuses interviews and generally avoids photographers. "It is not my aim to become a singing star," she says. "I only want to serve my order." P. J. Lubbink, director of recording at the Philips studio in Brussels, doesn't even know how much longer s' will continue making records for hi When she finishes her training as a Dominican missionary nun, she probably will be assigned a teaching post in the Congo. Until then she studies at the University of Louvain and works in heavy peasant shoes and a gray apron on the convent farm, where she cleans sugar beets with a big knife.

Mother Mary Immaculata reads "Bible" of record business.



Inside Maryland convent, she helps prepare records for mailing.

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Mother Marie Laetitia conducts Jesus and Mary Choral Group. Record-making is not allowed to interfere with religious regimen of 17-member choir.

Her name actually is Sister Luc-Gabrielle. She was given the pseudonym *Soeur Sourire*—Sister Smile—to protect her identity when Philips announced its intention to turn her into a recording star. The daughter of a pastry-shop owner in a suburb of Brussels, she had been a teacher in secular life, majoring in art and also studying music. She entered the convent in 1959, carrying with her an old Spanish guitar bedecked with white ribbons. The guitar, she explained to her startled superiors, was called "Sister Adèle" and was about to begin its novitiate too.

It was the teen-age girls on retreat at Fichermont who ultimately put Sister Smile into the record business. When the girls organized campfires in the evenings, Sister Smile serenaded them, singing *Dominique* and other religious songs which she had written. When the girls began to ask for recordings of the songs, Sister Smile taped several and drove into Brussels with the mistress of novices, looking for a shop that would press a few hundred records. Somehow they ended up at the Philips recording studio, where enchanted officials wound up pressing more than a million records, all of which were sold on the European market. Philips of Europe subsequently offered the recording to Philips of America.

The appearance of Sister Smile at the summit of the U.S. pop-record charts is, of course, incongruous. Not only is her *Dominique* a departure from the sensual rhythms and uninhibited melodies that characterize contemporary popular music, but since she sings in French, most of the audience do not understand her. Several explanations of this phenomenon have been attempted. For one thing, record manufacturers point out that Sister Smile made her appearance during the holiday season, when the public traditionally turns toward "inspirational" music. For another, her records have received such strong support from Catholics that *Dominique* is even being plugged in parochial schools. In addition, the teen-agers, who make up the bulk of the single-record-buying market, have discovered in *Dominique* a new and unique sound. "It's a gas," explained B. Mitchell Reed, a disc jockey on New York's radio station WMCA. "Here all these kids are digging the song, they're lapping it up as a nice, sweet and tender kid song, and all the time what she's doing is singing a set of lyrics that glorifies Saint Dominic."

Sister Smile's success has touched off a minor stampede of companies trying to sign up nuns for themselves. The only one with a contract so far is Columbia Records, which has issued promotional leaflets declaring, "We've got the original." The leaflets refer to the Jesus and Mary Choral Group.

"Well, I suppose we are," said Mother Mary Immaculata, the *Billboard*-reading nun who is in charge of record production at the Jesus and Mary convent. "We already had an album out and were quite well-known by the time Sister Sourire came on the scene."

Founded in France in 1818 by Claudine Thevenet, the Religious of Jesus and Mary is a teaching and missionary order. Most members of the 17-voice Hyattsville choir are novices or postulates between 18 and 25, and their vocal activities are not allowed to interfere in any way with the strict regimen of a nun's life. Mother Immaculata, almost hidden behind a desk-top clutter, handles all the business arrangements, talks to the lawyers, sets up the recording sessions, hires the musicians, fills mail orders and, since she is a former journalism student, writes the press releases.

"We have a single coming out too," says Mother Immaculata. "It's a Swiss folk tune called *The Walking Song*, and it has *Chantez, Chantez* on the flip side. Oh, you're laughing because I said 'flip side.' I knew that would get you. You should hear me talk to some of my disc-jockey friends about my putting them on our prayola list."

Mother Immaculata's choir got into the record business entirely on its own. Faced with the necessity of raising funds to build a novitiate in 1960, the sisters decided to issue a record and sell it privately.

"For our first album we rented a recording studio in Washington," said Mother Marie Laetitia, a 26-year-old former dance-band vocalist who is director of the Jesus and Mary Choral Group. "Every time we got there, there was a group of hillbillies also recording, and they would look at us as though we were people from Mars or something."

Mother Immaculata started out by merchandising the first Jesus and Mary album from a card table set up in a convent hallway. "This happened in November," she said, "and we sold ten thousand records before Christmas. Then various articles began to appear about us in Catholic newspapers, and we began to get thousands of orders through the mail. So now, as you see, we're not in the hallway anymore. We moved into a parlor, and we have all this equipment." She gestured toward a green electric typewriter. "We also have two desks," she said, "an addressing machine, a mimeograph, an inserting machine, a tying machine and, of course"—and she laughed—"an adding machine. We're really operating a small mail-order business, although it's pretty much of a one-man operation. Well, I mean one-nun."

The first album of the Jesus and Mary Choral Group soon attracted the attention of Columbia Records. For the second Jesus and Mary album, Columbia sent a sound-recording crew to the convent where the chapel was used as a studio. To insure silence, Mother Immaculata posted signs saying WALK WITH WINGS.

The success of the Jesus and Mary Choral Group soon began to attract the attention of other convents in need of building funds. As Mother Laetitia points out, all nuns sing as part of their daily religious life. One of the letters seeking advice came from Mount Saint Mary College in Newburgh.

"We needed money to finance new buildings on the grounds," explained Sister Jeanne D'Arc, music director at Mount Saint Mary's. "So Mother M. Leo Vincent, who is mother-general of our order, had read about the Maryland group, and she asked me if we could make a record too." To learn how to get into the music business, the Mount Saint Mary nuns decided to contact Mitch Miller. Miller, in charge of artists and repertoire at Columbia Records, not only advised them how to go about it but he also financed them. "He supplied the studio, he supplied the technicians, and he also bought the first ten thousand records," said Sister Jeanne D'Arc. "He paid for them and we sold them."

Today the singing sisters of Mount Saint Mary have earned more than $100,000 to pay for their buildings. Sister Smile's estimated royalties amount to more than $200,000, with all of it earmarked for missionary work. Mother Immaculata of the Jesus and Mary Choral Group is reluctant to discuss figures, but perhaps she speaks for all of the singing nuns when she says, "I don't think the amount of money is important. Look, I'm in the record business, but I'm a religious first." THE END

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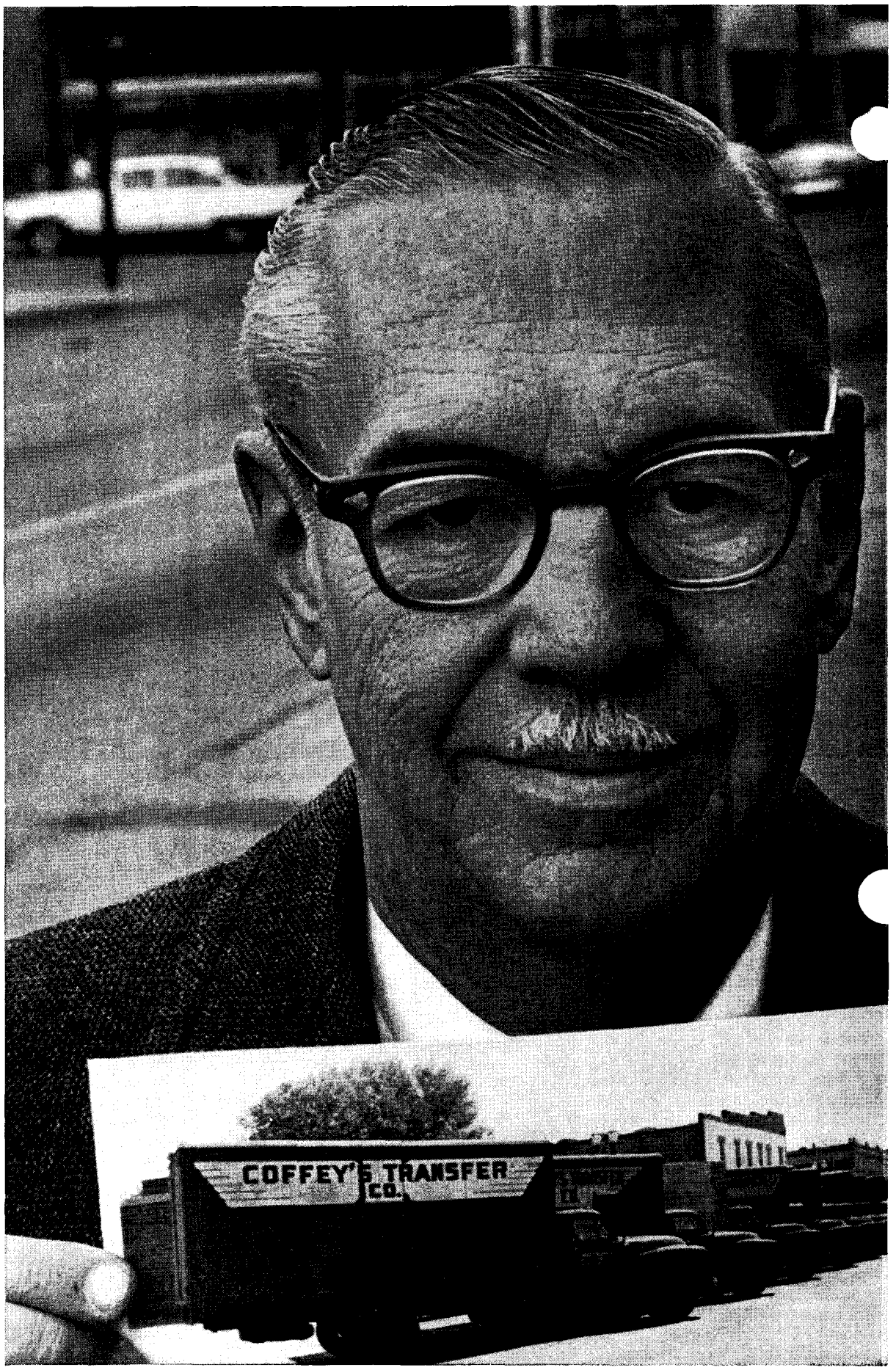

Ex-trucker Tom Coffey, on the main street of Sidney, Nebr., holds a picture of trucks he once owned.

MY PRIVATE WAR WITH HOFFA

This small trucker defied labor goons and an illegal boycott rather than sign a Teamster contract, but his courage cost him his business.

By Tom Coffey

When I read these days about Jimmy Hoffa's drive to negotiate a nationwide trucking contract for his Brotherhood of Teamsters, I can't help thinking of my own war with Hoffa which lasted nearly 17 years. Jimmy has come a long way since I first met him. Not only is he pressing to control all trucking everywhere in the United States; he also wants $600 million in wages and benefits over the next three years for his 1.5 million Teamsters—already the biggest, richest (assets of one billion dollars) and most powerful union in the nation. If Jimmy Hoffa gets his way, he could easily strangle the country with a nationwide strike.

The stakes in my war with Hoffa weren't that big, but they were everything I had. I'd started with a single, battered four-wheel International during the great depression and I'd built a truck line that gave 35 families a good living. I had 25 big red Coffey Transfer rigs rolling freight in and out of 90 Nebraska and Kansas towns, and our $100,000 payroll was the biggest thing in Alma, Nebr., my hometown. But we didn't have a union, and I felt that if Hoffa came after me, he could drive me to my knees with a contract I just couldn't afford.

I was afraid for another reason. There were two bitter Teamster strikes in the Midwest in the late 1930's and early 1940's, and I saw the shootings, bombings and the head-busting. I saw windshields knocked out with railroad spikes, and I knew what a tablespoonful of sugar in the gas tank did to a truck engine. You didn't buck the Teamsters unless you were ready to risk everything.

Then, one day in 1947, it came my turn under the muzzle. I had a load of butter tied up in Lincoln; the Teamsters refused to move it and so it sat there on a loading dock. My phone rang the next day and an official at Teamster headquarters in Omaha said, "Coffey, we're going to organize you." A few days later Jimmy Hoffa came down from Detroit, and for two days we sat around a smoke-filled hotel room.

I can see him now, sitting there with his coat off, his tie open, his shirt sleeves rolled back and his mouth going. He took time to impress me and my lawyer with how tough he was, describing his first days as an organizer when he battled cops, strike-breakers and bosses.

"I always gave as good as I got," he said simply.

He was obviously moving to consolidate Teamster strength, to build a power base in the Central States Conference (12 states) from which he would rise to

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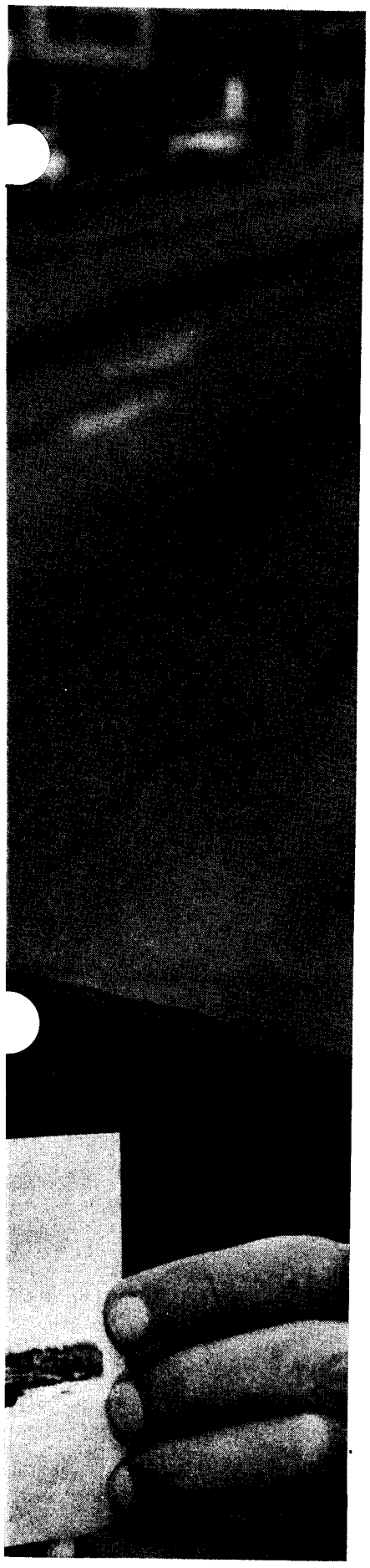

the union presidency, then held by Dan Tobin. He'd singled me out, I had heard, because I had the reputation of being an independent cuss, and if he could "scare Old Man Coffey into signing," the other small operators might fall in line too.

The "peddle trucker"—carrying freight ɔor to door rather than from terminal to terminal—is especially vulnerable to labor trouble, because he works on a small profit margin and depends on volume to stay alive. Any interruption of his business cripples him while his competition grabs up his business. Added to this, peddle operators ship interstate through larger companies, the over-the-road outfits. This is called "interlining." When the Teamsters open war on a trucker, they often put out the word that he's in wrong with union people; his cargo is "hot." Suddenly the other lines refuse to do business with him. This is the illegal secondary boycott. It's also economic blackmail.

"You know," I said to Hoffa, "the two of us started driving rigs and worked our way up. We're on opposite sides of the table now, but we both still want the same things for the industry."

His answer came like a crack between the eyes. "There's no room for the small operator anymore," he said. "One day the Teamsters will negotiate a nationwide contract with a committee of not more than ten big-line truckers."

The fear of being caught in this squeeze between the Teamsters and the big lines ruined my sleep. My trucks bounced from town to town servicing small businesses. My men were paid for an eight-hour day, but the Teamsters wanted a dual-scale contract with the peddle driver paid by the mile for driving and by the hour for unloading. Because we had no way of knowing how long a man would spend unloading, this would have made us vulnerable to padding and featherbedding.

Most of the big operators, who haul only from terminal to terminal in large cities, weren't affected by this provision, so they allowed the union to write it into the Central States contract, knowing full well what it would do to the little truckers like Coffey Transfer.

I wanted no part of that contract, but I felt that Hoffa could wreck my company, one way or another, if he wanted to. So, when he offered me a three-year contract without the featherbedding clause, and promised that I could renegotiate it when it expired, I signed. I thought my labor troubles were over.

I learned better—and learned how Jimmy Hoffa keeps his word—when our contract ran out three years later. Teamster headquarters told me: "Hoffa isn't happy. He says we're gaining nothing with your contract." I was given an ultimatum: Sign the regular Central States contract, and pay for featherbedding, or get ready for a strike. My answer was to send back the union cards belonging to my men.

For the next few weeks I drove to work each morning half expecting to find pickets, meaning that I'd been hit with a phony strike. But the threat passed. I heard through the grapevine that Hoffa was too busy for small potatoes.

It was five years before we heard from the Teamsters again, and my men were just as pleased to be nonunion. They were independent types, mostly from farm backgrounds. Moreover, these men weren't just my drivers; they were neighbors, and some of us served together on the school board and the town council. Where I could, I tried to make life easier for them. If they needed a down payment on a house, if there was another baby coming or if someone needed an operation, they could get an interest-free loan. And, whenever we got an increase in freight rates, all the employees received pay increases.

In those five years our volume increased each year, and I found time to serve on the governor's highway advisory committee, to become mayor of Alma and to spend a term in the state legislature as a senator.

Then, in the spring of 1955, smooth-talking Teamster organizers driving good-looking cars came around, and I knew the honeymoon was over. When they left, after six weeks, I got a registered letter saying Teamsters Local 554 in Omaha represented my employees.

"Prove it," I said, challenging them to bring me pledge cards with a bona fide signature of each man they claimed to represent. Toward the end of August, three Teamster officers came to my office with seven cards. In addition to other employees, I had 22 drivers working in Alma, Omaha, Lincoln and Holdrege, but they had pledges only from one man in Lincoln, four in Omaha and two in Alma—both of whom denied signing the cards.

I pointed out that under the law they must have signatures from 51 percent of the men before they could claim to speak for them and demand a contract.

"We're organizing from the top down," one of them said. "We don't have time to fool with the little companies."

Now I got mad. "If you push me, I'll demand a consent election with the National Labor Relations Board."

They laughed at me. "We'll strangle your operation before you ever get an election," they said. "We'll throw up a picket line, and you'll be broke before a single vote is counted."

I said I'd take my chances, and that simply and finally ended our meeting.

One morning a few days later I reached the office and found a fire-red Cadillac convertible parked on the street. A blubbery pug, weighing more than 300 pounds, was waiting inside. He said his name was Barney Baker, that he was in charge of Teamster organizing in the state and then he *told* me, in rich Brooklynese, "I'm holding a meeting of your men on the dock at ten A.M."

Ten o'clock was one of our busiest times, an hour when we'd be fighting to get out freight orders. "Not on my time you're not holding any meetings," I said. "Why don't you just leave?"

I took him by the arm and though I'm six-feet-two and 225 pounds, I felt stunted alongside him. To my surprise, he left without a word of protest.

"Don't you know who that was?" my brother Glen asked me later. "Barney Baker is Hoffa's Number One labor goon. You're lucky he didn't break up the office."

Baker, I learned, was a former prizefighter and longshoreman, an ex-convict who began a notorious career as a union troublemaker in New York in the 1930's. He became known as a specialist in stink-bomb throwing, was shot and wounded in a gang war in 1936 and later left town in a rush after a longshore hiring boss was murdered. When Robert F. Kennedy was chief counsel to the Senate Rackets Committee, he summed up

During a recess in the Senate rackets hearings of 1958, Jimmy Hoffa (right) confers on Senate Office Building stairs with ex-convict Teamster "organizer" Barney Baker.

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Barney Baker by saying his presence in a meeting was sufficient to squelch opposition to whatever Hoffa proposed.

My brother explained that Baker recently had been doing Teamster dirty work in Kansas City and Wichita and now was headquartered in Omaha. We knew we'd better be careful.

The morning of September 22, 1955, Glen, who ran our Omaha office, found three of the seven men who worked there picketing outside. I immediately fired the men as illegal strikers and hired others, and we kept the trucks rolling. There were no pickets at Alma, Lincoln or Holdrege—only at Omaha—but the union claimed to have an "imaginary picket line" around all our operations.

Within three days, imported labor goons appeared and began their campaign of harassment, obviously intended to scare us into signing their contract. There were six and sometimes eight of them, and they sat in cars parked around the Omaha terminal. They often blocked the driveway. Then in full view of the passing traffic they would clean their shotguns. When they were questioned, they said it was hunting season and they were getting ready to do some shooting. If one of our trucks pulled away, they'd follow. If it stopped to pick up or unload freight, they would picket the terminal. None of this did our business any good.

Beefy Barney Baker was directing this crew. He told the newspapers the Teamsters were striking for recognition, boasted that the Teamsters had a $36 million strike fund and claimed, "We're waging a clean fight."

The second week of the strike marked the start of the violence. We had tires punctured with ice picks then. We had wiring torn out of motors. We had air hoses wadded with paper so brakes would fail. We had threatening phone calls to drivers' wives. Calls like, "If you want your Johnny to get home from that junior high school at three-thirty today, you better tell your old man to stop driving for Coffey."

Trucking is a 24-hour business, and I always kept a phone alongside the bed. Calls in the middle of the night had never bothered me, but the ones I got now were different. The phone would ring, I'd pick it up and there would be no one on it. Then I'd lie awake in the darkness and think about what was going on in other areas. I read of fires and dynamitings in Texas. In Tennessee, a trucker was shot at 20 times. A terminal was raided in Ohio, and $4,000 worth of truck tires were slashed.

I sent protest telegrams to the governor and mayor of Omaha, demanding protection. All I got from this was a little sympathy and a few paragraphs in the Omaha papers. A police official admitted to me, "What the Teamsters are doing to you, they could do to any business in Nebraska, and we couldn't stop them."

One night my wife and I were sitting home watching television with the two youngest of our three daughters when there was a loud noise, like a rock (or a bomb?) hitting against the front porch. I turned out the lights and rushed the women to the back of the house. I turned on our yard lights and waited. I heard nothing but the sounds of the night, and then I felt like a fool. Maybe it was just some kids being funny, but you can't be sure when you're fighting a labor war.

Another time one of my Alma drivers had a railroad spike thrown at him from a speeding car. It struck the trailer over the cab, scarring the sheet steel.

"If it hit the windshield," the driver said, pointing at the imprint, "no telling what would have happened."

Early in October the Teamsters threw up a secondary boycott, and overnight the other truckers stopped giving us freight. Our truck would pull up to a warehouse, but there wouldn't be any load for it. A shipping clerk told one of my men, "As far as I'm concerned, you Coffey fellows are not in business."

When I called these truckers, most of whom were old friends and had done business with me 20 or more years, I got the same excuses. "Sorry, Tom. I don't dare go along with you. You know how it is; they'll strike me in Chicago or Kansas City if I interline with you."

This was hard to take from old friends, but they were right in their estimation of how hot the Teamsters were ready to make it for those few who remained loyal to us. One of my closest friends in the industry, Ralph Darling, conscientiously tried to give us business until the Teamsters closed down the Darling Transfer Terminal in Kansas City, claiming there was an "unsettled grievance" there. The terminal manager then had to call Teamster headquarters in Detroit and promise not to ship with Coffey.

When I complained to Barney Baker that the boycott was illegal, he snarled, "That's too damn bad. Wars are started illegally too. My orders are you're to sign a contract." I told him to go to hell.

Within two weeks of the boycott, our interline business dropped to zero. I began to see friends turn into enemies. I couldn't sleep. I lost 25 pounds; and my hair, which had gray flecks, turned white.

My family, of course, shared my suffering. Marilyn, our second oldest daughter, who was away at college and home only weekends, wrote me a letter which I wouldn't trade for all the money in the Teamster treasury.

"When we were little kids," she wrote, "and something went wrong, a zipper got stuck, a doll was broken, we'd always come running to you to patch things up. 'Daddy fix' became sort of a motto around the house. I saw you this weekend really worried, and for the first time I realized this fight might be a losing one, that perhaps Daddy couldn't fix and that you might have to throw away a lifetime's work because of one bad spot. I'm glad you're not the sort of person who, when trouble comes along, takes the easiest way out. I want you to know how terribly proud of you I am."

When the pickets first appeared, I asked my lawyer to petition for an NLRB consent election. The Teamsters opposed our application and began legal delaying tactics. We also brought charges against the local before the NLRB, citing the secondary boycott, a violation of the Taft-Hartley Act. On the same grounds, we asked the United States District Court to issue a temporary injunction.

While the court was considering its decision, the labor board made an investigation and then filed secondary-boycott charges against the Teamsters. Then, on January 24, four months after we were struck, an election was finally held among the seven men in our Omaha office. Before the election, the union complained that we had electioneered unfairly by threatening to fire the men if they voted for a union. The NLRB found us innocent, but, by challenging the board's decision now, the Teamsters prevented the votes from being counted. Under the regulations, an election cannot be completed where there is a pending complaint.

These were long, hard days. I was constantly on the road between Alma and Omaha, 242 miles apart, and when I wasn't behind the wheel or taking care of trouble in one of our shops, I was in court. My legal fees ran between $500 and $700 a month, but we didn't seem to be getting anywhere. The Teamsters could stall another month or two, my lawyer said. The advice I heard was, "Give up the business; you can make a living."

But I was 49 years old, and I had been in trucking almost my whole life. We had been a big family of six boys growing up on a half-section of land—one mile long, a half mile across—near the Nebraska-Kansas border. I worked my way through Hastings College and I became a trucker in March, 1929, when some neighbors hired me to haul their corn and livestock to market. After that I just kept going, picking up little jobs.

What it had taken me 27 years to build the Teamsters were destroying in a matter of months. By the end of February I was desperate. My cash was gone, my credit had been cut almost in half, and so much bitterness had been stirred up I wasn't sure we could ever get back all our old customers. We might have worked something out with the Nebraska Teamsters, if Hoffa had let us alone.

You couldn't talk to that Barney Baker, though. He had my brother so blind mad and fuming that Glen was riding around with a shotgun on the front seat and a pistol in his glove compartment. He'd trail our trucks out of town at night, and he swore that if he caught the Teamsters at something, he'd shoot. I knew that he really meant it. This helped me make up my mind.

The last week in February I called the men together in Alma, and the sound of my voice was all the noise there was in that room. They sat on desks or stood there quietly, shifting from one foot to the other. I don't remember much of what I said, except I told them we had decided to sell out and would see to it they all got jobs. I'm glad to say they all did.

On March 1, 1956, I announced publicly that we were liquidating. Two years before this I had been offered $88,000, for the business. I wound up selling everything piecemeal for $30,000 cash.

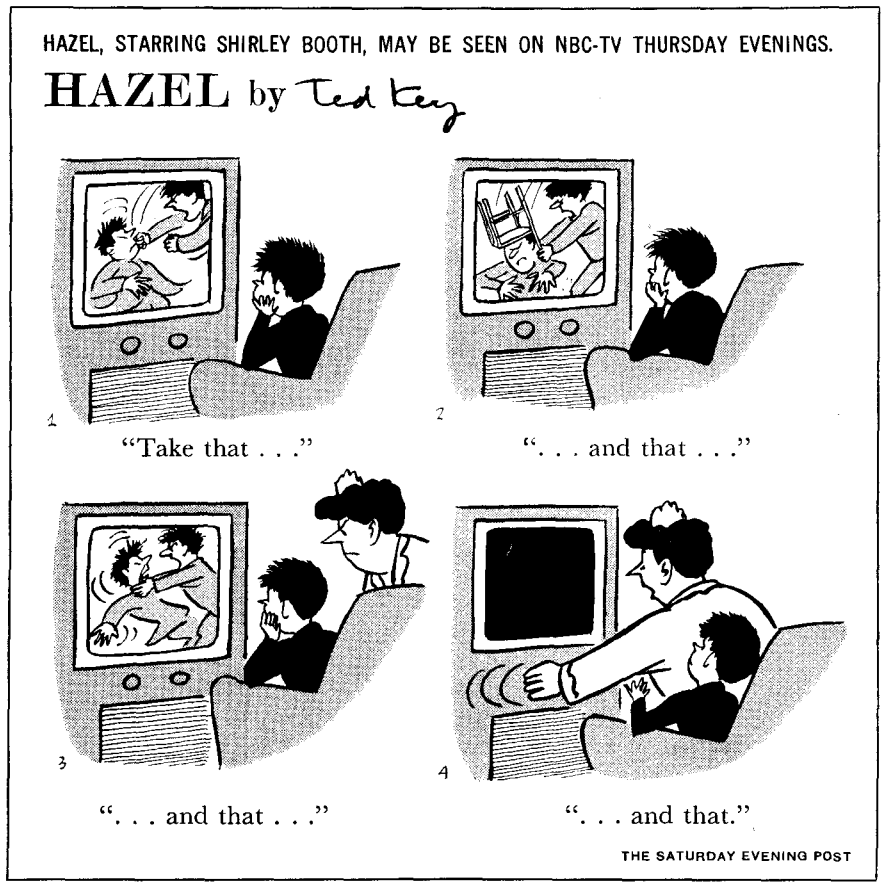
We were out of business a full month when the NLRB announced that we had beat hell out of the Teamsters in the election, winning 4–0—the other three votes were disallowed. On top of that the labor board found the union guilty of causing the secondary boycott. But these were hollow victories.

Hoffa's Teamsters had caused damage that no legal judgments could repair—and not only to Coffey Transfer. When our trucks stopped rolling across Nebraska, a handful of little towns were left without a daily freight service, and at least one country doctor was without necessary drugs and medicines on a day-to-day basis.

The day we shut our doors the population of Alma was 1,750. All but three of the families who worked for Coffey Transfer have since moved away to look for other jobs, and the population is down to 1,343. When we went under, the effect in Alma was almost the same as if General Motors had closed in Detroit.

I'm not nearly as bitter now as I was then. I have a good job as city manager of Sidney, Nebr., and there have been other consolations. In 1961, Barney Baker was sentenced to two years in jail for extortion, and about a year ago I won a final victory over Hoffa. Another Nebraska trucker and I had sued for treble damages under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and we settled out of court for $61,200 on January 17, 1963. I was glad to settle, to be finally rid of the Teamsters after nearly eight years.

Organized labor has done a lot of good for the working man. I have three brothers who are steelworkers and good union men. They, and millions of others, are the beneficiaries of labor's progress. But Hoffa and some of those he surrounds himself with, the ones who believe the end justifies the means, are wrong for labor and bad for the country. THE END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HAZEL by Ted Key
1
"Take that . . ."
2
". . . and that . . ."
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". . . and that . . ."
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". . . and that."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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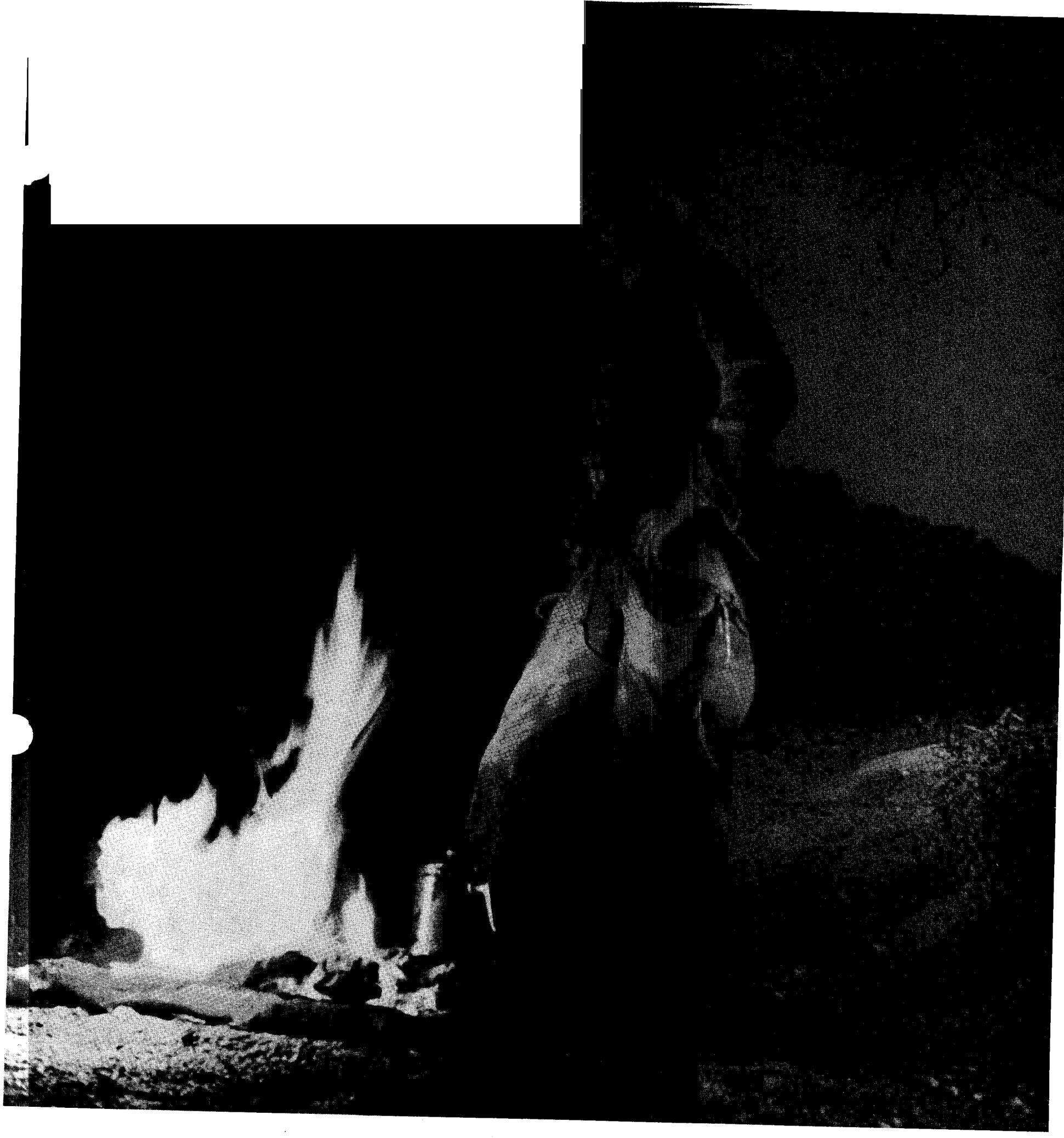

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IN TUBE OR JAR

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STRANGE JUSTICE FOR THE JUDGE'S SON

Gareth Martinis—and five corpses—trouble the conscience of New York

Almost all the automobile accidents that kill or injure more than a million Americans every year are soon forgotten. Last May 19, however, there was a smashup in New York City that was different. Its echoes are still ringing, and may be ringing for months to come.

It was a three-car crash which took the lives of all five people in one car and badly injured the driver of another. The driver of the third car, a 23-year-old man named Gareth Martinis, escaped injury—and the evidence strongly suggested that it was his reckless driving which caused the accident. This in itself would have been a one-day newspaper story. What made it more is the fact that Martinis is a judge's son and that three of his father's colleagues acquitted him of a charge of drunken and reckless driving after only five minutes' deliberation. The ensuing uproar in the press has stirred ugly talk of favoritism, put a whole political system under fire and spurred the authorities into charging Martinis again, this time with the far more serious offense of vehicular homicide. At times it has seemed that Martinis was being tried in the newpapers. As for the pending courtroom trial, Martinis's attorney is moving to have the case dismissed on the ground that a man cannot be tried twice for the same offense. There is an excellent chance that Martinis may come out of the affair with no penalty more serious than the temporary loss of his driver's license.

In short, whether Martinis is guilty or not, something apparently went terribly wrong with the whole process of law and justice.

The case of Gareth Martinis began at 7:30 on the warm evening of May 19. He was alone in his gray 1956 DeSoto sedan, driving north

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A curious disagreement among the police

Judges O'Brien, Haddock and Weinfeld felt that they had no choice except to acquit. They were appalled at outraged public reaction.

on the Henry Hudson Parkway in the Bronx. A low, grassy island, six feet wide, separates the three northbound lanes from the three going south. It was still full daylight. Traffic was moderate, the speed limit was 45 mph.

Ahead of him on the parkway was a 1960 Plymouth driven by Herman Brunk, a 72-year-old tavern owner; with Brunk were his wife Johannah, 75, her twin sister Mrs. Catherine Jacobs, their longtime friend Mrs. Eleanor Bracken, 76, and Raymond Radigan, the Brunk couple's seven-year-old great-grandson. The boy was probably asleep in the back seat as his elders enjoyed their Sunday drive.

Suddenly the Brunk car was rammed in the right rear. The impact catapulted the Plymouth across the low island, into the path of southbound traffic. A tremendous crash and a screech of metal shattered the evening. The car had collided head-on with a 1963 Pontiac.

There were no groans from the Brunk car after the crash. Axes and crowbars had to be used to extricate the five bodies. In the Pontiac, Eugene Kramon, a 48-year-old slacks manufacturer, was still conscious; he remembers someone shouting, "Hey, Mac, I think this one's alive." Then he sank into oblivion. Kramon's life had been saved by his seat belt, which absorbed much of the impact before it snapped. He suffered two broken legs, a broken arm and a shattered jaw.

A few witnesses had observed the horrifying crash. Roger Lee, a 16-year-old schoolboy who was playing ball next to the parkway, saw the Martinis car approach the Brunks from behind. "The car swerved," he testified later. "It kept going back and forth, from one lane to another." He was properly cautious about his testimony and would say only that the car was going at "a good speed . . . over the forty-five-mile limit." Mrs. Celia Silverman, another bystander, estimated the car was going about 90 miles an hour. Whatever the case, physical evidence left no doubt that Martinis's car had bumped the rear of the Plymouth.

Martinis pulled up on a service road off the parkway and walked back to the scene of the wreck. A woman heard him say, to nobody in particular, "Don't touch anybody." Then he walked off.

It is seven blocks from the scene to the apartment house of Criminal Court Judge and Mrs. Joseph A. Martinis, Gareth Martinis's parents. It was there that police found young Martinis—although not with his parents. According to witnesses, he first went to a bar and met Mrs. Delores Smith, a petite, attractive brunette of 37 who lives on the ground floor of the apartment building. Mrs. Smith followed him out and they went to her apartment. On the way, Martinis saw a friend and asked him to call the police.

Three quarters of an hour after the accident Sgt. Morris Reiter knocked on "Dee" Smith's door and asked to see Martinis. And here the crucial facts begin to get muddled. Several of the cops who came in contact with Martinis that night were called as witnesses. Their descriptions of his behavior conflicted startlingly.

Sergeant Reiter testified that Martinis was sober. "I didn't smell any alcohol," he said. "There was nothing about him that would indicate to me that he was under the influence of alcohol. . . . He was stuttering . . . at (one) point he was incoherent. . . . I would say he was very tense. . . . I told Mrs. Smith that we ought to lie him down and cover him up."

Shortly thereafter, Patrolman John R. Kevern appeared at the apartment and escorted the judge's son to the station house. There he was questioned by both Kevern and Patrolman John F. Johnston of the Accident Investigation Squad.

Patrolman Kevern testified that Martinis was drunk. "I detected the odor of alcohol. . . . His eyes were partially bloodshot and he swayed from side to side," he said. Notes in Kevern's official sobriety report included such unequivocating phrases as "antagonistic . . . profanity and fighting . . . breath strong . . . balance swaying . . . finger-to-nose, right (and left) arm, uncertain . . . speech is slurred." His report concluded that Martinis was intoxicated and unable to drive safely.

Patrolman Johnston disagreed. "He was cooperating. . . . I detected no odor of alcohol from his breath. . . . His eyes were red from rubbing, I thought. . . . He slurred a few words (because) he was in a hurry to speak. . . ."

The judge's son was asked to take a drunkometer test, which would have shown how much alcohol he had in his system. He refused. Thereupon the officer who entered the booking, Lt. Brendan J. O'Sullivan, gave him the "straight-line" test. "His breath was . . . alcoholic," he testified later. "He was in a highly excited state . . . I asked him to approach me, walking a line . . . he took . . . two steps . . . (and moved off) about six inches. . . . I asked him to return to the line. . . . He said, 'What line?'"

Detective Thomas Rocks questioned Martinis, and he testified, "At the time I talked to him, no, I couldn't say he acted intoxicated." Rocks, however, admitted that this was sometime after 10 P.M., or several hours after the crash.

While Martinis was being questioned, news of the arrest spread, and a covey of newspapermen was waiting for Martinis to emerge. One of them was Arthur Pomerantz, a New York *Post* photographer who had his camera ready.

"He bit a cop's finger"

Seymour Zee, a New York *Journal-American* photographer, describes what happened when Martinis came out. "He ran out of the back room at us. As he passed the door, he raised both hands and sent Artie's camera crashing to the floor. He started to choke Artie, digging his fingernails into Artie's neck. A lieutenant, a sergeant and a captain climbed over me to break it up. . . . This Martinis was like a mad dog. He bit the finger of a cop. The cop was shouting 'ouch!' and let one go at Martinis. That's how his nose began to bleed. Then he (Martinis) went for me. The cops put cuffs on him. And even while he was on the floor, he tried to kick the cops in the groin!"

The cop whose finger was bitten was Patrolman Robert Sullivan, six-feet-two and 230 pounds of muscle. "I tried to break it up," Patrolman Sullivan told a reporter later. "Next thing I knew, (Martinis) had two fingers of my left hand in his mouth. He was biting and kicking. Under police regulations I had to defend myself. He was definitely drunk, in my opinion. If other policemen made any other determination, they were wrong."

Pomerantz, five-feet-nine and slightly built, was distraught for hours after the happening. "He was a wild man—a wild man! He came at me like a ton of bricks, and he stunk of liquor!"

Shortly after this melee the judge's son was arraigned before Judge Samuel J. Ohringer on misdemeanor charges of drunk and reckless driving and leaving the scene of the crash. He posted $500 bail, plus another $500 for a simple assault charge brought by Pomerantz, and went home. The man responsible for bringing the charges and prosecuting the case was Bronx County District Attorney Isidore Dollinger. After four years as D.A., the 60-year-old Dollinger was still little known outside his bailiwick, but in the Bronx he was a prominent member of a closely knit political machine.

The biggest moment of his career had come only 10 days before the accident, when 1,400 fellow Democrats threw a $100-a-plate political fund-raising dinner in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria. Up on the hotel dais that night with the proud D.A. was the Honorable Charles A. Buckley, longtime member of the U.S. House of Representatives and powerful Democratic leader of the Bronx, whose approval is needed by any Democrat hoping to get nominated for any office in that borough. Good Buckley Democrats filled the sea of tables below, and for all the size of the crowd, few there were strangers to each other. Accordi to the program, Judge Martinis (who h served with D.A. Dollinger in the New York state legislature in 1948) was seated at table 75. Judge Ohringer, who would arraign young Martinis, was within chatting distance, at table 73. The young assistant D.A. who would prosecute the case, Morris Weintraub, was at table 205. And two judges who would eventually preside at Gary Martinis's trial were there: Judge Ambrose J. Haddock at table 215, and Judge Francis X. O'Brien at table 65. Of the three judges in the case to come, the only absentee was Morris Weinfeld, who comes from Manhattan.

In the course of the dinner Charley Buckley proudly announced to the assemblage that every one of Dollinger's 50 assistant prosecutors was a Democrat. A cheer went up even though this was news to nobody. Qualifications for a job in the Bronx D.A.'s office include the ability to ring doorbells, get out the vote and attend all fund-raising affairs.

When the morning papers of May 20 reported the crash, the phones at Dollinger's office started buzzing. One reporter mentioned to the D.A. that the public seemed concerned that Martinis might be treated lightly because of his father. "It doesn't matter if he is the son of a judge, a governor or a President," said Dollinger. "We treat them all alike."

Then why wasn't young Martinis bei charged with vehicular homicide, a felony carrying a maximum penalty of five years in jail instead of a misdemeanor with a maximum jail sentence of one year? The charge could still be changed, "if the facts warrant," answered Dollinger; it would depend on whether the investiga-

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Judge Martinis: Tough on traffic offenders.

Martinis is pinned to the floor after allegedly attacking a photographer and fighting furiously with policemen at the station house.

tion showed "criminal negligence" as opposed to "ordinary negligence."

As letters poured in demanding no quarter for the judge's son, Dollinger announced on May 31 that he would "definitely" go to the grand jury to get a felony indictment. But first, he said, he needed the autopsy report on Herman Brunk, to determine whether the 75-year-old victim was intoxicated or had suffered a heart attack just before the crash. And he would have to interview Eugene Kramon, whose testimony was "vital." Since Kramon was in traction and his smashed jaw was wired, making speech impossible, it would naturally be some time before he could be questioned.

The autopsy report arrived, showing that Brunk had died of multiple fractures and that there was no liquor in his system. It was announced that the case would be put before a grand jury on June 18. But when that date came, Dollinger announced that since his "vital" witness, Kramon, was still unable to talk, the presentation to the grand jury would be delayed indefinitely.

On June 27 Gareth Martinis was tried on the original misdemeanor charges by Judges Haddock, O'Brien and Weinfeld. Martinis's attorney elicited somewhat conflicting testimony on the speed of the Martinis car. Two witnesses—a bartender and a truckdriver—testified that Martinis arrived at the bar of a West Side hotel about four P.M. on the day of the crash and left about seven P.M. He consumed three or four bottles of beer, they said. No witnesses were produced to indicate what he had been doing before four P.M.

The police who testified gave conflicting accounts of Martinis's sobriety. But the D.A. did not call Patrolman Sullivan, who said he had had his fingers bitten and had to knock Martinis down and bloody his nose to subdue him. Sullivan, explained the D.A.'s office, had had no official part in the investigation. Photographer Pomerantz was not called, nor were any of the newspapermen who witnessed the wild scene in the station house.

The trial lasted through Thursday, Friday and part of Monday. On Monday afternoon the judges retired to their chambers. Five minutes later they came back with a unanimous verdict of acquittal.

The verdict provoked a storm of protest. Incensed citizens from all over the country jammed the mails with letters addressed not only to the principals in the trial but to newspapers, civic organizations, the mayor and the governor. Even Representative Buckley got into the act. "Five minutes for deliberation . . . a minute for each life! The families of the five persons deserve a better break than that. A miscarriage of justice." Buckley made no comment on the prosecution of the case, but devoted himself to castigating the judiciary. Appointment of the 70-odd New York Criminal Court judgeships is a plum reserved for the mayor, and Buckley has had a falling-out with Mayor Robert Wagner in recent years.

The judges doggedly defended their verdict and insisted they had been conferring all through the trial. The five minutes in chambers, they contended, was a wrap-up rather than a deliberation.

"It was the only verdict we could come to," said Judge Haddock. "How do you think we react to all this criticism? . . . My next-door neighbor said to me, 'How could you have done this?' I get correspondence asking me am I enjoying my 'thirty pieces of silver.'"

"You wouldn't want me to convict him because he was a judge's son, would you?" asked Judge Weinfeld. "I call them the way I see them. We had a doubt as to his guilt based on the testimony."

In a criminal case, guilt must be proved beyond reasonable doubt. The Bronx County Bar Association agreed that *based on evidence submitted* the judges gave the only possible verdict.

While the public heaped abuse on judges and prosecution, an even greater opprobrium fell upon the central figure in the case, Gareth Martinis. Little was known about him. He chose not to testify in his own defense, and therefore could not be cross-examined on his background.

His driving record, reporters found, was speckled with legal involvements:

On January 8, 1959, he was fined $10 for having an "inadequate muffler."

On August 13, 1959, he was arrested for speeding in the Bronx. Fine: $10.

On August 22, 1959, he was arrested for speeding in Queens. Fine: $10.

On August 29, 1959, he was arrested for speeding in Mineola, L.I. Fine: $10.

On November 30, 1959, Martinis's license was revoked for the three speeding

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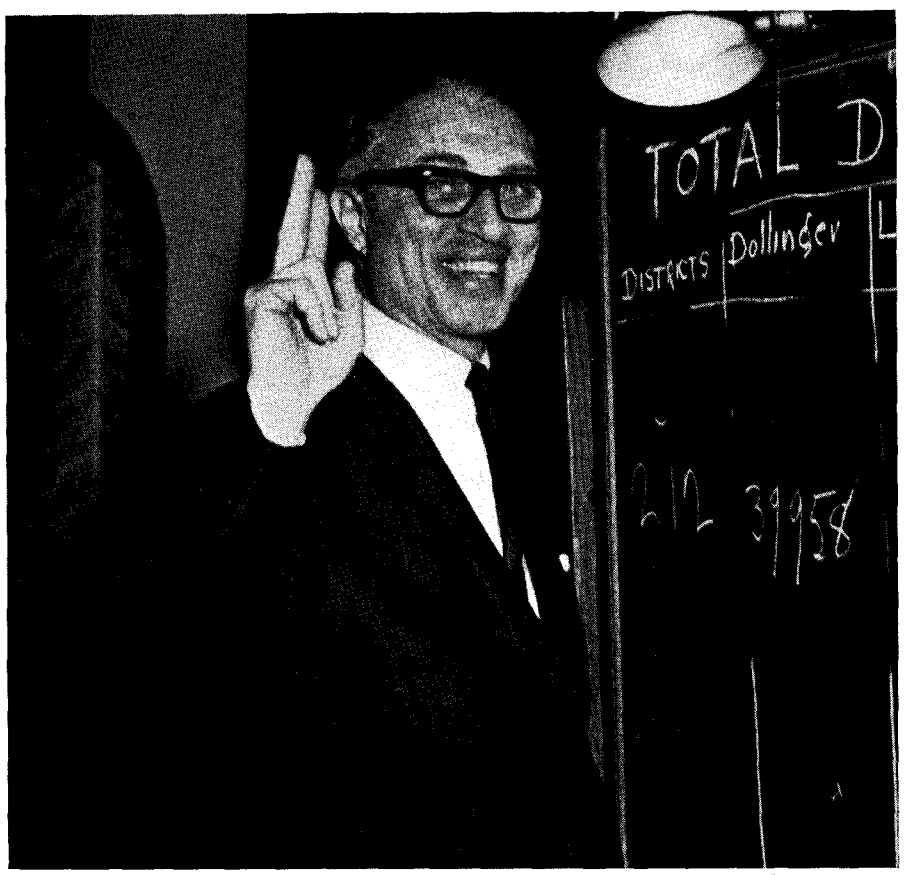
As protest mounted, the D.A. finally went to the grand jury—but his case



D.A. Dollinger was reelected by wide margin despite questions raised by Martinis case.

convictions. He got a new one shortly thereafter by falsifying his application, lost it when the Motor Vehicles department found him out, applied for a new license after a year—and got it.

There were 10 unanswered traffic tickets in the glove compartment of Martinis's car after the crash. But his driving record is only one of many clues to the strange nature of Gareth Martinis which remained undisclosed during his trial.

The only son of Judge Martinis—a veteran jurist known for being tough on traffic offenders—Gary Martinis is a darkly handsome youth given to brooding and fits of temper. He was somewhat pampered as a child, particularly by his mother. In September, 1957, at 17, he was admitted to the Fork Union (Va.) Military Academy as an 11th-grader, but withdrew in February, 1958, after going AWOL rather than be disciplined. He reenrolled in September, 1958, went AWOL again, and left for good within two weeks after admission.

In September, 1959, Martinis enlisted in the Army for a three-year hitch—but received a general discharge 10 months later. He was released under section SPN 264 of Army Regulation 635-209 titled "Character and Behavior Disorders." The Army will give no specifics. After his discharge, he found occasional work as a laborer on construction jobs. He seemed to have no particular ambitions.

In 1961 he met pretty, auburn-haired Kathy Dolan at a dance; the couple married a few weeks later and set up housekeeping in their own apartment in the Bronx. Kathy thought Martinis's mother was not entirely happy with the marriage, apparently feeling that her son had married beneath himself.

The marriage was stormy, and when Kathy became pregnant in 1962, Martinis began drinking heavily and running with a wild crowd. He would bring his friends home, and seemed amused at the way one girl in particular could shock Kathy by using four-letter words.

On the morning before the accident, Martinis came home about three A.M. He had been drinking, according to his wife. He slept until eight A.M., then got up and said he was going to walk their baby son. Kathy objected strenuously. They argued, and when Kathy threatened to summon police, Martinis stormed out of the apartment and drove away. The next Kathy heard, five people were dead.

Things have changed for the whole Martinis family since that day. Judge Martinis, who had been an acting state-supreme-court justice for the Bronx, has been transferred to Manhattan to spare him "embarrassment," as one official put it. Gary has left Kathy and is living with his parents. How he has been affected by the blast of public condemnation, no outsider can say. The irony is that the uproar over his case may do more to blight his life than any legal punishment.

Martinis has been convicted of assault against photographer Pomerantz and is scheduled for sentencing January 27. But his only legal punishment to date is the revocation of his driver's license by the Motor Vehicles department—which held a hearing last summer and concluded that Martinis *was* driving while intoxicated and that the accident was caused by his swinging from the right lane to the left at high speed. Among the witnesses at this hearing was a woman who had been driving behind Martinis and saw him "speeding up and slowing down, cutting in and out of the traffic lanes." She recalled telling a toll taker on the parkway that the driver ahead "was going to kill somebody."

A week after this hearing, on July 31, Dollinger's office finally put the Martinis case before the grand jury. The D.A. went all out this time, calling every witness remotely connected with the case. The grand jury indicted Martinis on five counts of vehicular homicide.

But most legal experts believe the door has been locked on an empty barn. The City Club of New York, a watchdog of local government, prepared a legal memorandum which concluded: "The prosecution, having unsuccessfully tried the defendant for recklessness, may not now try (him) for recklessness causing death. . . . it is obvious that the district attorney's failure to present all charges to the grand jury immediately created the legal barrier of double jeopardy."

Pleading just this, Martinis's lawyer has succeeded in delaying the trial. It will

No one survived in the Brunk car (rear), which crossed divider into head-on crash.

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may now be lost.

probably be many weeks before Martinis comes to trial, if ever. And if he is convicted, the odds are that the verdict will be reversed by higher courts.

City Club president I. E. Robbins sees the whole presentation to the grand jury as an attempt by the D.A. to make amends to an outraged public, a move which "cynically compounds the initial outrage." None of this seemed to make much difference to Bronx voters, who re-elected Dollinger to his $34,500 post by a wide margin last Election Day. But New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller (the only official empowered to remove a D.A. for malfeasance) has appointed a special investigator to look into the case. The investigation, inevitably, must focus on the question of why Martinis was tried on the lesser charge. It is standard practice among D.A.'s to book suspects for vehicular homicide wherever a fatality is involved and reckless or drunken driving is suspected. Dollinger himself had taken 10 previous auto-fatality cases to the grand jury seeking homicide indictments. He doesn't "remember" whether any other suspicious highway death was ever tried by his office as a misdemeanor.

Dollinger claims he had to move fast ("the defendant is entitled to a speedy trial") and did not have time to present a homicide to the grand jury because this called for Kramon's "vital" testimony, and Kramon was incapacitated. On this point the most trenchant comment was made by Kramon himself, once he regained his power of speech. "What would I know about (the accident)? All I know is what I read in the papers. I was driving along, and then I was hit—that's all."

There are still many unsolved questions in the Martinis case. For example, where *was* Martinis between eight A.M. and four P.M. on May 19, and why have no witnesses been turned up to tell? Why was the police testimony in such conflict? (The Police Department is investigating this.) Why didn't the judges disqualify themselves, considering their acquaintance with the defendant's father?

The central question, of course, is how would the case have been handled if Gareth Martinis were not the son of a Bronx judge? The answer might lie in an almost identical case last spring, a few miles and a few days removed from the crash on the Henry Hudson Parkway.

A 22-year-old driver was barreling along the highway in Rye, N.Y., and clipped the car in front, pushing it over an embankment and killing both occupants. The reckless driver agreed to the drunkometer test and passed; nevertheless, the Westchester County D.A. charged him with vehicular homicide. The defendant refused to testify, since this would have exposed his record of two speeding convictions. The grand jury indicted him. He was tried and found guilty on June 7.

His name is Agostino Porticelli, and his command of English is poor. He came to this country from Italy in 1957, six months after his father arrived, and had been working as a bricklayer. Aside from his penchant for fast driving, he seems to have led a sober, industrious life.

Agostino Porticelli has been sentenced to a two-and-a-half-to-five-year term in state prison. THE END

Eugene Kramon spent months in hospital while D.A. waited to call him as "vital" crash witness. Says Kramon, "What would I know?"

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THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT POST IN THE U.S.

The transition from the Kennedy Administration to the Johnson regime came off more smoothly than anyone could have hoped. The nation should be grateful that, in spite of the harsh words spoken in the fall of 1960, John F. Kennedy picked Lyndon Johnson as his running mate and kept him well-informed while he was Vice President.

President Kennedy's death and the sudden shift of power have focused attention once again on the problem of presidential succession. Both the Senate and House have announced the intention to hold hearings on this subject, but it is unlikely that any change will be effected before the presidential election. With a President who has had a heart attack, and with a 72-year-old man, Speaker of the House John McCormack, next in line, all we can do is keep our fingers crossed.

One thing that the people have a right to expect, however, is that both parties will choose their vice-presidential candidates carefully this year. Mr. Kennedy's tragic death showed that even the youngest and most vigorous chief executive may not live to complete his term. Four times in this century, Vice Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge, Truman and Johnson—have succeeded to the presidency through the deaths of chief executives.

When Mr. Johnson addressed a joint session of Congress shortly after he became President, Mayor Robert Wagner of New York sat with the Johnson family in the gallery of the House of Representatives. Political experts jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Wagner was a potential running mate for Mr. Johnson in 1964. We suspect—and hope—that Mr. Johnson was merely mending fences in an important state where he is weak and the Democrats are in disarray. The prospect that Mr. Wagner might become a vice-presidential candidate causes us concern. He has certain political "qualifications": He is a liberal, he comes from a heavily populated northern state, and he is a Catholic. But Mr. Wagner has been a lackluster mayor, and he has no experience in foreign affairs, which is the major preoccupation of the President of the United States.

The nation deserves something better than a Vice President chosen purely for his political draw. Both Democratic and Republican vice-presidential nominees must be chosen with the unhappy awareness that the presidency lies only a heartbeat away.

HATRED KNOWS NO LOGIC

Hatred knows no logic, whether it is from the left or the right. In the first hours after President Kennedy was assassinated, most people automatically blamed right-wing extremists. It turned out that the President's assassin was a mentally disturbed Marxist, but this did not stop many people who had deplored the "hatred" that brought his death from continuing to vent *their* hatred upon the radical right.

Conservative members of Congress were deluged with threats and abusive letters. Sen. John Tower, archconservative from Texas, was the outstanding example. He was besieged with letters, telephone calls and wires charging him with responsibility for the President's death. The threats were so serious that the Senator's family had to move out of Washington temporarily for protection.

The worst offender, oddly enough, was a minister from Waco, Tex. He wrote Senator Tower an abusive letter that said, "I hope you're satisfied. If a few people could be charged with blame for death of our President, your name would be near the top."

We rarely agree with Senator Tower. To our way of thinking, his political philosophy belongs in another era. But he was elected to the Senate by his constituents; he is entitled to his views, and he expresses them fairly and politely. He bore about as much responsibility for the assassination of President Kennedy as a Fiji Islander. That point became clear when Lee Harvey Oswald's background was known, but unfortunately some people practice the very hatred that they deplore in others.

EIGHT MILLION DISFRANCHISED AMERICANS

A friend of ours who had voted in every election since he became of age moved from Ohio to New York in the fall of 1960. He discovered after he had settled in his new home that he couldn't vote for President of the United States because he hadn't lived in New York for a year. He was outraged. He saw no reason why an American citizen should be deprived of his vote for President by moving from one state to another. Neither do we.

Thirty-five million Americans moved that year. The American Heritage Foundation recently made a study of this voting problem and estimated that eight million Americans were disqualified from voting for President in 1960 because they could not satisfy residence requirements in the various states.

It seems elementary that qualified citizens living anywhere in the United States should be permitted to vote in federal elections. In some states *county* residence requirements can temporarily disfranchise them. In New York, for example, a citizen who moves from White Plains to Manhattan has to live in Manhattan four months before he may vote for President.

This is absurd. State legislatures can remedy this situation by shortening the residence requirements—they range up to two years in some states—and by permitting citizens who have recently moved to vote by absentee ballot in the states they have left. Fifteen states have taken steps to correct this injustice. The rest should follow suit.

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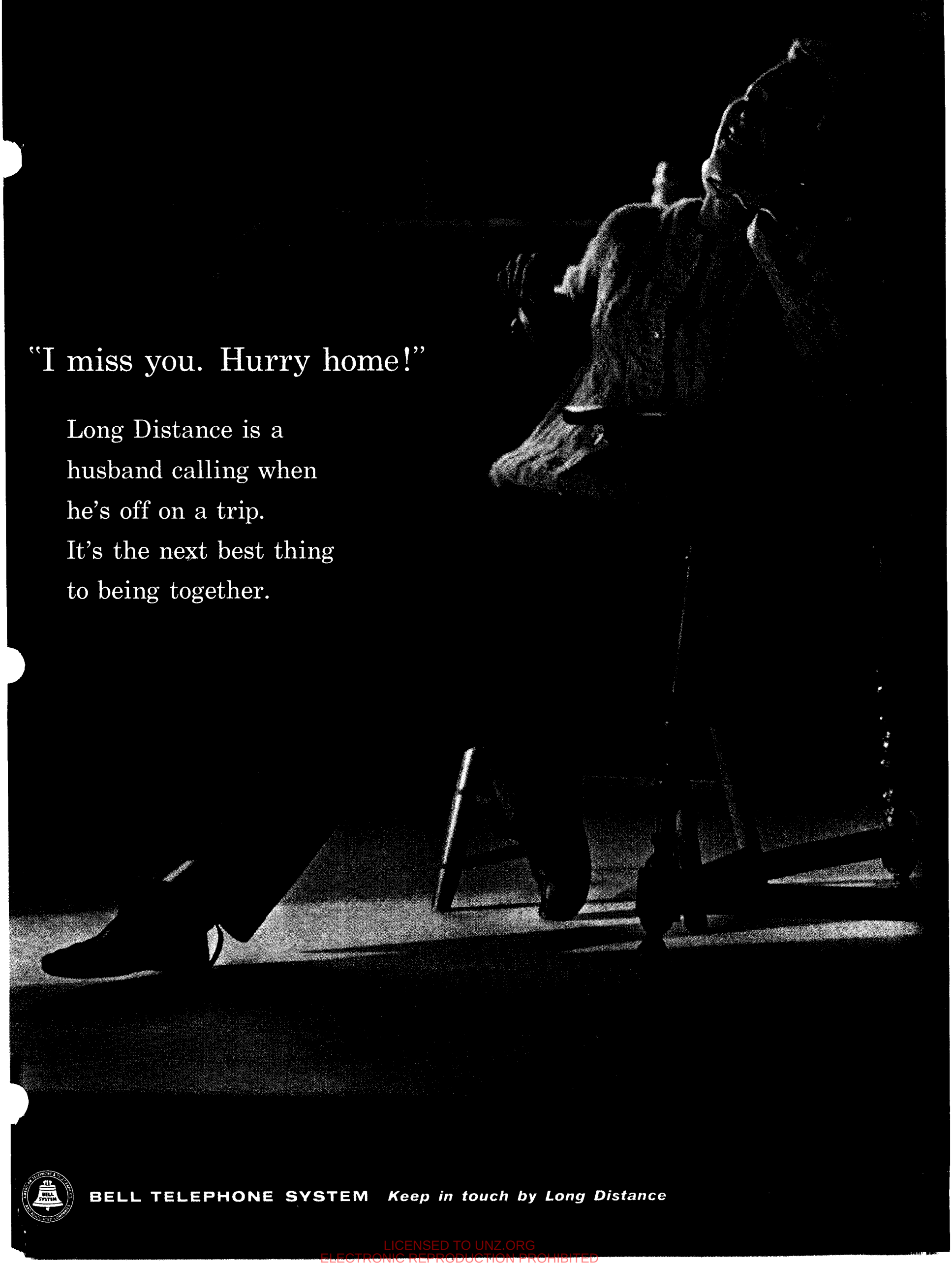
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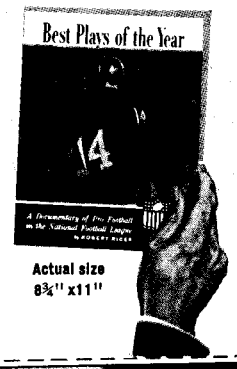

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